

PART IV.

FEBRUARY.

PRICE 10D.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

JOHN SAUNDERS

AND

WESTLAND MARSTON.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY (LIMITED), 25 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

1857.

CONTENTS OF PART IV.

Literature.

	PAGE
Aluminium	227
An Evening with Alian	Dr. Dorn
At last	235
Cathedral Shadows	Ashton Ker
Eastlake, Sir C. L.	254
Engineers, what they are doing for us	G. W. Thornbury
Histrionic Rats	235
Lost Diamonds, The	259
Milais and the Pre-Raphaelites	262
Model Cottages, Design for	261
Müller, Charles Louis	Author of "Susan Hopley"
National Gallery	276
Nightingale, and why he sings by Night	211
Old Familiar Faces	247
Our Fitting: a Household Sketch	275
Over the Grave	251
Painter's Revenge, The (continued)	220
Polyglot Readings in Proverbs	252
Qui hy?	Author of "John Halifax"
Science, Progress of	275
Sonnet	Shirley Brooks
The Brook (in Five Chapters)	W. K. Kelly
	218
	238
	Author of "A Subaltern's Story"
	266
	284
	Westland Marston
	221
	Author of "Mr. Arle"
	213

Theatres, The	
Under Green Leaves (Review)	
THE HOME (by Shirley Hibberd, William Kidd, Mrs. Bartholomew, and others):	
A Bath in every House	Shirley Hibberd
Aquatic Plants, Blooming of	Shirley Hibberd
Bees, Preservation of	
Blind-roller, Telescopic	
Correspondence	
Crystal Palaces for Home (II.)	
Fairy Bird-cage	William Kidd
Home for the Outdoor Dressmaker	Mrs. V. Bartholomew
Insect Curiosities	William Kidd
Miniature Ferneries	
Sewing Machine	
Sportiveness of Nature	William Kidd
Squirrel, The	
Wardian Case	Shirley Hibberd
Window Aquarium	
Winter Town-Garden	Shirley Hibberd
Young Ladies' Work	

Engravings.

Arrest of a Royalist Peasant	P. Goodall
Eastlake, Sir Charles L., engraved by	Henry Linton
Hugh Miller, engraved by	Henry Linton
Kiosk—Lalla Rookh	F. Wyburd
Landscape	J. M. W. Turner
Macbeth	C. L. Müller
Model Cottages, Design for	E. L. Tarbuck
Othello and Iago	S. A. Hart
Rival Shopkeepers	E. Morin

The Swing	P. Goodall
THE HOME: Bee-feeder	
Blind-roller, Telescopic	
Fairy Bird-cage	
Garden-Spider	
Hybrid—between Goldfinch and Greenfinch	
Sewing Machine	
Window Aquarium	

PERPETUAL INVESTMENT LAND AND BUILDING SOCIETY.

CHIEF OFFICE, 37 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON.

INVESTMENT SHARES issued from 10*l.* to 100*l.*. A 100*l.* share requires the payments of 10*s.* monthly for 12½ years, or of 20*s.* for 7½ years. The whole of the Profits belong to the Shareholders, and will be received by them in addition to the amount of share. Shares subscribed in full bear interest at 5 per cent, payable on the 30th of April and October. All money paid upon Shares can at any time be withdrawn, upon notice.

DEPOSITS received daily to any amount, at from 4 to 5 per cent interest, returnable at one week's notice.

LOANS.—The Directors are prepared at once to advance money, in large or small sums, on mortgage upon houses and lands, repayable by instalments during 1 to 15 years. The sum of 353,913*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* has been received by this Society since May 1851, thus showing the confidence of the public in the principles of the Institution.

A copy of the last Annual Report, with Prospectus, will be sent upon receipt of one postage-stamp.

* * Agents wanted where none are appointed.

JOHN EDWARD TRESIDDER, Secretary.



J. W. BENSON'S WATCH, CLOCK, AND CHRONOMETER MANUFACTORY,

33 & 34 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

Established 1749.

J. W. BENSON, MANUFACTURER OF GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, construction, and pattern, invites attention to his magnificent and unprecedented display of Watches, which is admitted to be the largest and best selected Store in London. It consists of Chronometer, Duplex, Patent, Detached Lever, Horizontal and Vertical Movements, Jewelled, &c., with all the latest improvements, mounted in superbly-finished engine-turned and engraved Gold and Silver Cases. The designs engraved upon many of the cases are by eminent artists, and can only be obtained at this Manufactory. If the important requisites, superiority of finish, combined with accuracy of performance, elegance, durability, and reasonableness of price, are wisht for, the intending purchaser should visit this Manufactory, or send for the ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, published by J. W. BENSON (and sent post-free on application), which contains sketches, prices, and directions as to what Watch to buy, where to buy, and how to use it.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the "Morning Post," October 30.

"Exhibits exquisite artistic feeling in ornamentation, and perfection of mechanism in structure."

From the "Morning Chronicle," October 30.

"Excellence of design, and perfection in workmanship."

From the "Morning Advertiser," November 1.

"The high repute which Mr. Benson has attained for the qualities of his manufacture stands second to none."

From the "Morning Herald," November 3.

"The high standing of Mr. Benson as a London manufacturer must secure for him a large amount of public patronage."

From the "Globe," November 3.

"All that can be desired in finish, taste, and design."

From the "Sun," November 3.

"Mr. Benson, as a long-established City manufacturer, has gained a reputation for the quality of his productions which stands second to none in the City."

From the "Standard," November 3.

"Leave nothing to be desired but the money to buy them with."

From the "Observer," November 16.

"The watches here exhibited surpass those of any other English manufacturer."

GOLD WATCHES, horizontal movements, jewelled, &c., accurate time-keepers, 3*l.* 15*s.*, 4*l.* 15*s.*, 5*l.* 15*s.*, to 20*l.* each. Gold Lever Watches, jewelled, highly finished movements, 6*l.* 6*s.*, 8*l.* 8*s.*, 10*l.* 10*s.*, 12*l.* 12*s.*, 14*l.* 14*s.*, 16*l.* 16*s.*, to 100 Guineas.

SILVER WATCHES, horizontal movements, jewelled, &c., exact time-keepers, 2*l.* 2*s.*, 2*l.* 15*s.*, 3*l.* 15*s.*, to 10*l.* 10*s.* each. Silver Lever Watches, highly finished movements, 3*l.* 10*s.*, 4*l.* 10*s.*, 5*l.* 10*s.*, 7*l.* 10*s.*, 8*l.* 10*s.*, 10*l.* 10*s.* to 50 Guineas.

A two years' warranty given with each Watch, and sent carriage paid to Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, or any part of the kingdom, upon receipt of Post-Office Bankers' Order, made payable to J. W. BENSON, 33 and 34 Ludgate Hill, London.

Merchants, Shippers, and Watch-Clubs supplied. Old Watches taken in Exchange, or Repaired.

THE KIOSK, "LALLA ROOKH."



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. VI.

PAINTED BY F. WYBURD.

And brides, as delicate and fair
 As the white jasmine-flowers they wear,
 Hath Yemen in her blissful clime;
 Who, lulled in cool Kiosk or bower,
 Before the mirrors count the time,
 And grow still lovelier every hour.

23 MR 57

THE KIOSK, "LALLA ROOKH." BY F. WYBURD.

[Purchased by the Glasgow Art-Union.]

If we speak of the languor, the luxury, and the half-poetic atmosphere that hangs over the scene of Mr. Wyburd's picture, and of the eastern character of the beauty of its occupants, we are but, in other words, doing justice to the work as an illustration to Moore's richly-elaborated poem. Both deal with artificialised nature; and Art, in the very abundance and variety of its resources, can afford to unbend occasionally its severer grasp, and dally with the toys of time in an unexact spirit.

MILLAIS AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

[Second Paper.]

THE broad impulses out of which the new school originated have been described in the foregoing Number. Let us consider who were the actual pre-Raphaelites who became the model of the "brethren." We have sketched their history in our paper on "Schools of Art." Speaking generally, they were the men who broke away from the degenerate Greek pattern-drawing, and gradually developed Italian art until it became perfected in the hands of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. All those three great painters, especially the last, whose treatment was more universal than that of Michael Angelo, and more perfect than that of Leonardo, stamped their own manner upon painting; and those who followed were inclined to emulate the great masters. Thus, after Raphael's time, a certain degree of mannerism returned to the schools of art. The men before Raphael studied from nature; they were not masters, but a succession of students continually labouring to bring out the forms, the action, and the expression of nature. Desperately earnest, they succeeded more and more; each was enabled to add something to the general stock, and to bequeath it to his successors. It is probable that Giotto and Raphael were men of almost identical genius; but Giotto was a shepherd-boy, who had only Cimabue for his master; Raphael was the son of a painter, the pupil of a very graceful artist, and member of a circle of great men. The interval between Giotto and Raphael was a succession of struggles; the history of the time was eventful; and it may be remarked in passing, that art has never assumed an extremely vigorous and animated condition save in periods of eventful history.

The old pre-Raphaelites, then, were essentially the pupils of nature. The excessive difficulty of art arises mainly, though by no means exclusively, from the incessant changes of form in every animated model; it demands a mass of accumulated observation, experience, and practice, before art can be brought to a perfect treatment of form. It takes many generations to make one perfect student; and in the studies of the old pre-Raphaelites we find as many examples of failure as of success. Their works are a succession of labours, in which beauty is constantly gaining the victory over deformity; but the deformities remain, though to a diminishing degree, mingling with the beauties. Now supposing such a school to be chosen as an example, nothing can be more natural than to take it as such in the concrete, to accept all its characteristics in the lump, and to copy its deformities as well as its beauties. This tendency would be strengthened if a powerful critic should arise, the positive qualities of whose genius would incline him to appreciate highly the beauties of the pre-Raphaelite painters, whilst his peculiar deficiencies would cause him to leave unnoticed the organic defects of that school; and this is precisely the fact with regard to the most powerful critic in art who appeared about the time when Millais, Holman Hunt, and the rest of the "brethren," were rising into notice. Mr. Ruskin has given us works displaying rare powers of description, and abounding in evidences of observation of nature in every

aspect, with the one most remarkable exception of animated organic life. He may be said to have supplied all that Lebrun could not, but entirely to have omitted Lebrun; a serious omission for the man whose writings constitute a guide to the new school of historical painting.

The problem practically taken up by the modern pre-Raphaelites was further confused by the very imperfect view entertained of "the ideal" in art, which has hitherto been generally supposed to be an abstraction divorced from nature—something different from nature. We shall probably take occasion to show how totally delusive this theory is; how completely the ideal is a matter of fact, and how, as a matter of fact, it has been pursued by the greatest artists of any time,—by Homer, Phidias, Lucretius, Raphael, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Rossini, Monti, or MacLise. Misled, however, by the common notion that the ideal was something abstracted from, and almost opposed to nature, the British pre-Raphaelites, in seeking to emulate the earnestness of nature-study, and the truth of the painters before Raphael's day, deliberately stamped their copy with the crudities and the deformities of their originals, and thus avoided that ideal which is the essential condition of symmetrical art.

Our pre-Raphaelites aimed at something like the exactness of the photograph in copying nature as it is seen concentrated to the view by the framework of the picture. Earnestness of expression and the most absolute imitation of nature constitute the chief principles of the school; and these they sought to carry out in composition and colouring. The colouring of their drapery was studiously positive; the tints were such as might be seen, say, in a stuff when viewed close under the eyes by a strong light. Since they chose subjects in which "earnestness" could be exhibited, their countenances were wont to be sad, while the forms were meagre and often unhealthy, the outline and the colouring harsh. Now the spectator of a scene never has the opportunity of viewing each colour point-blank; an infinite variety of light modifies tints, softens the contrasts, and obscures the outline. So far the pictures of the pre-Raphaelites were untrue; but in other respects the close study of nature imparted a certain vividness of reality which was new to the visitors of our exhibitions. One of the first pictures by Millais which attracted notice was taken from Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes." It was a group at supper. A churlish varlet was invidiously kicking a cur; and the most conspicuous object in the picture was the vigorous leg stretched across in front at the end of the table. It is certainly possible that such an object might be so seen for an instant, but it would not dwell on the memory; and by the strictest rules of art, it should not be immortalised in the painted memory of picture. The expressions, however, of the faces were admirable; the story was clearly told; the men and women were like real guests at a supper-table; and the painter was recognised as a rising student of first-rate powers.

By the time Millais had arrived at painting the picture of "The Huguenot" (1852), his experience and the demands of his own just taste had compelled him to concur in practice with masters long before his time. He had found out that grotesqueness of form, the result of weakness or imperfection in the individual or his parents, is not essential to the truth in the human figure or expression; but that, on the contrary, such personal peculiarities disguise the truth. He had found out that it is not the duty of the painter to place in equal prominence every thread in a carpet and every brickbat in a wall, though for the time that a painter is looking at each it may be the centre of his attention. He had also found out, perhaps by experimental observation, that when well-made men and women, with healthy minds and fully-developed hearts, are under the influence of strong emotion, their action is always graceful, and their figures most usually combine in a graceful composition. The effect of this self-training was seen in a picture which constituted a departure from the pictorial dogma of the pre-Raphaelite school. In "The Huguenot" the chief force of the light was



thrown upon the two figures. Although the garden-wall under which they stood, and the foliage, were painted with care and minuteness, they were not thrust painfully on the spectator. A very simple action perfectly told the story. A young man of earnest, sober, somewhat stern, yet not ungentle countenance, is taking his leave of a fair girl. She is leaning towards him, and tying round his arm a white handkerchief, while her face is turned up to his with an expression of endearing entreaty. The young man folds her to him with one hand, while with the other he is drawing away the handkerchief which she is fastening upon him. It is the eve of St. Bartholomew; the girl desires that her lover shall pass for a royalist and a good Catholic: he loves her for the wish, he deplores the pain she is about to suffer; but his loyalty as a gentleman, his conscience as the upholder of a faith, forbid his yielding. Every complicated feeling that either could undergo in such a situation is brought out by the simplest traces of expression in the features, and the simplest action of the two towards each other. The picture is worth more now that the repute of the artist is established; but, indeed, the value is not to be gauged in money. As a design, it is perfect; the execution is powerful; and it was at once seen from it that the promising student had become a master.

The picture of "Ophelia," which appeared in the same year, has been much criticised. Ophelia was represented as she had thrown herself into the water, floating on the stream to her death, and singing as she floated. The character is one of the most perfect, and at the same time what is called the least ideal, of all in Shakespeare. Ophelia is a straightforward, loving, downright girl, presenting in the composition of the tragedy the exact antithesis to the abstract idealiser, whose refinements wander beyond the verge of reason. She seeks refuge out of the perplexities which he so suddenly thrusts upon her by cutting short her life; having, however, in herself nothing melancholy or deadly. Millais took this view of her, but carried it to excess in his treatment. Ophelia might have been shown as the simple, kindly, unintellectual nature, without converting her into a mere buxom girl. She has walked in courts, and is by no means a dairymaid. Nevertheless there are some beautiful suggestions in the picture. There is truth in the face, vacant of every expression except a gentle and almost cheerful sweetness. The distraught maiden gazes up to the flowers and the birds as she floats by them, carolling to her death in only a half-consciousness of her own plight. The position of the body, with the head sinking back and the legs sinking yet lower, is exactly true to the attitude of one who floats passively on the water. The light dress floating in front coincides with the surface of the water, gently swelling at the motion, the white texture darkened by the watery space beneath it. In like manner, the spray above, the flowers scattered on the stream, the glaring light, were all copied from nature as they would be in the photograph, if that could give colour and the unblurred appearance of motion. Only here and there, perhaps, the hand of man, which takes so many years to discipline, has been a little too stubborn or too heavy for the light lines and sharp angles of nature, and the green was occasionally too green for aerial perspective.

In the following year the principal picture was "The Order of Release," though it was not alone, even in merit. There were also "The Cavalier," a picture forming the counterpart of "The Huguenot," and representing the daughter of Protestant rebels in this country bringing food to a cavalier hid in a tree; "The Woodman's Daughter," a little girl humbly courting the proud son of her father's lord; and the "Return of the Dove to the Ark," the bird caressed by two females of the floating household. The women in this picture were said to be dressed in their bed-clothes, so scant and lank was their white costume. It exhibited the traits of the pre-Raphaelite school in spiritualities, exactly as the harsh lines, harsher perspective, and neglect of composition, in "The Woodman's Daughter," retained many of the bald

and dry characters which the pre-Raphaelites seemed to identify with nature; whilst in composition, in story, as well as in the marvellous fidelity of the forest-dell and its carpet of dried leaves, "The Cavalier" was as perfect as any thing Millais has produced.

"The Order of Release," however, stands amongst his highest works, and it has now been rendered familiar to the public by means of engravings. It is one of those subjects in the treatment of which Millais has wholly escaped from the poverty and incompleteness of the pre-Raphaelite style, while rejecting the untruth which in art is misnamed the ideal. He has laid hold of his subject, and has sought to produce that and that alone. A Highlander, who had been out with the Pretender, had been captured and locked up in prison; his wife had set forth from their distant home, barefooted, to petition that he might be given up to her: her devotion had obtained its reward; and the picture represents her coming to the door of the prison with the order of release. The painter has brought out the dominant spirit of the scene by a matter-of-fact transcription of natural traits. The character of the order is signified by the care of the gaoler to scrutinise it once more just as he is releasing the wounded man from the iron door; the soldier-gaoler himself, however, is but a piece of furniture, his body half hidden by the door, round which his arm just comes, his face hidden as he looks down upon the order. The husband, exhausted by his wounds and sufferings, conscious only of his rescue, hides his face contentedly in the bosom of his wife. She receives the man in her open arms, her countenance beaming with a contained delight; while one hand holds over her husband's shoulder the order of release, and the other supports a child three or four years old, whom she has carried on her long journey, and who hangs upon her in the lifeless posture of deep sleep. There is a charming touch of poetry in the primrose that has fallen from the child's hand, and that tells of God's world without in that place of gloom. There is the same minutest finish in all the details. Many have complained that the woman is not sufficiently elevated in her expression,—that the man is too listless,—the child evidently too heavy for the woman's arms. This is, in effect, a complaint that the subject was not another subject, that the picture did not portray some ideal angel bringing succour to a hero unoppressed by his sufferings—an angel, too, who should have been able to carry a child on a long journey without letting it show signs of the fatigue against which the singleness and fixity of her own purpose had strengthened her. In short, the objections of the critics have served to show the more emphatically the truth and completeness of the painter's story.

Last year the subjects exhibited by Millais were varied, and were calculated to display the full powers of the artist. There were five pictures: "The Peace concluded, 1856," "The Portrait of a Gentleman," "L'Enfant du Régiment," "Autumn Leaves," and "The Blind Girl." All these must be too fresh in the recollection of the reader to need description; for even those who did not themselves visit the Exhibition, greedily examined the notices of the contemporary journals. "The Portrait of a Gentleman" was but the miniature of a small child. "L'Enfant du Régiment" was a miniature piece of still-life,—a young child sleeping on a tomb under a covering of soldiers' clothes thrown upon it by some friendly hands. "Autumn Leaves" is a group of young girls in a garden, sweeping up the dead leaves; a very powerful exercise in the autumnal-evening effect, with its broad sky and dark heavy hedges. The piece was not a design, but a study—an exact transcript of an actual scene; the figures, of course, being portraits. It is essential to bear this distinction in mind, because it anticipates certain remarks which would be likely to escape from the spectator's lips at the first glance. In "The Declaration of Peace" the young wife clings to her soldier-husband, assured that he will not be snatched away from her again for the wars. Her countenance presents a picture of emotions which could at that particular season be appreciated with peculiar keen-

ness; and Millais, who can give such exact imprint of every feeling that passes over the countenance, supplied abundant material for the scrutiny of his admirers. Some also he gave for the scrutiny of his censors. It struck us, for instance, that the stern unprepossessing face of the man hardly merited the devotion lavished upon it by the woman. Perhaps Mr. Millais meant to show that woman's love is spontaneous, and asks no requital; if so, he succeeded.

"The Blind Girl" was, however, the picture that concentrated upon itself the largest amount of critical inquiry. It was disfigured by a serious mistake: the double rainbow in the distance exhibited a gradation of colours the same in both arches, whereas the order in the one should have been reversed in the other. This is a remarkable instance of the way in which the most exact observers of nature can be caught tripping. In the foreground, upon a bank by the side of a roadway, sits a blind beggar-girl; a young companion sits by her side, and turns back to watch the approaching storm, with the rainbow beyond. The sightless girl sits *feeling* the atmosphere with upraised face and expanded features, her hands hanging loosely by her sides. No group could more completely express the contrast between the mode of action which sight imparts and the manner in which the deprivation of that sense loosens the attitude. The scenery is on a par with this perfect piece of painting. A broken range of common rises in rather a steep hill towards the distance; a few animals grazing on it mark by their diminishing size the real expanse; while the tints alone mark in their changing facets the endless diversity of the surface. Gerard Dow could scarcely have equalled the exact reality of the detail. He would have declared that the face and action of the poor blind girl belonged to a grade of art which he could never reach.

THE BROOK.

By THE AUTHOR OF "MR. ARLE."
IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

"Do you love her?"

"I cannot conceive any possible right you have to question me."

"Does she love you?"

"The more she has favoured me with her confidence the less likely I shall be to break it."

"Answer me, Edward, or, by Heaven, you shall repent. Do you mean to ask her to be your wife?"

"On that point your question is premature; I have not yet made up my own mind. You see, my good fellow, there are objections to such a step."

"Heaven grant me patience!"

"Ay, I think you need it," was returned sneeringly.

The two men parted: the last speaker to open a little gate at which he had arrived, and walk jauntily up a trim garden, gay and glowing with autumn flowers fired by autumn-afternoon sunshine; the taller and older man to walk with an even pace up the steep village-street, giving many a kindly salutation to those he passed upon his way.

When they had both disappeared, a woman came from behind the lime-tree near which they had paused, and stepped somewhat stealthily over the yellow fallen leaves till she stood in the open road. Then she shaded her eyes from the sunshine, and looked up the West Street for a moment before she entered a house standing opposite the one with the gay garden.

At a window, looking out upon a more retired side of this garden, in at which peeped late roses and luxuriant myrtle-boughs, a girl sat at work,—a girl who was beautiful after a certain almost childish fashion, whose face was perhaps the more attractive from its provoking imperfections. She bent over her work with knitted brow and a fierce eagerness, the short upper lip of her restless mouth curling scornfully as she listened to the remarks of a hard-featured elderly woman who sat by the table.

"You will spoil your frock, if you draw your thread through with such a twitch every time," remarked the latter.

The young girl was trimming the sleeve of a dark stuff-gown, and her fingers looked the fairer from contrast with her dark-hued work. She raised her head sharply, and hastily strove to rearrange her hair, hanging somewhat disordered over her flushed cheek. She had heard the opening and closing of the house-door. When some one entered the room, she saw who, first by a sidelong look from under her eye-lashes; then, after a slight bow of recognition, bent lower over her work, her face very expressive of disappointment.

"Linda, you are not too busy to shake hands with Mr. Salford," her aunt said, having herself greeted that gentleman with grim cordiality.

Mr. Salford took a chair close to Linda, and held out his hand, bending low over that shyly or unwillingly extended to him. "It is a beautiful afternoon, Miss Wood," he remarked to the elder lady. "It is a shame to be in the house. I have been for a long walk, and enjoyed it uncommonly, even though my companion was not so amusing a one as I should have chosen."

"You don't often walk, I think," remarked Miss Wood.

"Why no; but my horse is lame. Calton joined me. He is a tremendous walker; so we went further than I intended—all the way to Highford."

"It is a long time since we have seen Mr. Calton," Miss Wood observed; and Linda's head bent lower as Mr. Salford glanced at her curiously.

"Miss Linda, I want to look at the foliage of that rose your father was describing the other day; I think I have one like it at my place. Will you show it me?" he asked.

Miss Wood said, "Go, Ethelinda; you haven't been out to-day."

"I don't care to go," Linda said pettishly.

"You said you wanted a walk," her aunt remarked.

"And you said that I must finish off my frock, because I had nothing else fit to wear, and the weather was getting too cold for muslins," Linda rejoined maliciously.

"It is a pity the weather should ever be too cold for muslins," Mr. Salford said; "nothing is so pretty for young ladies. Miss Linda, put away your work, pray; it isn't fit work for such fingers," he added in a whisper.

"My fingers often do harder work than this, Mr. Salford, I can assure you. Let me see; they have even—"

"Linda, put away your work and go into the garden; don't make Mr. Salford wait any longer." Miss Wood spoke with decision.

"Mr. Salford's time isn't as precious as mine, aunt, or he wouldn't spend it as he does. He doesn't give music-lessons to little children, or teach the usual branches of an English education, or turn old dresses to make them look like new, or do any thing useful," Linda said, as she rose and began collecting her work together with great deliberation; Mr. Salford looking more amused than displeased. Miss Wood smiled, and called her niece a foolish child.

Linda left the room; hunted up her oldest garden-hat and a much-worn shawl, put them on, and returned to the parlour.

"I am ready, Mr. Salford," she said, and cast a mischievous look at her aunt, who glanced up in consternation.

The hat was battered, its ribbons faded; but Linda's arch smile was so brilliant, that her face looked only the more bewitching from under the shabby head-gear, and the old shawl was thrown on with careless grace.

Mr. Salford followed her through the cool shady hall—adorned with casts from the best statues, and many curiosities, modern and antique, and large enough to be vastly out of keeping with any thing else in the tiny house—to the garden-door.

This garden was a marvel of the neighbourhood, a very well of beauty and fragrance. Its high walls were screened by laurels, up which climbed China roses which covered

them with bloom during many months. It lay quite open to the south-west, looked over a small orchard, separated from it by a green slope, to a distant hill—the one hill of the neighbourhood, save that up which the village crept. Through the rich pasture-lands and round the base of this hill flowed a brook, shallow now,—for the summer had been hot and dry,—but sometimes deep, always dark and sluggish.

"Your father's garden is certainly the most perfect in the neighbourhood," said Mr. Salford.

"He is very fond of gardening. Which is the rose you want to see,—this, the Acidale, or the Lady Alice Peel?—I don't remember. Is it this—the Ophirie?" Linda questioned in a business-like way.

"I don't remember quite either. I must look at them all. There are more in that walk, aren't there?"

"Yes. It is a pity my father is not at home; he would immediately remember which you mean. This freshly-planted one—is this it?"

"Indeed I can't say. Can't you make out the name?" And he bent his head down so close that his cheek almost touched her hair; for she wore her old hat carried over her arm now, the evening was so mild. Her head was immediately lifted up.

"I have never been down this pretty path. Does it lead through the orchard?" Mr. Salford inquired.

"Yes; and there are no roses there," Linda said demurely.

"But I should like to try—it. You must show me the way; then there will be roses there, I fancy."

They went on side by side. Linda assuming all the dignity of which her childlike figure and manner were capable.

"Shall you go to our autumn ball?" he asked her, after some perplexity as to what to say to break the silence.

"No."

"Do you not care for dancing?"

"O yes; but I shall not go to the ball. I could not afford it. I suppose you can't understand what that means?"

"You ought not to be able to understand; you need not—if only—You must have a very dull life?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes. No. Yes, because papa is always busy, and aunt often—not merry: no, because I've plenty to do myself, and haven't time to think if I'm dull or not."

"But that plenty to do must be disagreeable; and your aunt is often out of temper."

"I do not see that we need talk about this," Linda replied.

"Can you doubt that any thing concerning you must deeply interest me?"

"I haven't thought about it. Isn't that leaf a beautiful colour?" She held out her hand, a scarlet leaf lying in its palm.

"Very. What a charming head-dress a few such would make!" He picked up two or three more, and was about to put them in her hair; but she withdrew her head with a decided gesture.

"We will turn back now," she said.

"You were not in such a hurry when you were in this garden with Calton, some weeks since," Mr. Salford returned reproachfully.

"Papa was here. I like to hear him and Mr. Calton talk," Linda said, blushing vividly; adding, with a saucy look at her companion, "you haven't any thing so interesting to say."

"If I dared—if I thought you would listen," he answered; and returned her look with a confident gaze, meant to be one of love and hesitation, but in which she saw more boldness than timidity.

"You needn't dare, for I shouldn't listen," she answered hastily.

"You are very cruel, Miss Linda."

"If I were, I suppose it would be something very new to Mr. Salford to be treated cruelly," she said with a subtle contempt he failed to feel.

"Perhaps. It is often one's lot to have every thing but what one most desires," he answered, with a conceited sentimental air.

"Ah, so it is," Linda returned mockingly; adding, "Do you know, that I think people who have almost all they want, who have had smooth prosperous lives, are seldom worth much."

"A most profound observation for a young lady. Quoting Calton, perhaps."

"I ought to have put in, 'though I say it that shouldn't say it;' for by that rule I may be worth a good deal," Linda said lightly, not heeding his speech.

"Certainly; I do not doubt that," Mr. Salford replied with *empressment*. "You won't go indoors yet?" he added, as they reached the house.

Linda turned and looked back. The sun was just setting behind the hill, and the autumn mist creeping over the low-lying wood and meadows. The last rays of sunshine fell upon her as she stood in the open doorway.

"It is very pleasant and lovely out," she said to herself; "but—" and she glanced at her companion with eyes that had prisoned some of the vanishing sunlight.

"But your companion is not so pleasant?" he asked.

"Perhaps that was what I was thinking."

"You are as cruel as you are charming."

"I do not think I am," she said, her eyes watching the last speck of the sun's disk disappear behind the clump of firs.

"In proof thereof, let me have that rose." She held one lightly in her fingers.

"There, it has quite gone," she exclaimed, paying no attention to her companion.

He had taken the rose, and was placing it in his coat. It was not worth while to ask for it back. She didn't care enough about it.

A noise behind made her turn quickly. The hall-door was opposite that in which they stood. Mr. Wood and Mr. Calton were just entering together. As they did so, they saw the figures of the young man and young girl defined against the clear sky.

Linda went to her father, who was carefully unpacking something he had set down most heedfully. Linda gave her hand gravely to Mr. Calton; then turned to watch her father.

"There, Linda; is it not beautiful?" He displaced a bust from a central pedestal, and placed there a very exquisitely executed bronze.

"It must have cost a great deal, papa," Linda said very softly, an old anxious look coming over her face.

"Hush! don't let your aunt hear you say so," was answered hurriedly.

Mr. Calton, though affecting not to hear, looked with true concern at both father and daughter. Mr. Salford hummed a tune, and ostentatiously smelt the rose he wore in his coat.

CHAPTER II.

"Edward, it is nearly a month since I spoke to you about Miss Wood. You have been at the house almost every day since, and the whole village talks."

"Let the whole village talk; I do not care."

"I dare say not," was answered with bitter calmness; "but I do. Miss Wood has no very competent protector, as you know. Her father walks through the world with his eyes shut to its every-day business; and her aunt is dazzled by the position to which you might raise her niece. I am your cousin; once you looked upon me as your elder brother. I will not let you—the affair—go on in this manner longer. Do you, or do you not, mean to ask Miss Wood to marry you?"

"By Jove, I believe you love the girl yourself!" Mr. Salford said, with an assumption of having made a new and wonderful discovery.

"You have long known that I do love Miss Wood," was

answered with the quiet of deep emotion. "I have always loved her."

"Conquer your vain passion, then, as soon as you can, let me advise you. Linda isn't for you."

"Tell me that you mean to ask her to be your wife, and I leave Minsterton; but I will not have her happiness and reputation played with."

"I have every reason to believe that the fair Linda's happiness is safe in my hands."

"Give me the promise I ask, Edward; it is not much to ask."

"You have no right to ask it, and I cannot give it."

"How cannot give it?"

"Your tone is insolent."

"Answer me, and let us part; for, Heaven help me! Edward, I am learning to *hate* you. Tell me you will marry her."

"That step will involve great sacrifices, requires great consideration."

"Then, unless you are a more heartless wretch than I think you, leave off visiting her till you have made up your mind."

"And leave the field to you? Ha, ha! No; that would be painful to us both. I will stand no further questioning; you try me too far; let us part." Mr. Salford's face looked dark and gloomy.

"Not so. You *shall* answer me!" Powerful Mr. Calton grasped his cousin's arm; then let it go, because it was so puny; but still confronted him in a threatening attitude.

It was a still sullen autumn day. A man was ploughing in a field hard by the brook near which the cousins walked, the younger carrying his fishing-apparatus.

"You shall repent this violence. I shall know how to wound you," Mr. Salford sneered significantly. "Be assured I will not spare her from love to you."

"You are a cold cowardly villain. O God, it almost seems sin to let such live to harm the innocent!" He turned away, lest his passion should be beyond control, and hastily left the place, his cousin's mocking laugh ringing in his ears.

The latter went on through the damp meadows, where the fog lay heavily, to the brook-side. Passion was beating in his brow and heart blindingly, though he had seemed so cool. That very morning Linda had refused him; he suspected that she secretly and unconsciously loved his cousin.

Desperate thoughts bewildered him; yet when he reached his destination, he mechanically put together his rod, using a large and curious knife to make one part fit into another more easily, and threw his line into the swollen brook.

Sitting on a stump in a dismal little swamp, his head on his hand, thoughts of vengeance throbbed wildly in heart and brain. He forgot time and place, and gloated over scenes of consummated revenge.

Meanwhile Mr. Calton took his way to Mr. Wood's house.

His abrupt entrance made Linda flush; his stern resolute face caused her to grow pale. She was alone; he sat down opposite her where he could see her face.

There was a long silence; Linda beguiled it by counting the beatings of her heart.

"Linda," Mr. Calton said at last, "will you try for a little while to think of me as an elder brother, to grant me the right to counsel you? Remember, I have known you since you were a baby."

"You look disagreeable. You are going to scold me, Mr. Calton," Linda said, for a second glancing into his eyes and trying to speak lightly.

"No; I want to speak to you—about a matter concerning which it is very difficult for a man to speak to a woman. Will you try and be patient—not offended, if I wound your feelings?"

Linda looked perplexed; then answered with simple faith, looking into his eyes, "I do not think you will say any thing that should hurt my feelings."

"Not willingly, little Linda."

She withdrew the hand he took, and said, "It is long since you have called me that, Mr. Calton."

"It is long since I have seen that look of child's faith in your eyes. I want to speak to you about my cousin," he went on hurriedly.

She held her head so low he could not see her face.

"If you had brothers, if your father were less engrossed with his own pursuits, I would not dare—"

"Mr. Calton, you shall not dare! I will not hear from you what I have been hearing from Aunt Wood. You have no right—" His look of gentle pity quenched her sudden anger; she began to cry. "I am so unhappy—so lonely," she sobbed.

"I am grieved; I knew I should pain you. Linda, forgive me."

But she would not glance at him. He paused, looked out of the window in pained perplexity. After a little, she dried her eyes, and said:

"If I am rather friendless, poor, and sometimes have a hard life,—these are reasons why a good man should respect me. It is insulting me to think that just for these reasons, and just for the sake of being rich and living in a fine house, I would marry a man I could never love,—like your cousin, Mr. Calton. It is not my fault if he came here so long. A girl can do so little; and he never gave me the opportunity of speaking plainly till this morning."

"Do I understand, Miss Wood, that you have refused my cousin?" was asked wonderingly.

"Of course I have—this morning; and aunt is so angry, and—I am very unhappy."

"Do you repent that refusal?"

"No, Mr. Calton!" Again such an indignant face.

"I have been under a mistake, Miss Wood; I have done my cousin less than justice, and you also. I feared that—that you loved him, that he was most unworthy, and—"

"You came to warn me? Kind! I feel most grateful. To warn me!" she repeated contemptuously.

"I am glad—sorry," Mr. Calton said, rising; "glad that my warning was not needed, sorry that I have offended you; but, excuse me, I am in haste now. You must permit me to see you again before long."

He bowed himself out of the room without offering to touch her hand. Linda's mood softened; again she cried—now as if her heart would break; bending down from the haughty attitude she had assumed a moment before to crouch upon the floor, laying her head upon the chair. "That he should think I could love Mr. Salford!"

"Linda, it is nearly five o'clock; you ought to have been at Mrs. Brown's at half-past four. You have made your choice of life; it is too late to repent," said a sharp voice,—"*too late to cry now and make a fright of yourself.*"

Linda rose up. "I do not repent," she said, pushed her wet hair back from her eyes, and left the room. In a short time she was seated by Mrs. Brown's piano, listening to scales and exercises feebly played by the little hands of her pupil.

Meanwhile Mr. Calton had gone through the miry lane and the damp meadows towards the spot where he thought he should find his cousin. But among dead leaves by the brook-side he paused to think; his heart was beating so fast and strong with joyful hope. Was he fit to meet a disappointed despairing man? Would not some of the emotion he felt shine out from his face?—a truth-telling face always. Would not the generous apology he was about to make be mistaken for insulting irony by one of his cousin's nature? Ay. Mr. Calton leant back against a tree and mused: a dismal place for love-bright dreams: the fog came creeping on and on over the wet meadows, the dank leaves fell without wind, the water of the brook crept by, dark and sluggish.

Mr. Calton's rough coat was beaded with moisture, so were his hair and whiskers; when, after a considerable time had elapsed, he left the brook-side for the path through the

open meadows, he was met by the man who had been ploughing near him in the earlier part of the day.

Mr. Calton walked very rapidly, with bowed head and folded arms; he did not give the man the frank and friendly salutation he was wont to bestow on any countryfolk he met.

The man, when he had gone a few steps, turned, looked after Mr. Calton, shook his head, and muttered to himself.

The fog thickened, the night darkened down grimly; the brook flowed through the meadows, struggling with the leaves collected thickly on its brink, they muffling its voice if it strove to break the silence to tell of any unwonted thing it passed on its way—of any ugly mystery.

Late that night a servant of Mr. Salford's came to Rose Cottage to inquire if his master were there, or had been there that day.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

WEEDS left indolently to grow in our own gardens are not got rid of when their roots are burned. They have seeds as well as roots; and when we have made clean work of it and begun to congratulate ourselves, the tiresome plants are seen springing from our neighbour's soil to our fresh annoyance and the renewal of our pains. Twenty-two years ago slavery was abolished in the British colonies, and England thought she had done with it; but two centuries earlier she threw the pestilent seed upon America, and nothing on this earth is more likely to plague her in time to come. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," is as true of the black bread of evil as of any better thing.

It is the habit of our brothers among the cotton-fields, and under those Virginian mountains whose heights looked down on the first purchase of American slaves, to condemn our interference in any way with the question of American slavery. "The peculiar institution is our own; let us alone," they say. We are not to wonder at them. It is natural; it is just what we should have said ourselves. But the thing cannot be, and ought not to be. England has no stranger's place in the homes and interests of America. We cannot wrap our differences about us and sit apart while questions such as this are agitating the hearts of our best friends. The electric cable of human life and love has long been thrown across the Atlantic; and though other wires may interchange our thoughts more rapidly than now, they are not wanted to complete the circuit of our inseparable sympathies. No head has calculated the relation between England and the United States. So much cotton and so much corn; so many acres of calico, and such an amount of tonnage,—we make striking figures of them, but they reveal very little of the truth. Who has estimated the sum of human health, comfort, exertion, and progression involved in these annual returns? Who has looked into the possible future, and seen what we both might be without one another's friendship, or with the millstone of each other's hatred round our necks? And as in matter, so in mind. If it is hard to reckon what we owe to one another, it is harder still to say how much we feel for one another.

Those crowded emigrant ships and populous steamers give us something more than the statistics of emigration. The tears dropped daily on the quays of London and of Liverpool; the handkerchiefs waved so passionately over the Mersey and the Thames; the eyes straining backwards from our decks, and forwards from our shores; and the faces that turn away, or turn heavenward, when sight avails no longer,—have another meaning besides so many bodies

less to feed on this side the waves, and so much additional labour on the other. They mean, that each of those bodies has a heart in it, that every heart has parted from its kindred, and that between those who stay and those who have gone a tide of love will be flowing every day as surely as the tide of waters over the Atlantic. We should like to know how many English families there are at present who could call over the family-roll of near relations without calling some one from America,—some ardent brother felling the primeval woods; some sister, whose last words in England were those of her marriage-vow; some fallen but repentant child, seeking a new life in a new world; or some other, fallen but not repentant, who has fled from every thing except the love that will follow him past the grave. With such bonds between us,—and there are many more,—indifference, or even silence, on such a question as American slavery would be a wrong done to friendship. The fortunes of the Western world, both morally and physically, are staked upon it, with all else that is involved in them; and what we have to do is, to feel a yet deeper interest, and speak with a more earnest purpose even than we have hitherto done.

There are three millions of slaves in the United States. Their value as property is probably three hundred millions sterling. The annual produce of their labour is twice as much as the ordinary revenue of England. What is to be done with them? No American has answered this question; and no Englishman can venture to do so except in general terms. But on both sides of the water the Anglo-Saxon mind has resolved on the extinction of slavery by some means or other, and has never yet resolved on any thing in vain. In England we are removed from the immediate pressure of personal interests; we are brothers of the great American nation. It is our part, if it is any one's, to look dispassionately at the contest, and to send quick words of friendship into its heat and hubbub.

The true strength of the abolitionist's cause does not lie in abstract theories, or in particular cruelties, or in exaggerated sentiment. The conclusive reason against the continuance of slavery is a practical one, and it is this:—men are put upon this earth to develop themselves and to improve themselves; and slavery is a wilful and avoidable hindrance to the development and improvement of a large section of mankind. There are hindrances which are not wilful and not avoidable; but to discover that the existence of any one of them depends on our own will and pleasure, is at once to fall under the obligation of removing it. When a good Providence desolates our homes by pestilence, or when wicked men fill our streets with crime, we can only bow before the one and endure the other so long as they are beyond our control; but the moment we discover that half the pestilence is caused by filth, and half the crime by ignorance, the duty of sanitary measures and educational efforts is established for ever after. It is even so with slavery. The only way in which human beings can be kept in a state of absolute submission to human masters is, by keeping them ignorant and degraded. The relation of a slave to his master is in itself a degrading one. His contentment is the strongest evidence of his degradation, and the surest effect of mental advancement in him would be an effort to throw off his chains. Slavery means the wilful perpetuation of comparative barbarism, and will never mean any thing else while the world lasts. If this is the right end of human existence, then slavery is right; if not, it is a wilful evil.

But the friends of abolition lose much by their own exaggerations. "God," says one of them, "has hid away the human soul in the black man's skin; that in finding it, we may rediscover our alienated and forgotten nature."

"On them will devolve the supremacy of the ages," says another. This will not do. We can understand from such writers what is meant by "Nigger Worshipers," but we can only smile at such idolatry, and lament the mischievous effects of it on the slave-owners' minds. What the future



RIVAL SHOPKEEPERS; OR, THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

destiny of the negro may be we cannot pretend to say. The world has seen many ups and downs in the history of all its families, and will doubtless see many more. Who dreamt of the modern Frenchman at Fontarabia, or of the modern Roman when Cæsar died? A yellow race has civilised China; a tawny one established the thrones of the caliphs; and those Egyptian conquerors, whose empire once stood as firmly as the Pyramids, were probably of Negro origin, and were certainly as black as buffaloes. But for all this, the negro race at present is an inferior one, must be dealt with as such, and will only confound our plans if the fact be disregarded.

The slave-owner, however, need not thank us for this admission. Instead of justifying him, it decides the case against him. We say the negro race is inferior; but what is inferiority among the families of men? It is just this, and no more—that some of us have advanced a few steps farther than the rest upon a road that is infinite; that childhood in one case has been somewhat longer than in another; that powers common to all have grown unequally. To give it any other meaning, to suppose any positive incapacity for unlimited growth and improvement in any race of men, is either to deny their humanity, or, if we are Christians, to admit that souls too badly made to reach the poor limit of

a white man's earthly excellence are still good enough for the paradise of God.

This inferiority of the negro is the favourite answer to the arguments of abolitionists. It ought to be one of the strongest of those arguments themselves. Do we sow waste land with thistles because it has never yet brought forth corn? Do we take the weak ones of our flocks, and, because they are weak, expose them to such stress of weather that feebleness becomes incurable? Do we keep our children childish because they are born so? Even for selfish ends, we know such conduct to be absurd; but if there is any where a thing we love,—and a good man at least loves his species,—to know that it is feeble, to see that it is inferior, is to engage every noble sentiment in the work of helping and raising it, and to make the thought of turning its imbecility to our own advantage a thing abhorrent to our souls.

There is one other practical point on which we have a word to say to our American brothers. No good thing is ever gained without a sacrifice offered somewhere. No virtue which shrinks from sacrifice is worth the having. The American slave-holders have invested their fortunes in their slaves with the sanction of the whole nation; and to abolish slavery without compensating them for the loss they must sustain, would be very much like robbing Dives

in order to give Lazarus an alms. America sees this, and turns her eyes away. Let her call up her heart's true greatness, and look the fact in the face. The sum involved is indeed enormous; but then every year adds to it, while whole ages will not change the nature of the obligation. England has stood erect under a debt of a thousand millions, spent in killing and burning. Could America tremble under a fourth part only of that burden, when borne for the sake of freedom and humanity?



A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

III.

For once Mrs. Parker had not exaggerated the graces of an expected visitor. The foolish old saying, "that some people's geese are all swans," would scarcely find much acceptance at Christmas-tide, when the nobler bird of the twain takes the rank to which he is entitled, and the thought of his long-necked and arrogant rival on his gloomy water or muddy bank only suggests the shivers. We will not say, therefore, that Mrs. Parker's geese were habitually swans, but merely that the lady had a habit of exalting all that belonged in any degree to herself in a way that occasionally astonished even the objects of her eulogies. The plan would not be a bad one for general adoption, if we could keep up this fictitious currency, for society would thereby seem so much the richer; but, alas! it is not given to man, nor even to woman, to simulate for ever; and when the day of depreciation comes, where is our credit as financiers,—we who cried up that which we are now eager to cry down? So that, on the whole, the Mrs. Parkers are wrong and shortsighted.

But in the case of Captain Llewellyn there had been no over-colouring at all. That soldier was a guest of whom any hostess had a right to be proud. He was an exceedingly handsome man, with elegant manners, and moreover with a fair portion of brain in his finely-turned head. He could dance, and he could also talk; and even young ladies, at the age at which dancing is the one ecstatic enjoyment of life, have been known to allow that they would as soon be talked to by the captain as danced with by any body else,—and this is an admission of inconceivable value in such a case. Llewellyn had also considerable humour; and though his usual manner was frank and lively,—indeed, if he had a fault in the eyes of some of his fair adorers, it was that, with features that could express so much melancholy, he was too cheerful,—he had some melo-dramatic power, which he put forth on occasion for the speedier subjugation of the female heart. He was therefore eminently dangerous to the peace of mind of a great many delightful persons between the ages of eighteen and five-and-twenty. As he did not tell them, they could not know that he was privately married to a cousin, who would be an heiress, if an uncle with whom Llewellyn lived did not discover the marriage, and disinherit her. Obviously, therefore, it was his duty to his private wife to flirt as much as he conveniently could, in order to prevent any possible suspicion of the state of affairs. And Charles Llewellyn, being very conscientious, did flirt as much as he could.

Mrs. Parker's house was in one of the new streets in Pimlico. As this is not a novel, but a story with a purpose, it is befitting in the writer to warn his readers that he does not recommend them to go and live near her. New Pimlico, in its present state, is the most abnormal and abominable region under the London sun. It is a sham and a mockery, and a collection of whited sepulchres. Its new streets are

built with some architectural pretence, and the houses look comfortable, and even elegant; and it is lamentable to behold engaged couples, or young husbands and wives, in search of abodes, gazing smilingly and hopefully at these residences, and remarking that they might be made very charming. The unfortunate victims are deluded. The houses are good, and "replete with advantages;" but nevertheless, O young lovers! eschew them; O gray wedded doves, flee away, and be at rest elsewhere! Pimlico is no place for you. Bride, I know your gentle thoughts. Your handsome husband there is a composer, and makes melodies which not only sound sweetly unto you, but for which there be gentlemen on either side of Regent Street who gladly give him much gold. You picture to yourself that stone balcony filled with flowers, and behind it a charming room, with a noble pianoforte; and you have peopled that paradise with an Adam at the instrument, setting the most lovely words to the most heavenly airs, and an Eve, whose little person reposes in the largest of easy-chairs, and whose little fingers are adorning a miniature cap, too small for aught that yet breatheth on this earth. You listen, dear little Eve, murmuring applause, as Adam turns out some peculiarly Mendelssohnian phrase; and you look up with a raptured smile, and catch his loving glance in the mirror which you intend to hang yonder. Go away, Eve—go away, and shun the intolerable place. Would you like Adam to become a surly wretch, irritable, snappish? Would you like him to sit down sulkily to that sweet instrument, remarking with a sad word that there is no doing any thing in that infernal house? Would you hear him beg that, if you are going to sit in the room, you will keep quiet, and not rattle those scissors on the table, or drop your thimble above six times in a quarter of an hour? Would you see him jump up furiously, rush to the window, launch some fierce words into the street, bang down the sash, and return angrily to his work? Would you behold him, after several savage attempts at melody, shut up the instrument, snatch his hat, and tell you not to wait dinner, and dash forth, unkind and unkind, leaving you to your own thoughts or to the words of his mother-in-law? Would you, sitting alone in that paradise in the dusk of evening, be startled by the postman's knock, and still more startled by the postman's present—a note from Adam, saying that as working in Pimlico is impossible, he has taken a room at Jack Straw's Castle, and that you may go down to Herne Bay to your aunt? Dear little Eve, have we melted you to tears? Forgive; for it is all for your good; we want to warn you from abominable Pimlico.

For, Eve dear, the case is this. These new streets in Pimlico are in a great measure inhabited by people who have no right to live in such places. This class of house was not intended for them. They are out of their place in the social system. They are not living beyond their means, but they are being honest in a fraudulent manner. They are enabled to live in houses into which, under a right state of things, they would never enter—enabled to do so by rendering the locality the greatest nuisance on the face of the metropolis. And, Eve, this is the way they do it. They dispense with servants and with tradesmen. And they organise an atrocious system of doing without either class. They have all the necessities and luxuries of life brought to their own doors. A horrible rabble of yelling and peripatetic vendors infests those streets from morning to night; and to the doors come slatternly matrons, and amid that howling and riot they purchase cheap things of those ruffian-roarers. Eve dear, beware. From the sacred dawn to the dewy evening this hideous trade is done. As fast as one coarse voice has ceased to pollute the echoes, another comes to drive you wild; and at no rare intervals there is a savage chorus,—a dozen bawling miseries clamouring together for the patronage of those who shamelessly "buy at the door." To read, to think, to converse, to recover from illness, to write, in that howling wilderness,—dream not of it, Eve. Screech, shout, grunt, roar, assail you from morn to night. Your rest at daybreak will be broken by shrieking brats

calling on your servants for the skin of yesterday's hare; and the last words upon your ear at night will be the long howl of the pertinacious potboy, who, with tin pails at his side, insults the stars with his cries. He proclaims, "Beer—beer—beer" to the aristocrats of the region; but the democrats use pots, for which he will bellow at dawn, unless he finds them stuck upon yonder rails. At no moment of the day, O Eve, will there be silence in this lying and hypocritical region of misplaced inhabitants. Therefore, Eve, pretty as is that house, pass it by; and never set that little foot in Pimlico until Adam informs you that Sir Benjamin Hall has passed a bill putting down that curse of London—the street-cries.

It may be said that this is a digression. Be it so. If it prevents one young couple from taking a house in the new streets of Pimlico, I will gladly bear any reproach on that score. But it is not a digression; for we had to speak of Mrs. Parker's party, which was given in the locality we are denouncing, and at which our Georgiana met Charles Llewellyn. Alas for our young painter, Herbert Disney, who, in the recesses of his own mind, was preparing the terms of an offer to Georgy!

UNDER GREEN LEAVES.*

Under Green Leaves is a seasonable book, though its title belongs to summer. Beautiful things are seasonable every way, no less by their contrasts than by their resemblances. Thus, while for the present under bare boughs and wintry skies, we may delight the more on that very account to recline in fancy "under green leaves."

And if we might still further indulge in conceits that nevertheless smack of the truth, we would say that the kind of green in these leaves makes them very welcome just now. The verdure of Dr. Mackay's foliage does not yield to the winter. The leaves are evergreens, and have the brightness of the holly. In plain prose, the writer of this book is a poet of whom we like to think at holiday times; so fresh, so genial, is his muse; so heartily has she taken to a benignant errand, uttering fine heart-truths and morals in the simple but expressive dialect that the people understand; and no less a muse, because while revealing her own nature, she strives to make it intelligible to theirs. This is the muse that has seized the familiar phrases of the million, and made them point some cheering promise of hope, or some ennobling lesson of duty; that has told of the "good time coming," and helped it to come; that has bidden old and effete prejudices "to clear the way," and let ideas of justice, freedom, and sympathy, move unobstructed in their orderly progress.

The book before us displays all the qualities which are making the name of Charles Mackay "household words." There is the same healthy purpose as ever, the same picturesque treatment, the same power to extract meanings from the forms of nature or social life, and to convey those meanings by lively and unforced allegory. Nor do we miss the catching melodies peculiar to this writer. There are cases, indeed, in which the flow of the verse is even too easy, and tends to the "fatal facility" which Byron dreaded.

Very lovely and individual as a picture, very pathetic as a story, is the poem entitled "Lullingsworth." "Lullingsworth" is an ancient house, in which, towards the wane of life, its lord, survivor of his wife and children, dwells, seemingly alone. Yet it is not so; for on the one point of his lost ones the old man is happily deluded. He still believes that

"He sees them in his walks;
His wife still comforts him;
His little children still
Gambol about his feet,
And prattle in his ear.

* *Under Green Leaves*. By CHARLES MACKAY. London: Routledge.

Each day at morn and noon,
And at his evening meal,
His board is spread for nine;
His inner eyes behold
Eight spirits at his side,—
Each in the usual place,
Visible—palpable.
In their high company,
A calm pure happiness
Dwells in his soul serene,
And feeds itself on thoughts
Too great for utterance.
Life blossoms out of death;
Nothing shall part them more."

In "Horny-hand" the poet pleads with the men of manual toil for the intellectual worker. In "Obverse and Reverse" he enforces nature's great doctrine of compensation, shows how the most different lots are equalised, and suggests that, after all,

"'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus."

"The Cobbler" is a playful satire. "The Mock Jewels" is a more serious one, and indisputably fine. Its teachings are as old as experience; but they are embodied with great power, and with a kind of grotesque supernaturalism which is quite German. Death, under the guise of a pedlar, has cheated his victims, and then—

"In churchyards lone, in the wintry night,
The ghastly Pedlar—dim to see,
Takes his stand on the gravestones white:
Maranatha! and woe is me!
And summons the ghosts from sod and tomb,
And chuckles and grins in the midnight gloom;
Dark are the clouds upon the sky;
And sells them again his shadowy wares,
Loves, Fames, Riches, and Despairs,—
'Jewels—jewels—come and buy!
O the Pedlar!
The mocking Pedlar!
The Devil in Pedlar's guise is he;
Selling and buying,
Cheating and lying:
Maranatha! and woe is me!"

There is charming characterisation and true feeling for nature in the poem called "The Trees." Every tree is individualised, and the manner of doing this is delicious for its easy grace. The poet's range is by no means confined to popularising the beautiful and the true, though we think the faculty his distinctive one. Here and elsewhere he shows a poet's fancy wandering at its own sweet will irrespective of "uses." "Thor's Hammer," with which the book concludes, is not only fine as a poem, but it has a singular pertinency at present, when some amongst us need to be reminded that the prosperity of a nation must go hand-in-hand with its duties; and that peace, when it ignores moral right, is as deceptive as it is selfish. Our space forbids us to reproduce in full any of the more important pictures in Dr. Mackay's gallery; but we can find room for this cabinet gem:

LOVE, NEW AND OLD.

"And were they not the happy days
When Love and I were young,
When Earth was robed in heavenly light,
And all creation sung?
When, gazing in my true love's face,
Through greenwood alleys lone,
I guess'd the secrets of her heart,
By whispers of my own?
And are they not the happy days
When Love and I are old,
And silver Evening has replaced
A Morn and Noon of gold?
Love stood alone with youthful joy;
But now, by Sorrow tried,
It sits, and calmly looks to Heaven,
With angels at its side."

We do not know that the present writer has solved any profound enigma of imagination, or descried any new world in the poetic firmament; but he has shown that element of

genius which Coleridge rated so highly—the power to inspire admitted truths with a fresh life, that makes what were else mere dogmas of the intellect the noble realities of the heart and the conscience.

A word of explanation before we close. In praising Dr. Mackay for that direct and simple utterance which makes him clear to every one, we would by no means affirm that all true poetry is to be as easily appreciated. There are poets who, on account of the philosophy involved in their subjects, or the pure idealism of their conceptions, are only to be apprehended by an audience "fit though few." The true rule in the case seems to be, that where the theme itself is profound, and the writer does his best to set it forth clearly, the reader's difficulty in mastering it rests with himself. Where the writer is wilfully obscure, the blame, like the folly, is of course his own. These remarks may not seem uncalled for, if we think how often the reader's incapacity to understand is cited as a conclusive argument against the poet's power to delight. Are we really to give up Dante, Goethe, Coleridge, Keats, and—let it be added—much of Shakespeare, because the majority could better relish a ballad? Is it always the poet's duty to come down, and never the public's to aspire? A.B. tells us that he can get on with Burns; but that our Tennysons, Brownings, or Dobells, might as well write in Greek. Very good: A.B. has a right to his preference. Let him enjoy Burns, as we do, to his heart's content; but not urge his non-enjoyment of minds widely different as if his negative were their condemnation. A.B. will tell you of his wine that it needs for appreciation the palate of a connoisseur; yet supposes that he can at once detect all that is delicate and rare in the subtlest products of imagination. He sees as far as his neighbour's hedge, and thinks it the world's end. This is simple arrogance. The self-complacency of such judges is perhaps the compensation with which a kind providence requites their ignorance. The hackneyed *Intelligibilia non intellectum fero* was never more applicable than now. Why should not people agree to differ on these points? Let some, without condemning their fellows, delight in the intricate harmonies of genius; others in its simple melodies, like those of Dr. Mackay: that student being most fortunate of all who can appreciate both.

THE NIGHTINGALE, AND WHY HE SINGS BY NIGHT.

In the old old days long ago, when the world was young, and men were only just beginning to pile stone upon stone, and call their painful labour cities, a little brown nightingale lived quietly in a sloping wood.

He lived quietly, but not alone. Many of his kindred bore him company, and made the green boughs musical with their melodious notes.

At the foot of the tall forest stretched a valley, fair and green, through which glided a river, calm and clear as the sunshine that glittered on its waters. The clouds mirrored themselves on its surface, and the swallows dipped their joyous wings in its tiny waves; but naught else disturbed the deep silence of its solitary course. The world was young, and the foot of wandering man had never yet left the print of a lonely step in the calm valley or in the trackless wood.

Unmolested the nightingales sang all the day; and at night, like other birds, they sought their rest.

They sang out of the deep love and happiness of their hearts, and not for applause. And yet they well understood the perfect beauty of their music; and often, when one thrilling voice rose with purer loveliness above his fellows, the rest would pause to listen, and then with a burst of song echo back their admiration.

But now strange unwonted shadows that had never before fallen on the tall unworn grass flitted here and there

across the valley. Many more followed; and stately forms stood in groups, and talked loudly.

The valley was full of men.

Yes, they were men; and their tools were in their hands.

Soon the axe resounded in the wood, and the earth was made to yield her treasures of marble and of other stones, and buildings grew day by day, foot by foot. The sounds of the hammer, the anvil, and the saw, ceased not while light lasted.

Still, through all the din, the nightingales sang on.

No one heeded them.

The clamour and the clang, the hissing forge, and the grating saw, drowned their voices.

Sadly they looked down upon the growing city, and said:

"We would fain cheer the hearts of these toiling men, but they will not pause from their work to listen."

"Let us have patience," said the little brown nightingale. "These men are busy. When they have finished their work, and dwell peaceably in the town they are making, they will linger in its quiet streets to listen to our music, and their hearts will be glad."

So the nightingales obeyed the voice of their brother, and sang on patiently, ever waiting, waiting till the toil should be over and the noise of the tools should cease.

And now the city is built. But none the less does the sweat pour from the brow, and the clang and the clamour rise into the troubled air.

"The day is filled with the sounds of labour. We no longer hear our own songs. Let us depart," said the nightingales. "These sons of men will never turn away their eyes from beholding the works of their hands, or bend their ears to listen to aught save the noise of their own tools."

"Stay," said the kindly bird; "the city is young, and the wants of man are many. Wait a little while, yet a little while, and these will be satisfied; then our notes will reach them in their rest, and their hearts will be glad."

So the nightingales waited, and sang on patiently.

But now war sprang up among them; one part of the city rose against the other part; man fought with man, brother against brother; and cries of fury and groans of anguish mingled with the unheeded music of the woods. The tools of peace were cast aside; but men grasped the noisier tools of strife, and the clang and the clamour rose into the troubled air.

Peace once more! And the bells in one half of the city tolled for the dead, while in the other they rang out merrily for the victory.

"Still they do not listen," sighed the patient nightingales.

"Ah, leave them alone to bury their slain," said the kindly one, "and their saddened hearts shall turn to our music for solace."

So the nightingales sang on.

But the living forgot the dead. And one amongst them found gold; and his fellows crowded around him and grasped their tools, labouring painfully in the hard ground. And the sweat poured from the brow, and again the clang and the clamour rose into the troubled air.

Nevertheless among the sons of men there were one or two who listened in the woods, and thought the music there whispered of a better world. So they spoke of it to their brothers; but these answered, "I do not hear it;" or others said, "I have no time to listen;" or, "I hear it; but what then? it is nothing."

"Let us inquire," said a wise one among them; "let us send some of our brothers into the woods to listen; and when they come back, they shall tell us of the matter."

"This is no time," said the other, "for men to cast aside their tools, and go into the woods to listen to idle music. But there is the cat and the dog, the cock, the goose, and the pig,—they have nothing to do; let them go; and when they return, they shall interpret to us the matter."

So they chose out the creatures to go.

A cock, who thought well of himself; a pig, who was counted wise in his generation because he was fatter than his fellows; a goose, who was reckoned a wit because she hissed at every thing; a drake, called the eloquent,—for he quacked much, and people noticed not that he ever said the same thing; a dog, who was learned,—for he bayed at the moon; and a cat, who loved quiet, and would say whatever the rest said.

So these went into the woods to listen; and the nightingales heeded them not, but sang on as before; for they sing alike to the wise and to the unwise, to him that hath understanding and to him that lacketh.

The summer air was filled with music, and it ceased not for the clamorous bark or odious cackle of the strange creatures that had come to listen.

When they returned to the city, men were too busy to hearken much to them; but they appointed certain from among them to receive the report of the creatures.

Ah, it would be long to tell all the speeches they made, and how the men of the city were sorely puzzled; for each animal interpreted the nightingale in his own note.

"It is precisely this," said the dog, barking furiously.

"We can understand that," said all the other dogs, well pleased; "and we need not put ourselves out of the way to listen to this music, for we can make it ourselves."

"Exactly so, my friends," said the satisfied dog.

"Not so," exclaimed the cock; "the music is far more noble than the dog affirms it to be. It is entirely beyond his compass; but *I* can give you the true notes."

With that he crowed lustily.

All the other cocks were delighted.

"That is it," they cried; "*we* have the true notes; we can all do that; we need not listen in the woods."

And next the pig rose up gravely. Now the cock was considered rather flighty and quarrelsome, and was therefore not so much heeded; but the pig, being sleek and respectable, was greatly regarded and revered. But having risen, he seemed to have nothing to say, for he merely grunted and sat down again. Nevertheless he looked so sleek and well-to-do, that all his kin were satisfied, and cried out, "He's right; that's it exactly." And many among the children of men inclined to follow the pig, because he was grave and respectable, and had most of the fat things. Meanwhile the drake ran up and down among them all quacking loudly; and as most noise gains most friends, he had more partisans than the rest.

The goose hissed contemptuously at the whole matter.

"For her part," she said, "she did not believe in any of it; she had certainly heard something out there among the trees, but since she had seen nothing, she was inclined to think it was all imagination."

Now the cat had stood aloof in all the meekness of philosophy; but being called on to give his opinion, he decided there was truth in all the animals: "The song of the nightingale being made up of the bark of the dog, the grunt of the pig, the crow of the cock, and the never-failing quack of his eloquent friend the drake." The goose still hissed, but was in the minority; for they all liked to believe in their own notes, and the cat's speech being a speech of expediency meant to soften all parties, found favour with many.

However, the few who had listened to the music themselves silently condemned those accounts of it, and declared among themselves there were none of those gross cries in the nightingale's song. It would be long to tell the strife that arose among the creatures as each one set himself up as a teacher. But little the people heeded; for still the toil and the work went on, and the sweat poured from the brow, and the clang and the clamour rose in the troubled air.

And once more the nightingales communed together, and said,

"Let us leave the haunts of man; and fly to some distant and quiet land, where the din of their lives shall never reach us."

But the pitiful one, who had often in the calm night brooded over the restless city, and marked the toilworn sleepers and the weary watchers, and amongst and with them all the peaceful angel-faces of little children, loved the busy place, if only for their sakes, and pleaded yet again.

"Not so, brothers," said he; "let us not forsake the habitation of men because the toiling day gives them no time to listen to the music of our voices. At night, in sleep, their faces are turned towards heaven. Let us not despair, but respect their labour, and be silent while the light lingers; but when the soft and silent night breathes its calm upon the earth, let our song fill the darkness with melody, and sink into their hearts with gladness."

The astonished birds with happy voice assented.

And now, when the weary man, in sleep toil-haunted, wipes the sweat from his dreamy brow, and the clang and the clamour have ceased and the troubled air is still, music breathes from the woods, and the nightingales fill the summer night with song.

The sick man on his bed of pain leans on his restless pillow to listen. Anxious watchers turn pale faces towards the darkness to catch more clearly the thrilling notes. And many a worker by the midnight lamp rises from his toil, and lets the summer air blow on his fevered brow; for the music is in it and comes with it, and as he drinks in the air-thrilling sound, he thanks God for its beauty and its message of peace.

SONNET.

By WESTLAND MARSTON.

'Twas half a life since, and the Christmas sun
That laved the leafless grove had ebb'd away
To the last fiery wave: the air was dun.
Clouds gathered, burst, and earth all snow-wound lay.
From the hearth's glow unto the beaten pane
A maiden stepp'd; when, sudden, one drew rein,
And cried, "I come!" He deemed her bridal wreath
To twine of new-year snowdrops. When above
The mould they peered, she placid slept beneath—
Boast not thy triumph, Death! she passed—not love.
Still the same rider on a track doth fare
By Time's stern winter frozen—blanch'd and bare;
And still beyond the track he sees a home,
And whispers, as he journeys, "Love, I come!"



CRYSTAL PALACES FOR HOME.

[Second Paper.]

In a previous paper we drew attention to the principles involved in the management of plant-cases; and we gave a few hints as to their general construction, so as to secure an effective display at the least possible cost, and insure successful cultivation of the plants.

We shall now enumerate a few of the plans that may be adopted in extension of the idea of a Wardian case, in the hope of stimulating many of our readers to beguile their winter leisure, either in the construction of such things, or at least in the furnishing of them after the zinc-worker or other artisan has accomplished his work.

When once an ingenious taste is exercised, there is no end to the variety of forms that may be given to these beautiful plant-cases. Grecian vases may be fitted with simple bell-glasses, or built over with zinc frames and plate-glass in graceful rectangular proportions; one side being always made so as to open as a door, and provision for drainage

being made below. Terra-cotta vases are also applicable in the same way; and if a number of such dome-shaped contrivances are grouped above and below a large rectangular case, a splendid scene may be produced, and an elegant recreation provided, at an outlay very trifling compared with the result attained. But why should those who desire to adorn their town dwellings with such contrivances as Wardian cases stop short at the construction of a box or the furnishing of a vase? Why should not the lower window-sash give place to a conservatory fitting into the window itself, and projecting into the interior of the room in a few bold curves of zinc framework and glass? Here is a field for ingenuity; here is the Crystal Palace and Winter-Garden brought to the fireside at once, and the room beautiful beyond conception by a judicious grouping and selection of plants.

To construct a conservatory on this scale would be comparatively inexpensive. An amateur who could use carpenters' tools with a little skill would easily plan and execute such a work at less cost than he could purchase a good-sized Wardian case; and as the framework might be formed wholly of wood, there would be no terrible problem to solve in its construction. The *modus operandi* would include, first, the removal of the lower sash; or that might be left untouched, and the whole of the construction placed before it, the sash being used to form one side of the conservatory. If the sash were removed, one sheet of plate-glass ought to take its place. A depth of from four to six inches would be sufficient for the projection on the side next the room, and that of course would be the breadth from back to front of the conservatory. On each side of the window the necessary woodwork would be fixed; and along the base of the proposed conservatory a suitable trough for the soil would be required. Then the glasswork within, on the side next the room,—the central portion forming a door for access to the plants, and a roof on a hinge, with a perforated ventilator, to be closed or opened as required,—would complete the structure. There would be ample room for design in the formation of such conservatories. The inner side need not be a mere flat framework, but might be made up of simple and symmetrical curves, so as to "bow" into the room in the same way as a bay-window "bows" towards the street; and a bay-window would be the best of situations in which to form a conservatory of this kind.

In the planting of such structures great judgment is necessary. There must be good drainage, to prevent any accumulation of stagnant moisture; the soil must be of a proper kind; and for beauty of effect, it is as well to diversify the surface, either by means of a little rockwork or a central hillock covered with some kind of creeping verdure. The eye abhors a flat surface as much as nature abhors a vacuum. Any soft-brained lover of toys can stick ferns into a pan of mould; but it is for the enthusiastic lover of floral beauty to set off his collection by means of pleasing lines and contrasts. Let us consider first the ordinary fern-shade, which is the cheapest form of Wardian case, and, properly managed, one of the most elegant. First lay a stratum of cinders one inch deep; then fill up with a compost of fibry peat, leaf-mould, and silver-sand, not pounded and sifted, but well broken with the hand, and the ingredients incorporated together without sifting or reducing the whole to dust. Let the soil rise above the edge of the pan a few inches into a gentle mound, and in the centre place a few blocks of dark stone; but no shells, no Druidical tablets, no gingerbread of any kind. Then surface the soil with common mosses from the woods, or with some of the elegant lycopodiums which the florists supply for the purpose; and finally, plant the ferns some little distance apart, to prevent crowding. The grand climax is the watering. When the soil is properly wetted, it will bear to be handled without soiling the fingers; but the established plan is to soak it into a paste, so that to touch it would be very unpleasant indeed. Who can wonder that there has been so little improvement in this kind of gardening while folks have been taught to

drench the soil and enclose the damp exhalations that rise from it? In selecting ferns for cases, it is necessary to know first to what height they will subsequently attain, so that there shall be no necessity for removing them if they grow to dimensions beyond the capacity of the case. Of course the tallest kinds should be placed towards the centre, and those of smaller growth around them. On dull days the glass should be lifted off, and wiped clean and replaced, and the collection should have full exposure to daylight without sun: hence a north window is the best for a collection of ferns. Proceed in a similar way in the planting of your window, and you may fairly expect success.

In a built case of any size it is not necessary to confine the selection to ferns. If the centre is built up into a hollow hillock,—a thing easily accomplished if an empty flower-pot is placed there as a support for the mould,—a flowering plant in a pot may be inserted, and its place supplied with another when its bloom is over. The pot itself can easily be hidden by means of lycopods, or even a little fresh moss tucked comfortably into the space around the summit. Then ferns and flowering plants might be judiciously grouped about the soil. Mesembryanthemums, calceolarias, fuchsias, penstemons, gloxinias, pansies, auriculas, primulas, and many others that are partial to moisture, would make a lovely diversity of form and colour; and the centre would of course be occupied with some fine specimen plant,—a rose, a pelargonium, or, indeed, any bold and large-sized plant you might happen to have in flower; and as soon as its glory began to wane you could lift it out and replace it by another.

But when we come to the real conservatory, the crystal palace which occupies the whole of the lower half of the window, we have a large field before us. It ought to be gay, and only a few ferns should have admittance to give the grace of their emerald fronds to the bright colours of the flowering plants; but, according to the height of the structure, some few graceful things should be adapted to run or climb to the top. If such a work were commenced in autumn or winter, some crocuses, snowdrops, hyacinths, and tulips might be planted, and a few ferns for immediate effect. Early in spring the bulbs would come into bloom; then any of the choice annuals might follow, and strong plants of *Maurandya Barclayana*, passion-flower, and *tropæolum*, might be planted, to climb up within and make a gay scene in autumn. The garden and greenhouse would supply an abundance of pretty things; and in the absence of such a source of supply, a number of pretty favourites might be purchased of the florists for a few shillings. But there is another department of floriculture highly suited to such small conservatories, and that is, the growth of British wildings, of which our own hedgerows and commons supply hundreds of lovely kinds, many of them highly suitable. In *Rustic Adornments for Homes of Taste*, this department of domestic floriculture is very fully treated. The author recommends for Wardian cases of all kinds, whether with ferns or gay flowering-plants, the common ivy, the primrose, wood oxalis, marsh pennywort, the lovely brookline, germander, speedwell, hound's-tongue, pimpernel, the minute *drosera*, and many other of the wayside favourites that give interest to country rambles. We are, however, cautioned against the adoption of hard-wood plants, such as heather; and some few herbaceous plants, such as the harebell, and some others of dry texture, are specified as unsuitable.

But this part of the subject would demand the space of at least an article to do it justice, and we shall hereafter return to it, and give some specific instructions as to the selection of ferns and flowering-plants for cases and window-conservatories. In the mean time our friends may vary the monotony of the dark days and long evenings in the construction of crystal palaces for the home, of course bearing in mind what has been advanced above as to the necessity for drainage and ventilation. Soot and dust and all defilements are to be excluded; and that may be accomplished without stifling and starving and emaciating the vegeta-

tion. But, above all things, let your structures be artistic; study grace in simple outlines and good proportions, and secure ornament without the sacrifice of scientific accuracy in the general arrangements.

BLOOMING OF AQUATIC PLANTS IN AQUARIA.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

WHEN I turn to any work on the Aquarium, I find frequent reference to the blooming of aquatic plants, which are always spoken of as if they bloomed as freely in the tank as they do in their native rivers. But I have had an aquarium some time, and have had it well stocked with plants purchased of Mr. Hall and of other respectable dealers, but I never yet had the gratification of beholding a single blossom of any kind. Are there any examples of attractive plants, or rather attractive flowers, to be found in the number of those used in the culture of these "water-gardens," as a writer on the subject lately called them? If there are any, would it not be worth any trouble it might occasion to induce such to ripen their seeds in the tank, so that amateurs could have the pleasure of raising seedling aquatics. I am sure such a recreation would be as instructive and entertaining as it would be novel, and would justify the term "water-garden," as applied to the aquarium. The noble Gladiolus and the Water-Plantain, for instance, would be fine things to raise from seed, could one procure seed indeed, which I suspect to be quite out of the question. I have an opinion that mould is essential for the growth of water-plants in an aquarium, since all river-plants make root in a deep bed of soil.

I am delighted with the designs and suggestions given in "The Home." May the NATIONAL speedily become a "household word," and a "household god." AQUARIUS.

["Aquarius" is evidently quite a beginner. Among the showy plants for the aquarium, we may name the beautiful Water-Buttercup (*Ranunculus Aquatilis*), which flowers freely in the tank, if brought from the stream just as its blooms begin to expand. It should not be rooted, because it is too coarse a plant for a permanent ornament; but if a well-washed bunch is thrown in, it will arrange itself and give great grace to the collection as long as it continues to cover the surface with its lovely white and yellow flowers. The Flowering-Rush is another; but that must have root, and be kept in its position by means of a few stones placed around its base. The Water-Plantain is a noble thing, and is highly valued as an ornament. If its root is well covered with pebbles, it does very well without a particle of mould. We have bloomed it over and over again in that way, and last year saved seed; and shall be very glad to send "Aquarius" a pinch, if he will forward a stamped and directed envelope. Indeed, as far as we can eke out the seed, we will gladly post a little to any correspondents who wish for it.

Then the Water-Soldier and the Frog-Bit are quite ornamental when blooming, as, indeed, they are at all times; but the Water-Soldier is very shy of its blossoms in the tank, though the Frog-Bit blooms abundantly and in as great perfection as in its native streams.

Many of the ordinary aquarium-plants have inconspicuous blossoms, as, for instance, the new Water-Weed, or *Anacharis Alsinistrum*, the Star-Wort, Lemna, and others; and as they are only to be seen distinctly by help of a lens, they are only attractive to the student. All these and many more we have bloomed again and again in tanks without any special treatment; and we can assure "Aquarius" that there is something more than a mere passing pleasure in obtaining such results. As to the mould, let every aquarian discard it except for special purposes. All the ordinary river-plants do just as well in a thin layer of pebbles, and many even without a bed of any kind, if merely thrown in and left to take their chance. The less muddy and soluble matter in the tank, the more surely will it keep bright and pure for a length of time. With mould there is always a rapid growth of confervoids, and much liability to turbidity.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.]

TALL'S TELESCOPIC BLIND-ROLLER.

AMONG the cheap and useful domestic novelties of the day may be mentioned an ingeniously constructed blind-roller, formed on the principle of a telescope; hence its name.

This roller is so simple, that it may be readily adjusted to any window, and as quickly fixed, without the aid of a carpenter. The invention consists in giving to the roller a telescopic, or expanding, action, whereby, within certain limits, it can be expanded or contracted to any desired width. It thus becomes removable at pleasure.

The accompanying figures represent the roller and its action. Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of the apparatus; and fig. 2 is a plan of the same.

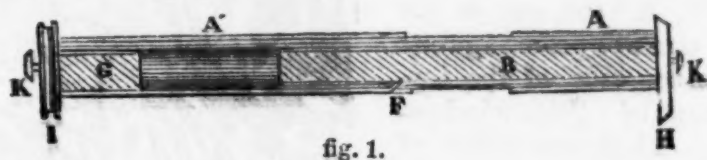


fig. 1.



fig. 2.

The roller (see fig. 2) consists of two pieces of thin metal tubing, A A'; a wooden core, B, being introduced (nearly the entire length of the metal tube) inside. Along the wooden core B runs a thin wooden rod, C, which is sewn into one end of the blind, represented at D. The slot or opening, E, is made in order that it may correspond in position with the groove in the core, the blind, when attached to the roller, passing all along this open avenue.

To insure the longitudinal groove of the core B always corresponding to the slot or opening, E, a second straight longitudinal groove is made in the core, into which a small tongue-piece F (see fig. 1), part of the longer tube A, is made to project, thereby acting as a stop.

A short length of core, G, is attached to the end of the longer tube A'; and this short core being grooved on one side, it corresponds with the opening E in its entire length. The flange of the roller H, and the pulley I, may be made either of wood or metal, and glued, or otherwise secured, on the end of the roller. K K are pins, and form the pivots on which the roller turns.

Preparatory to the blind being attached to the roller, the rod C must be made fast to one end of the blind (a needle and thread will accomplish this readily). It may then be introduced into the groove on the core, the blind itself being guided along the slot in the tube. The disjointed tubes must then be closed up until the required width of the window is attained. The pulley may be used with an endless cord, in the usual way; or a recoil spring may be employed, in which case a pulley would become unnecessary.

Fig. 3 represents one of the brackets for fixing the

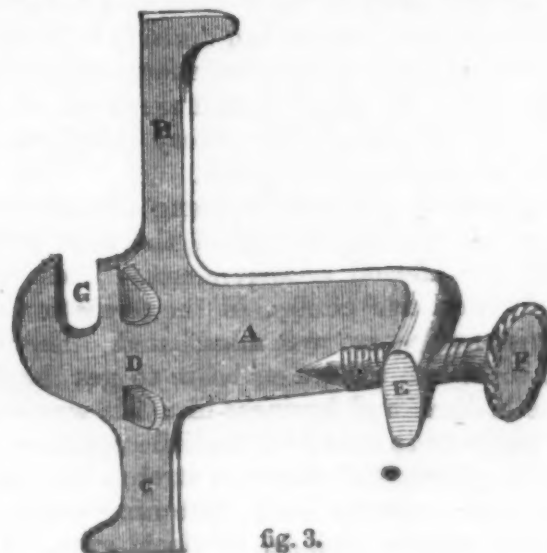
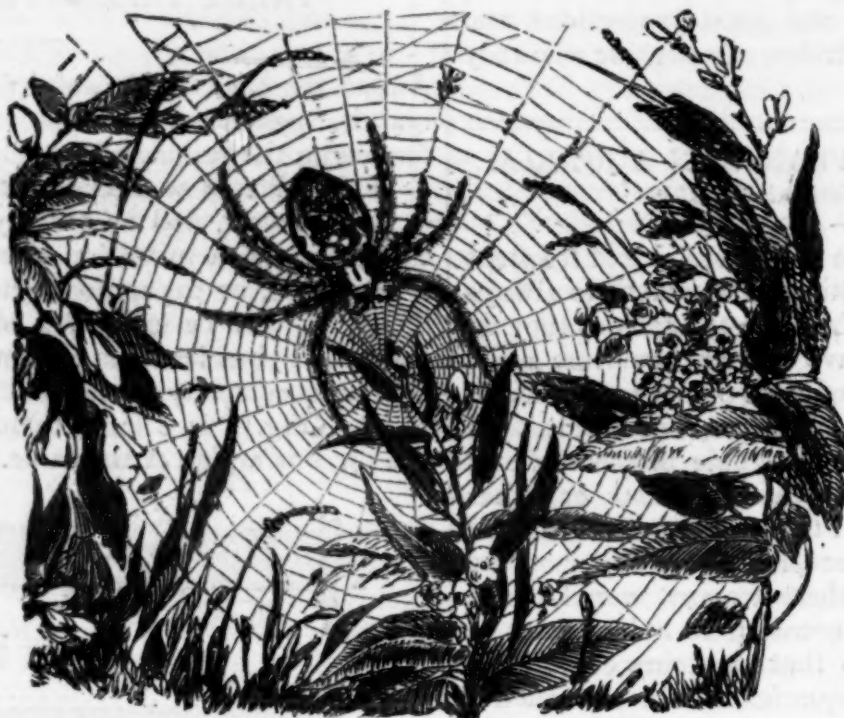


fig. 3.

roller, which is very ingenious. *A* is the body, on which are an upper and lower projecting arm or stop, *B* and *C*. It is also formed with a claw *D* and a lug *E*. Through this last the thumbscrew *F* passes, which secures the bracket to the beading of the window. *G* is the slot in which runs the pivot *H* of the roller. The fixing is so simple, that a minute suffices for the purpose.

When adjusting the bracket, let the end of the upper arm *B* be placed against the under side of the top-beading of the window-frame. That arm must, of course, be made sufficiently long to admit of the roller working perfectly clear of the beading above it. The lower arm of the bracket, it should be observed, acts as a stop to prevent the sash of the window, when hastily thrown up, from striking against and injuring the roller.

There are *two* brackets, one adapted to the right and the other to the left side of the window. These, of course, must be fixed in a straight line, so as to secure the evenness of the blind.



of the circles, too, how artistically and precisely drawn!

The House Spider's net, or web, is composed of one kind of silk only. The Garden Spider uses *two* kinds of silk in his operations. That which is employed in constructing the radii is *not* of an adhesive nature; but the reverse is the case with the silk used for the concentric circles; consequently it is by these last that the prey is secured.

To watch the completion of this very beautiful piece of architecture, devised and accomplished in little more than an hour, was an infinite treat. Leaving the workman to carefully examine the details, and to enjoy his break-

fast, for which he seemed amply prepared, I went indoors to set him an example.

On paying him a second visit, he was seen comfortably and boldly stretched out on the centre of his mansion, head downwards. He had *not* breakfasted, but was evidently expecting company. Having witnessed his gigantic labours, a thought suggested itself that I should assist in providing the company.

Accordingly, a wasp which found its way in at the window was struck down. Picking it up with the end of a pair of partially-closed scissors, I took my position in front of the web. The eyes of spiders, it would appear, are so constructed as not to readily discern *large* objects, unless when in motion. My presence, therefore, was quite unheeded. I had frequently noticed this curious fact on former occasions.

Presenting the wasp at the end of the scissors, his majesty first regarded it with fear; then with a feeling of hungry delight. His first impression was to run away from it, which he did. But as it was not quite dead, and was struggling, he evidently feared it might break away, and so escape altogether. Returning, therefore, he surveyed his prey as if doubtful how to manage him, for he unmistakably dreaded his sting.

Herein was seen the sagacity, instinct, or reason, of our hero. Placing one toe on the head, and another on the lower part of the wasp's body,—avoiding the sting in the most masterly manner,—in this stretched-out position he turned several summersets with him, and fairly doubled him up in his web, encasing him so firmly in his toils of new-spun silk that his death was immediate. He then dragged him up to a snug little apartment overarched by ivy, and there he sucked the juices of his body.

In the course of sundry other experiments with this same spider, I coaxed him to come down, over and over again, to secure other prey in the form of flies, &c., which I presented with the naked finger and thumb. He seized them greedily, spun rapidly round them to entomb them in his toils, and on every occasion returned immediately to his apartment to continue his feast on the savoury wasp.

On a further continuance of my experiments, the net became damaged; and as I had amply satisfied my curiosity by witnessing the marvellous ingenuity and extraordinary instincts of this very beautiful little creature, I left it to enjoy its repast in peace. The damaged net was forsaken, a new one was constructed hard by in the course of a few hours, and there at his ease sat my hero of the morning ready to receive fresh company as they dropped in.

WILLIAM KIDD.

Solution of the Charade by T. K. HERVEY, in our last Number.
Bookworm.

INSECT CURIOSITIES.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

HAPPY should that HOME be which has a garden attached to it! Its inhabitants may boast of possessing a never-ending, an inexhaustible source of delight.

The cultivation of flowers is in itself a delectable pastime, and yields perpetual amusement to those who love a succession of Nature's beauties. But when the garden is, in addition, visited by feathered songsters of all kinds—many of whom nest there—and by myriads of pretty insects, whose lives, habits, and various transformations are brought immediately under the eye, its value is enhanced fourfold.

Not long since, while indulging in the privilege here hinted at, a glorious opportunity offered for watching the movements of that beautifully-marked and sagacious creature—the Garden Spider (*Epeira Diadema*). I had risen early, to enjoy the pure autumnal morning air; and on going into the garden, there was my little artificer busily at work constructing his ingenious palace of silk. I selected "one" from at least a hundred others.

Few persons can boast of having seen the Garden Spider at the commencement of his operations. They work either in the night or very early in the morning. I contrived, however, to see the architect ere he had entirely finished his out-works, and was indeed delighted at the wonderful sagacity of his calculations. He planned, and executed, at the same time. There was no guess-work; every thing was done on mathematical principles of exactness.

His ropes, ladders, and scaffold, being adjusted and fixed, and their strength thoroughly tested, the next step was to proceed with the internal arrangements. These consisted of a series of concentric circles, in the formation of which the most consummate art was manifested. There was no scamping of the work, no undue haste to get the job done,—all was methodical and business-like. It was worthy an extra hour's patience to note how the little creature laboured with one of its pectinated claws to stretch the lines, as it proceeded to their extreme limit; fastening every joint as it went on with minute globules of viscid gum. The radii



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. IV.

ARREST OF A ROYALIST PEASANT IN LA VENDEE.

PAINTED BY F. GOODALL, A.R.A.

RECEIVED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES IN 1971

23 MR 57

ARREST OF A ROYALIST PEASANT IN LA
VENDÉE.

By F. GOODALL, A.R.A.

THE design from which our cut is taken is one of the best that Mr. Goodall has produced. There is less in it of quaint comfortable humour than we usually find in the artist's works; though the anti-tetotal countenance of the soldier on the peasant's right hand is quite "a bit" in Goodall's style. But the grave and stern story is told with force and earnestness. It is seen at a glance. The peasant of La Vendée is an untutored enthusiast, to whom a political principle is a religious faith. In his humble home he is suddenly seized by the soldiers of the Republic. He is taken "all aback;" his wife is stricken with dismay and grief, and gives way to an impulse of entreaty for his release, of course vainly. The men of bayonets proceed mechanically in the enjoyment of their appointed duty—prisoner-making. But in the sinewy manly figure, the rough yet picturesque, and even dignified head of the captive, we see a spirit which raises the peasant in his simple faith above the mercenaries of party. The design has all Goodall's individual character, with a higher expression; his power of producing which has not hitherto obtained all the recognition it deserves.

ALUMINIUM.

THE fact that the majority of persons are at present familiar with a metal which a short time since was only to be looked upon as a very rare chemical product is the best proof we can have of the great progress our age has made in useful discoveries, while it at the same time bears ample testimony to the very high degree of perfection which has been attained in chemical investigations. This metal is Aluminium, or, as it is also called, Aluminum. Sir Humphrey Davy attempted to resolve alumina into its constituent elements as he had done with soda and potash, but he did not succeed so as to have been enabled to determine the nature of its metallic element, or aluminium. Woehler, the well-known German chemist, was the first to obtain this substance in sufficient quantity so as to describe the properties of this heretofore unknown metal. It may also be added that many of the properties, the discovery of which have been attributed to Deville, had been already laid before the public by Woehler. Chemists have constantly desired to produce aluminium at a moderate price, in consequence of its possessing many very valuable qualities, and among others may be mentioned its superiority over gold in not being oxidised even under certain chemical conditions where the precious metal would be so; in the advantage it has over silver in its behaviour with nitric acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, while it admits of being drawn out to as great a degree of fineness as either silver or copper, and can also be laminated with as great facility as either tin or silver. From possessing these properties, it naturally became a great object to place within the reach of commerce so valuable an article, and which might be applied to so many useful purposes in the arts and manufactures, but which, at the period when investigations were commenced, was, in consequence of its exorbitant price, a perfectly useless substance in an industrial point of view.

The manner adopted to obtain this metal may be briefly stated to consist in decomposing chloride of aluminium by means of sodium, when aluminium is the result of the operation. Now the preparation of chloride of aluminium and of sodium was attended with many difficulties, and even so much so that less than two years ago this latter metal was worth 1000 francs the kilogramme, equal to about 20% per

pound; while chloride of aluminium was a chemical curiosity not by any means common even in the laboratory. Such being the case, and these two substances being absolutely indispensable to the production of aluminium, it naturally gave to this metal a very high value; one pound of it being worth about 400%. From this it will be seen that could the difficulty of producing the substances mentioned above be got rid of, aluminium would be very materially lessened in price. Now this appears to have been effected by Messrs. Rousseau, Deville, and Morin, who have recently laid before the Academy of Sciences of Paris a paper, in which it is stated that instead of submitting alumina and charcoal to the action of chlorine, they employ a mixture composed of alumina, sea-salt, and charcoal, and expose this to the action of the same element; by this means they obtain a double chloride of aluminium and sodium, volatile and liquefiable, which flows like water, but becomes solid when cold. By this mode of operating, and together with a few modifications of the actual method, they state that aluminium can be obtained for 100 francs the kilogramme, or about 2% per pound: this metal is obtained in plates, globules, or in powder; and the ease and facility with which the operation is carried on is said to astonish all those who witness it for the first time, and are familiar with the difficulties of the old method. From these facts, aluminium promises soon to lose its character as a chemical product, and to play the more useful part of an article of manufacture. The next and most recent paper upon the subject of aluminium is one by M. Delvay, and which treats of the alloys of this metal. M. Delvay, after premising that aluminium enters into combination with various metals, and that this is generally accompanied with disengagement of light and heat, proceeds to state the result of his investigations upon this interesting subject.

It appears that an alloy composed of 90 parts of copper and 10 of aluminium possesses greater hardness than bronze, and can be easily worked when hot. Alloys may also be obtained of various degrees of hardness in proportion as the aluminium is increased, but which become brittle if carried beyond a very limited point as respects both gold and copper. Aluminium is stated to be rendered more brilliant and a little less hard, while it at the same time preserves its malleability when alloyed with a small proportion of zinc, tin, silver, and platinum. Iron and copper, if present in small quantities, have not a very bad effect; thus aluminium is stated to preserve its malleability even when 7 or 8 per cent of iron is present. This is not, however, what has been found by other chemists; for Messrs. Tessier say that 5 per cent of iron renders aluminium almost impossible to work: as to which statement is correct must be left to those practically acquainted with the subject to decide. M. Delvay states that the most interesting alloy is that of aluminium and zinc, which is stated to be a little harder than the metal itself, but at the same time very malleable. If aluminium contains 10 per cent of copper, its malleability is not lost but is diminished; while if this proportion be increased, it becomes brittle and remains white as long as the copper does not exceed 80 per cent; if, however, it is increased to 85 per cent, it becomes more so. An alloy composed of 3 parts of silver and 97 of aluminium is stated to possess a fine colour, and not to be affected by sulphuretted hydrogen. By forming an alloy composed of 1 part of aluminium and 1 part of silver, a substance is obtained which is as hard as ordinary bronze. An alloy composed of 99 of gold and 1 of aluminium is very hard, but is malleable, and is of the colour of green gold; with 10 of aluminium instead of 1, the alloy becomes crystalline, and in consequence brittle. A small quantity of sodium produces an alloy which decomposes cold water with great facility. At the end of the *séance*, M. Delvay laid before the Academy several specimens of alloys of aluminium with antimony, bismuth, and cadmium; but nothing was stated concerning their several properties, as the experiments had not been carried far enough to enable him to assert any thing with respect to them with certainty.

THE BROOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. ARLE."
IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

THE fog of the night before was still heavy over every thing when the Woods sat down to their early breakfast. But the fire burnt brightly, flashing upon the dainty china and crimson hangings of the little room. There was a great deal of red about the room, not because it looked cheery, but because it served to set off the statuettes and nick-nacks of various descriptions with which it was Mr. Wood's pleasure to overfill his house.

"Good gracious, Linda, shut the window. What are you doing?" Miss Wood exclaimed.

"Only picking this rose; it looked in so pitifully, aunt," Linda answered, and put the solitary rose into a tiny vase. She was but a pale pitiful-looking rose herself this morning.

"Ma'am, miss, have you heard? Isn't it dreadful? He here only yesterday, and now—"

"Mary, what are you talking of?" Miss Wood sternly demanded of the servant-girl, who had come in looking horror-stricken.

"Why he was found dead—murdered or something—the post-woman just told me. She's frightened me out of my wits. He, such a fine gentleman, and alive only yesterday. I shall never be able to go by the brook again."

"Who's dead? Speak, girl!" Miss Wood gripped her arm. Linda sank back in her chair, and listened with closed eyes.

"O, ma'am, you hurt my arm! and I'm so fluttered. Some say he murdered or drowned himself; but some thinks he's been murdered, and—O my arm! Who?—why Mr. Salford, the young squire."

"Nonsense, girl; don't bring your idle stories here."

"It's true, ma'am. This morning Jim Robinson was going to his work, and as he passed by the brook (he don't ordinary go that way) there he sees the squire lying with his head under water, and a hole in his throat. It's true, sir; the whole village is astir."

"Leave the room," Mr. Wood said. "Ann, look to this child; I'll go and see what is true of this horrible story."

"Linda, this man's death will be laid to your door. Dear, dear, what shall we do? There will be such talk, and we shall be ruined; you'll lose all your teaching. Why, the girl don't hear. Well, I'm glad she's got some feeling. The young man may not be dead, after all."

Linda's head was laid on the table; Miss Wood raised it; the face wore the livid hue of death. The aunt most energetically set to work to restore the girl to consciousness, and soon succeeded. Linda's will being at work, she wanted to hear more—all.

Miss Wood had laid her down on the hearth-rug; but she sat up when her father entered, and turned agonised eyes upon him.

"The girl spoke true. Salford was found this morning as she described. Dr. Minton talks about a fit—a seizure of a kind he has had once before, and says he may then have fallen, face downward, into the water, and been unable to rise; but Dr. Minton is a friend of—better not mention names. There's an ugly wound in Salford's throat. A man working near heard angry voices last evening; and a girl says she heard Salford threatened some time since by—ugh! it's a shocking thing, a shocking thing. Ann, Linda has got ague, or something. Good Heaven! she shakes from head to foot; her lips are blue. Ann," and the poor man put his hand to his head and look bewildered, "I heard my girl's name just now mixed up in this—this horrible affair. Now, Ann, I—could—not—bear—that." Mr. Wood sat down, looking little less ghostly than Linda. "Tell me that Linda, my fair sweet darling, has nothing to do with this—"

"Why, man, she didn't murder young Salford. James, James, don't be a fool! What shall I do with two such babies on my hands? This is all about it: Linda refused young Salford yesterday."

"Refused young Salford," Mr. Wood groaned; "and Calton—I see. Heaven pity us! I have been a blind selfish sinner."

"Bless the man! I wish you would leave riddles and speak plain. You have certainly been very selfishly neglectful of our interests, wrapped up in your studies and gropings about. I'm glad you've come to know that at last."

"Ann, look at my poor child. What shall we do with her? what shall we do?"

"O, don't be frightened. Girls often go off like this when they hear any thing shocking all of a sudden. I dare say she's sorry that she refused the poor young man. Well, she is cold. Fetch a blanket from upstairs, and put on some more coals; don't let that prying creature, Mary, come in."

Miss Wood closed the blinds, and herself carried out the untasted breakfast, after she had taken a cup of tea and attempted to make her niece swallow some of that beverage; then she mounted guard over the recumbent form which only showed life by the shiverings running through it.

"Send for Dr. Minton. Shall I go for him?" Mr. Wood said.

"No; I won't have any doctors; they're a talking set: she'll be all right presently." Miss Wood tried to get some cordial between Linda's clenched teeth, and chafed her feet and hands savagely.

Mr. Wood went away to shut himself up in his room; he could not bear to see his daughter's suffering. Miss Wood sat by her, grimly knitting, tired of exertion, waiting for some change in her patient's state; not very uneasy; "she was used to girls," as she often said.

So a few hours of that heavy morning went by in the little room of Rose Cottage. Linda now and then stirred and moaned: when she did so Miss Wood nodded significantly, and muttered, "She'll do."

Presently a rap sounded at the hall-door. Linda opened her eyes, and raised herself up to lean on her elbow. Miss Wood went into the hall, and closed the parlour-door behind her.

It was Dr. Minton, hurried and anxious. "I must see Miss Linda," he told the maid.

"You cannot see her now, Dr. Minton; she's engaged," Miss Wood said.

"My business is important."

"My niece cannot see you."

"Excuse me, she must. It is best; if not, she will have less friendly and considerate visitors."

Dr. Minton removed Miss Wood's hand from the parlour-door, and entered. Linda had risen from the floor, and was sitting in a low chair, still shaking like one ague-stricken.

"Do not rise," Dr. Minton said. "Miss Wood, I must see your niece alone." Very politely the doctor handed Miss Wood to the door.

Then he took a seat close by Linda, apparently not noticing her extreme agitation, but said: "I am Mr. Calton's friend; I act for him. An absurd suspicion has—"

"I know," gasped Linda.

Dr. Minton laid his hand on hers. "I say, advisedly, an absurd suspicion; the gossiping of a girl who heard angry conversation between the cousins a month since, of a ploughman who also overheard them talking yesterday, and who met Mr. Calton coming from the brook just at dark. This is all the foundation on which this suspicion rests." Dr. Minton's calm voice and the firm pressure of his kind hand seemed strangely to still the poor child's agitation; she ceased to tremble so violently. "Remember that I am Mr. Calton's friend," he pursued; "tell me *all* that passed yesterday. I have not the slightest doubt, not the very slightest, that poor Salford was yesterday seized with a similar attack to one for which I attended him twelve months since; that he fell forward into the water, wounding himself with his knife as he did so, and was drowned. I want to prove this: Calton has enemies. Tell me, my good child, all you know of these two young men's words

and actions yesterday. Mr. Calton is a generous noble fellow. I know that you can tell me nothing that shall be turned to his disadvantage, so speak freely."

With simple childish confidence Linda told every thing. She could remember exactly at what time each of the cousins had left her.

Dr. Minton promised to see her again that evening, and left her.

He had to attend the inquest. After long discussion, no certain verdict was found. Search was made in the dismal brook-side meadows, in the stream itself, for the knife that had given that ugly wound on the young squire's throat. It could not be found; and Dr. Minton had no cheering news for poor Linda that evening. Things looked more serious: it was whispered that Mr. Calton had just such a knife,—and it could not be a common one,—as would inflict a wound of the shape and size of that on Salford's throat. Of this fresh rumour the doctor said nothing to his poor little patient. Dr. Minton's two visits to the cottage that day were duly noted and commented upon by the village.

Linda was abused as a heartless coquette who had occasioned the death of the handsome young squire; whether he had stabbed himself or been stabbed by his cousin, his death was equally Linda Wood's fault; and if she now died of love for him it would serve her right. Poor Linda was not slow in accusing herself, remembering every little act of childish light-hearted coquetry against herself as a heinous crime.

Dr. Minton sent her a sleeping-draught: he had been alarmed at the wild-strained look of the face turned towards the door when he entered. In spite of this soothing potion, and of Dr. Minton's last words,—“Calton is anxious that I should care for you,”—Linda's dreams presented her perpetually with two aspects of horror:—Edward Salford laid on a table at the Crown, his black hair dripping back from his drowned face, a great gaping wound in his pale throat,—for of course feverish fancy drew exaggerated pictures; and Mr. Calton a prisoner, accused of murder—a victim to such foul accusations.

That night snow began to fall; it covered over the brook-side meadows, and hindered farther search. Mr. Calton's knife,—for to the possession of a curious knife he had fearlessly confessed,—was again and again compared with the wound. It showed no symptom of having been used for less innocent purpose than the pruning of a rose-bush; and he asserted that his cousin had possessed one exactly similar. It was forwarded to town by the Minsterton worthies, to be subjected to the usual tests and examinations.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Calton was heir to Edward Salford's property. The next of kin, supposing Mr. Calton excluded from succession, was a Salford more wild and wicked than was usual even with the Salfords, among whom the lately deceased was a wise and righteous man. He envied and hated Arthur Calton; and of course it was to his interest that vague suspicion should gain form and substance,—that the murder should be brought home to the man standing between him and the Salford property.

No one understood at the time how it was that Mr. Calton, who had been considered by the whole neighbourhood as an honourable man, a righteous man, a man well-nigh without guile, gradually came to be looked upon with mistrust, fear, dislike. Many were the discreditable stories whispered about concerning him; yet no one accused him of any thing; he had no opportunity of defending himself. Afterwards, many of these evil reports were traced up to the needy and unscrupulous Salford next of succession.

People crossed over to the other side of the way rather than meet Arthur Calton in the village-street; shrunk from contact with him on every occasion during those few days intervening between the inquest and the funeral. Yet he walked up and down with a firm step, an erect head, a serious sorrowful face; neither unconscious nor unpaired

that he was watched and suspected, but fully believing that his cause would right itself.

He had given orders concerning his cousin's funeral, as it was his office to do. The evening before the day on which it was to have taken place police-officers from the neighbouring town came to Minsterton, and Mr. Calton was put under arrest, committed to stand his trial for murder. A pretty case had been made out against him from the stories of Jim Robinson and Eliza Carter, and the correspondence of the peculiar Spanish knife he carried with the shape and size of the wound in the dead man's throat. His enemy had worked warily and well.

“Of course it is but a temporary annoyance to which he is subjected,” said Dr. Minton to the wan Linda. “What seems to hurt him most is that his fellow-townsmen, his neighbours, people he had thought his friends, should be so ready to believe evil of him. Miss Linda, I find him a nobler fellow than I had thought him even.” Dr. Minton drew the back of his hand across his eyes; Linda had no tears to shed.

“How is it you are not out to-day?” he asked her suddenly. “Have you a holiday? You would be better for occupation.”

“Yes; people will not have me in their houses. I am not fit to touch the hands of innocent children, Mrs. Brown says. I do not think I am,” Linda answered sternly.

“That is the nonsense she talks,” Miss Wood exclaimed, coming in. “She sits there like one of her father's images, instead of carrying it with a high hand. It's no use for me to talk my tongue off trying to keep up her character, if she mopes and moans like a guilty thing. Indeed, I don't know what we shall do. We shall come to want.”

“No you will not, my good lady; keep yourself quiet. This storm is to blow over in the Lord's time, and His sun will shine upon this young head again.” Dr. Minton laid his hand on Linda's hair.

Miss Wood having fetched what she came for and vanished, he said thoughtfully, “The worst thing to get over is this knife affair; the gash was peculiar.” Linda shuddered; he went on. “It must have been given by a peculiar weapon. Have you seen Mr. Salford use a knife of any uncommon kind?” he demanded quickly. “That he had such a one, I know; Calton gave it him. Have you seen him use it?”

“Yes—O yes! I have not heard about the knife before. You did not tell me. Dr. Minton, you should have told me.” Linda spoke eagerly. “He had one that he said his cousin had brought from Spain; he cut a spray of roses one day with it. It was a dreadful-looking knife; but he said it was convenient in gardening.”

“If only it could be found in or near the brook.”

“Would that do any good?”

“Every good, *properly managed*. The finding of that knife might set Mr. Calton free. That heavy fall of snow prevented a very thorough search; but it shall be found. Dr. Lawcroft agrees with me that the wound is just such as would have been self-inflicted by a man falling forward upon such a weapon in his own hand; the knife found in or near the brook; all our medical evidence brought to bear; Calton's spotless character witnessed to;—yes, we should triumph.”

“O yes, it shall; the knife shall be found,” Linda muttered dreamily. “Tell me exactly where—it happened, Dr. Minton?” she asked.

“You remember, perhaps, where a pollard-willow has made a bridge across the brook by falling?”

“Yes.” Such dilated eyes were fixed upon his face.

“Just below there's an alder and another pollard, and a short willow-stump. It was there he was drowned.”

“I know.”

“Now, child, tell me, have you slept quietly yet?” Dr. Minton wished to take her thoughts from off the dreary spot and the dreadful figure she pictured too vividly.

“No, but I shall now soon.”

"You think you shall die?" was asked with a smile, half pitiful, half incredulous.

"I shall sleep quietly soon. I have tried to keep awake lately, because I had such dreams—O such shocking shocking dreams when I slept! I saw him hung," she added; and her eyes glared on Dr. Minton with wide affright.

"Hush, hush! God will not let that be."

"No; but it was terrible. If I live to be very old, I shall never forget it; but I shall sleep quietly soon," she added softly, in an assured tone.

He pressed her hand, and went to talk to her father before he left the house. He found him busy with straw and packing-cases. He was packing up some of his treasures; going to send them to a friend who would dispose of them for him. He wanted money for Linda.

"I will take some of these: keep the others for the present," Dr. Minton said. "Your daughter shall want for nothing. I hope that brighter times are coming for all Arthur Calton's friends."

It was easy for Linda to rise early next morning, for she had not slept. The night through she had sat propped up in her bed, alternately reading her Bible and praying. At six o'clock, while it was yet dark, save for the shining of the stars, she rose and dressed; putting on all her warmest clothes from an instinct to take care of herself. She was so feeble that she could not do any thing quickly; so there was already a streak of opal-hued light in the east when she let herself out of the hall-door.

The keen air seemed to brace up her unstrung nerves, and she walked with a pretty firm step down the road, a little way along the lane, through the sodden meadows. But she paused when she came to where the field-path began to run beside the brook—paused, and one sick shudder after another ran through her. How slowly the darkness gave way to dawn! There, only a few steps off, crept the silent brook, whose waters had been coloured with the blood of the young man who had often touched her hand, spoken soft words in her ear. The wind moaned and moved a little in a tall tree garlanded with "old man's beard;" it looked ghostly. Poor Linda turned to flee; but she glanced up at the paling stars, prayed, and went on her way, close, close along that dreadful, slow-flowing, silent brook.

The snow was all gone; for there had been warm rain in the early part of the night.

Linda came to the place. Dawn had broadened over all the sky; she could see.

In early happy days this brook had been a favourite play-place; so she had grown acquainted with its few tricks of sudden bends and flowings partly out of sight beneath its banks.

The child prayed again, with heart and eyes of faith, before she began to grope among sodden leaves and cold dark water. Too earnest now to turn and start at any weird whispering, she pursued her task. A strange sight to see, that girl at her eager searching in that dismal place.

A few feet below the place of Mr. Salford's death the brook divided for a while; a part of it flowed more rapidly than the rest, among flags and rushes, then deepened into a pool that was now almost choked up by dead leaves, carried here and no further; for out of this pool the water flowed feebly. It was but a tiny place; Linda's hand could feel its bottom when the water reached little higher than her elbow. Presently her face grew radiant; she gave a wild cry, and clasped something to her bosom; not thinking of it as a murderous weapon which had been wet with human blood, but as the instrument that was to set Mr. Calton free. *Was to*, Linda did not doubt, though more experienced world-wise people might.

Linda did not forget to return thanks as she had made supplication; then she sped homeward.

But she passed her own door, and went up the hardly-awakened village to Dr. Minton's house.

He met her in the hall; she put the knife into his hand,

and then fell down at his feet. He gave her into his wife's charge, and went to tell her father and aunt what had become of her.

Going back to Linda, he found her anxious to be at home; so, when she had been arrayed in dry clothing of Mrs. Minton's—who, fortunately, was but a little woman—and had taken some hot coffee, Dr. Minton led her home. People who met them stared. Linda had not been seen before since the death of Mr. Salford; now, leaning on Dr. Minton's arm, she walked down the street in full bright sunshine, looking white and thin, but neither guilty nor very sad. What could it mean?

"Linda, that you, of all people, should leave your bed to go groping after the knife that killed that poor young man: it is shocking! I would not have it known for the world," Miss Wood said grimly.

"The knife did not kill him, Miss Wood," Dr. Minton insisted; "that wound couldn't have been mortal. He died 'by the visitation of God;' that is the verdict that shall be brought in. But I think your niece had better return to her bed now. The time is come when you will sleep quietly; is it not, Miss Linda?" Of the many remaining difficulties and perplexities Dr. Minton did not speak to this child.

"I think so; I am very tired." A blush crossed her white face as she added: "You need not say *who* found the knife, need you, Dr. Minton?"

"Mr. Calton has suffered a great deal. His liberty will be far dearer if he knows to whom he owes it. Shall he know?"

"Yes, if you like; I leave all to you," said Linda.

"All will be well." Dr. Minton tried to believe what he said.

"Will you help me upstairs, aunt? I am so tired."

"And what else could you expect, tramping all that way down to that dreadful place?—you that have hardly moved hand or foot for days. I wonder at you, Linda. How could you?"

Linda did not hear her aunt's sharp voice.

"She will be all the better for this excitement. Do not be alarmed if she sleeps for days," Dr. Minton said. "There has been an intense strain upon her young head and heart; nature will be indemnified. I must leave home for some days, and shall not be able to see her; take good care of her, Miss Wood." Dr. Minton hurried away.

CHAPTER V.

Linda threatened to sleep quietly in too full a sense.

By Dr. Minton's advice, her father took her away for two months to a warmer spot. Mr. Calton's acquittal and release were by no means the instantaneous results of Linda's discovery. Linda was spared all alternations of hope and fear; she never doubted that he was free.

It did not seem possible to rouse or excite her. She heard that Mr. Calton was free, and his name cleared from every aspersion only as one hears a very oft-told tale. She knew it quite well before. What did they mean by saying so now, so long after?

In early spring her father brought her home again; and, strange to say, her aunt's brisk ways and sharp speaking seemed to do her good, though sometimes she winced under them as if under physical ill-usage.

The tide of public opinion had turned; Linda was now a heroine, almost a saint; it was difficult to guard her from the crowd of well-meaning awkward attentions shown her. She was guarded unobtrusively and surely, so surely that the inmates of Rose Cottage knew little of the danger threatening them.

One April morning, when the sun shone very fairly and the light wind blew very softly, Linda stood in the garden with a little of the old rose-tint upon her cheeks, a most sweet and sad sedateness in her whole air.

In a sunny sheltered corner of the laurel-hedge she spied an early-blown China rose. She could not see it clearly enough where it grew; she could not smell it, or press it to

her lips. She wanted it close, and reached after it with childish eagerness. Several times her arm was stretched up in vain; each time her gown-sleeve would fall back and leave the pretty arm bare for the sun to shine upon; each time she would shake down her sleeve and try a-fresh.

Standing on the very tips of her toes, she caught the shy rose-bud at last; but it was avenged; the thorns tore her hand, and she lost her balance. She fell back while the words, "I have you at last," were on her lips.

She did not fall to the ground, but against some one standing close behind,—some one who had approached unheeded while she was so eagerly reaching after the rose,—some one whose arms enfolded her most completely now.

She had not seen Mr. Calton since that day, though she had felt his nearness in a thousand ways. Many recollections came over her; she shuddered and wept, letting her head rest where it lay, against Mr. Calton's heart.

He folded her closer in his arms. She felt his lips upon her head and on her wounded hand.

"May I say what you said but now, 'I have you at last,' you, my life's long-despaired-of rose?"

Linda only wept till they had for a long time paced gently up and down that screened and sunny walk.

"I verily think that my life is yours; I like to think that you gave it me, Linda," he said. But he felt her shudder so, that he changed the tone of his talk.

Soon the village had the gratification of seeing Arthur Calton and Linda Wood walk about together, and of knowing that they were affianced.

Once they went to the brook-side, and Linda showed him where she had found the knife. But they did not love that walk, and they did not "settle" near Minsterton.

THE THEATRES.

The progress of events has moved more rapidly in the dramatic direction than we had expected. The management at the Lyceum is not one to let the grass grow under its feet, and has proceeded without needless delay to test the public taste, and ascertain whether the Shakespearian revival and the new drama would be received with favour. Mr. Dillon's *Othello* has been tried, and not found wanting. In one respect even, it has been a surprise. Originality is the actor's strong point, and his performance of the Moor, instead of entering into competition with that of any other actor, peculiarly separates itself from all the stage examples of the character on the English boards. Mr. Dillon seldom aims at declamation, and never imitates. He trusts to the resources of his own genius, and the pathetic points of character. We use the word "genius" advisedly. Without entering into any discussion as to the extent of his histrionic powers, every qualified spectator recognises the presence of that subtle quality so named in the acting of this gentleman. There is an indisputable aptitude for producing certain effects, and also some limitation of facilities in other directions. The development presented is special; it has the mint-stamp, the distinguishing mark, which we call genius. There is the purpose, the bent, and also the cultivation, applicable to the perfecting of the tendency, which properly distinguishes genius from mere aptitude; that is, the finish which crowns the aptitude. Mr. Dillon is as careful in his execution as he is original in his conception. His *Othello*, tender beyond all precedent, pathetic wherever occasion can be made, and ever baring the heart of the dignified sufferer, showing therein the truest love, while on the lips seems nothing but revenge, is, even in the very storm and whirlwind of the passion, gracefully moderated and restrained within the properties of ideal art.

Not only, however, is the acting of Mr. Dillon original, but the whole *mise en scène*, in the complete novelty of its arrangements, evinces the influence of a guiding mind.

Having decided that the tragedy is domestic in character, as natural and familiar an air is thrown over the scenic accessories as possible. For instance, in the great temptation scene (3d act), both Iago and Othello are frequently seen sitting on either side a table in the centre of the stage; and as much of the conversation as possible is gone through in an easy attitude, reserving to the more violent passages an erect position and a vehement delivery. The bed-chamber scene is picturesquely arranged,—the moonlight shines into the room from the open Venetian window in the centre, and the sides slant down on either hand, the right having a consecrated niche in which is Desdemona's couch, thus hidden away, as it were, in a sacred seclusion, and enabling the wronged husband to perform the dread sacrifice which he had purposed with that decent reserve and mysterious solemnity so needful to secure the situation within the proper bounds of the terrible and the pitiful. We confess that this last act has altogether astonished us. Mr. Dillon's powers prove to be of far greater range than we had apprehended, and many of the new points of business, as they are technically called, are not only judicious, but replete with sentiment, and touch the feelings equally with surprise and tenderness.

We have reserved less space for the new play of *The Cagot; or, Heart for Heart*, than it really merits. It is an actor's play, and bears marks of its parentage on the surface. Mr. Edmund Falconer, the author, will, it is hoped, in his next venture, set himself free from certain stage conventions, and natural tendencies to imitation, that in the present interfere with his higher literary claims. He has much to learn, too, in the structure of blank-verse; and must contrive to wear his chains, if he will adopt them for the ornament of his style, with a more independent mien, and show that they are no restraints on his liberty, but simply the musical embellishments of motion.

The choice of subject is ingenious, and allows the writer an opportunity, under a new title, of vindicating the rights of the pariah classes against their oppressors. But, as usual, the pariah is in the end no pariah, but of unmixed noble blood. The result is obvious. The verdict is against the oppressed, though he may find a friend,—as promised in the catastrophe of *The Cagot*,—in the oppressor. This sort of nugatory vindication opposes the poetic and the moral, and leaves a certain sense of dissatisfaction.

Mr. Falconer's play is, we must in justice add, full of noble sentiments, has many good descriptions, and much of dramatic insight. Admirably acted as it was, it achieved on its first night a remarkable triumph. This was partly due to the climax which every act invariably reached; but the dialogue is more than usually abundant. We must therefore give the audience credit for a patient listening to more than the ordinary amount of rhetorical composition,—a trait of excellent promise for the success of original dramatic production at this theatre.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

In country places, when the mistletoe in the hall begins to fade; when the night-music of the waits is over; when the old year has been rung out, and street-doors have opened to let the new one in; when the four-and-twenty mince-pies have been tasted by marriageable maidens, and Twelfth-night characters have given the heartache to lovers entering on their teens,—the children of England may still be found looking out for "Plough Monday Boys" as the last treat of their holiday season, and waking on that great day in a state of mind such as their Puritan ancestors might

have described as a lusting after vain shows and devices of the devil. About breakfast-time the pageant passes,—two or three shaggy fellows in suits of pasteboard and ribbon-ends; a Bessy in a bonnet and white gown, with corduroy trousers showing underneath; and a fool in rabbit-skins, cruelly beaten with air-bladders by a black and horned monster. If the old traditional usage is not clean forgotten, a plough, perhaps, is carried by the mummers; and the sour utilitarian, who buttons his pocket and shakes his head at the demands for drink-money, may even yet see the share enter the ground before his door.

But though such things still exist, their time is over. They are as much out of place in these days as a live mastodon or a dying gladiator. We do not frown at the vanity, but we laugh at the nonsense of these sports. People generally have no sympathy with them; are not in the least disposed to take part in them; and if the ribbon-ends were at the rag-shop, the Bessy unfrocked for ever, and the fool at rest in his own paradise, no one above the age of childhood would be a whit the sadder or very much the wiser.

There was a time when these and similar masquerades were among the most popular of British sports. We have changed; they are no longer fit for us, and are properly put aside; but the question is, what have we got instead? The wise and prudent, who see salvation in savings-banks, and would be content to hear the skylark sing more decorously, will perhaps answer, "What need of any thing? These games were always follies; we are well rid of them. Let them go." But they are wrong nevertheless. Man's life is honey-combed; and in other days these pastimes filled up one of the cavities. They have shrivelled and dropped out; but the hole remains, and will breed vermin, we may depend upon it, if we leave it empty.

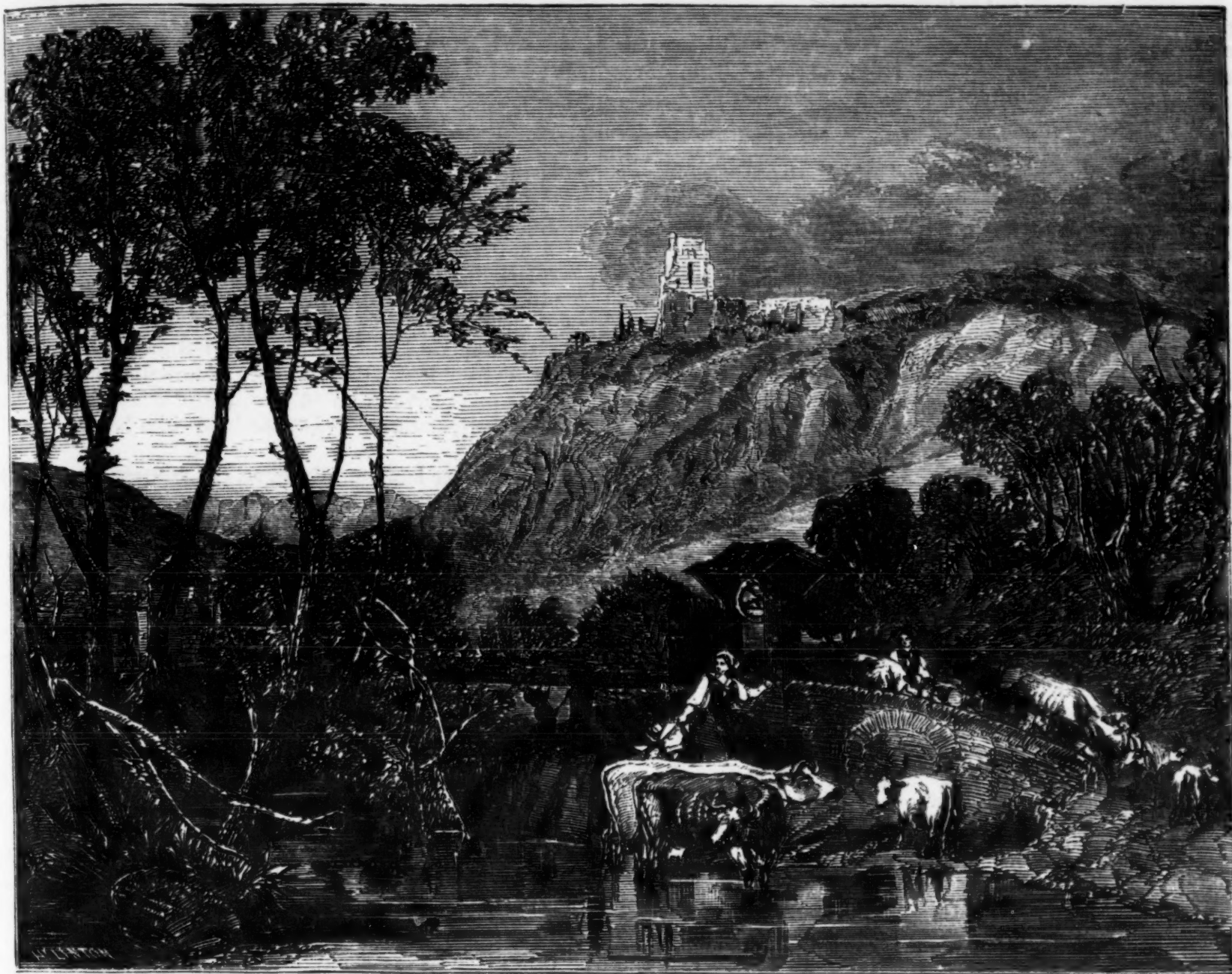
There is a saying, faithful and true, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The work that comes out of a man is better than the food he lives on; it is a holier thing to offer help than to take it, and to love than to be loved. Yet meat and aid and affection are altogether necessary; for if giving is our highest act, we must prepare for it by receiving. If this is true of any thing, it is true of pleasure. The daily work of life consists in the production, in a thousand forms, of the various means of enjoyment for one another. For this the earth is tilled and the ocean traversed. For this steam urges our machinery, and cannon protect our coasts. The artist paints for it; the author writes for it; the preacher pleads for it, that it may not be base in kind, but noble, and not transient but eternal. But while human labour is thus earning the highest blessing by bestowing a secondary one, to do it well, nay, to do it at all, the labourer, in whatever calling, must obey the law of his nature; and, as with his body so with his soul, must sit down to a daily dinner, where for the time he ceases to be the giver of enjoyment, and becomes simply the receiver of it. This necessary meal we call pleasure, recreation, amusement. The name does not matter; the thing itself is perfectly essential, and is never dispensed with. There are as many different forms of it as there are kinds of physical food—some of them meagre enough, some hurtful, some deadly; and few things more affect the welfare of nations or individuals than the proportion which these latter bear to the whole. If you may judge a man's character by his companions, much rather may his amusements show it; for those may be companions only, while these are his bosom friends.

Now there are one or two points in which the state of popular amusements at the present day is in striking contrast with that of former times. A century or two ago, sports and pastimes congenial with the spirit of the age, and such as the nation took delight in, were freely open to the mass of the poor, and were of very frequent occurrence. Look at the almanac; Christmas and the New Year, Twelfth-night, Plough Monday, Shrovetide, and Easter,—each had its public festivals, to say nothing of St. Valentine or Agnes' Eve. There was May-day, and the feast of milkmaids and of sweeps. Whitsuntide came after, and

Midsummer Eve, with its games and flowers; youths leaping through its bonfires to earn exemption from the ague, and maidens with midnight garlands dancing till daybreak in the open air. There was sheepshearing and harvest-home, besides the frequent wakes and fairs, bonfires for every joyful occasion, and good cheer set round about them. We do not mean that these pastimes were unexceptionable, still less that their revival would do any good to this generation; but the chief feature in the case is this:—formerly, amusements in which Englishmen took a real, and for the most part an innocent pleasure, were provided abundantly, and could be shared in without expense by the great bulk of the people; while at present nearly every kind of recreation sought after by the public taste must be paid for before it can be enjoyed. Certainly, we have our exceptions. There is still Punch and Judy, for example, and more rarely a street-tumbler or two. A battalion of soldiers may be looked at now and then for nothing; but they travel chiefly by railway, and don't shoot in public very often. We have a few national exhibitions,—great things in their way, but a little solemn, and confined to the metropolis. Finally, there are the barrel-organs, the street-singers, and the bagpipes,—rather a nuisance, but the nearest approach we have to a British institution for the gratuitous amusement of the people.

Amusement, however, must be had, and will be had in some way or other; and as little of it can be got for nothing, it is systematically purchased. The result deserves far greater notice than has yet been given to it. The money that a working-man can spare for pleasure is of course very little; and a vast demand for pleasure at the cheapest rate is created, therefore, from one end of the country to the other. In answer to it, entertainments of the very worst description spring up fast in all directions. Cheap theatres, where vice takes the place of art, because it is less costly; cheap dancing-rooms, where the smiles of harlots make amends for dirty walls, bad air, and barbaric music; free concerts, where the price of admission is masked under the price of drink; low public-houses, at which dogs, rats, pugilists, and other obscene beasts, are made the attraction to customers. The extent to which these and similar schools of evil have become the places of common entertainment for the populace is quite unsuspected by the wealthy and polite. The mischief they are doing is infinite; and the idea of preventing it by measures of repression is wholly out of the question. To put the necessities of life beyond an honest man's reach, is to teach him to become a thief; and the surest way of sending men to unwholesome pleasures is to leave them in a state in which wholesome ones are unattainable. Pleasure is a daily necessary; but consider the cost of it to a working-man. He has no piano in his house; no pictures; few books. He cannot stroll about his garden, or take a drive on summer nights. His fancy is not gratified by the draperies of his wife or the ornaments of his table. He cannot afford to give parties; and if he did, the entertainment which accompanies learning, elegance, and refinement, would not come to him with his guests. He is destitute, in fact, of those things which turn the stream of daily recreation into the homes of the educated classes; and as recreation is every bit as dear to him as to his betters, his seeking it in other sources is perfectly inevitable. Now that in seeking it he should be obliged to pay for it involves this great misfortune, that the worst being the cheapest, he is certain to choose the worst, and, indeed, has generally very little choice at all. The evil touches him in a vital part—during the unbending of his strength, in his yielding and plastic moments. The boy who works for his living steals for his recreation, and gets, after all, nothing but a vicious pleasure. The man follows the path his boyhood has begun; and society breathes miasma where it ought to breathe refreshment only.

This is the present condition of popular amusement in England; and such it will continue, till we teach our reason and our philanthropy that healthful pleasures, procurable



LANDSCAPE IN WATER-COLOUR. BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

without money and without price, are things more sorely needed than even hospitals or almshouses, or, indeed, than almost any of our thousand charities for the benefit of the poor.



A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

IV.

He had better have gone to the opera, as he had said was his intention. Because, firstly, he would have heard Grisi in Norma; and because, secondly, he would not have heard Captain Llewellyn talking to Georgiana Latrobe.

But Disney, on the contrary, in violation of his threat, went to Mrs. Parker's party, in Pimlico, and went so early that the beer-man, who was pervading the street with the supper refreshment of the creatures who dwelt thereabout, bawled "beer" at him as he knocked at her door. Had he been wise and superstitious, he would immediately have recognised this distressing incident on the threshold as an omen, as an ancient Roman would have done, and gone home to bed. But even as P. Claudius, in the first Punic war, being informed by the augurs that the sacred chickens would not eat—a dreadful warning—did profanely reply that they might drink, then, and tossed them into the sea, and presently giving battle, was shamefully defeated, Herbert Disney insulted the crier of liquor, went upstairs re-

solved to be amused and triumphant, and—but let us reserve the catastrophe. Be it remarked here, that he was rather pleased with his costume, and particularly with an elaborate shirt-front and brilliant studs; and in his private mind bade defiance to the Fusiliers and their irresistible captain.

Now Georgiana was upon very intimate terms with the hostess, and was consulted upon her lists of guests, and claimed to exert a certain amount of dictation as to the men who were to be asked; for Mrs. Parker was merely rich and kind-hearted, and therefore utterly unfit to be trusted with invitation cards. And therefore Miss Latrobe, holding herself in some sort responsible for the success of this evening, had caused her mamma to come over even earlier than Mr. Disney. So that when he arrived, there were not above a dozen persons in the room, and one of them was Georgiana Latrobe.

"What a time to come," was that young lady's flattering greeting to Herbert, as he took a seat by her side.

"I was asked for nine, and it is a quarter past," replied Mr. Disney demurely.

"Nonsense," returned Georgy, almost indignantly. "If you had not spoken to Mrs. Parker, the best thing you could have done would be to slip out and come back at a civilised hour. What an odd thing to do!"

"Instinct told me that you would have arrived before me."

"I am here as a sort of aide-de-camp to Mrs. Parker, as you know quite well. I should like to know what she thinks could have brought you at such a time."

"Really you are treating the matter quite seriously. Shall I go and apologise to her for supposing that she could mean what she said in her invitation. Or shall I say that I

mistook the hour; or that the horse ran away with my cab, and came in half the time he ought to have taken. It is very shocking, certainly."

"There are usages of society which people ought to pay attention to, Mr. Disney."

"Genius and independence," said Herbert, carefully arranging his wristbands, "scorn the conventional rules of society, and claim the glorious right not to know what o'clock it is."

Georgiana walked away to the pianoforte, at which the minstrels had not yet appeared, and tried a few bars of a polka.

"It is very good of you to come so early," said Mrs. Parker. "Most fashionable young men have so many engagements that there is no seeing them until twelve o'clock. If Georgy will play us a tune, I dare say you are good-natured enough to give one of the little girls a dance before the great people come."

The mischievous Georgiana enjoyed this.

"To be sure he shall, Mrs. Parker. He is much more at his ease with children than with grown-up persons. There, Lydia dear, go to Mr. Herbert Disney, and ask him to be so kind as to polk with you. I will play for you. Now then—away with you both."

And she dashed away at a noisy tune, and the elegant and intellectual young painter might shortly be seen whirling round the room with a snub-nosed little girl, with thin legs and splay feet, over whom he had to stoop in an attitude of much kindness and little grace. Some of the matrons smiled, but Herbert had too much self-respect not to seem perfectly delighted.

"You dance charmingly, Miss Lydia," he said, availing himself of an early opportunity to deposit his partner upon a seat.

"O, don't stop," said Georgiana. "People who come early to parties must try to amuse every body. Now dance with that little girl. Here, Louisa, come here," and she placed a still more objectionable child, with a swelled face, and whose evil temper had conquered her mother's reluctance to bring her out in the arms of the elegant Disney. The brat did not wait a word from him, but sprang out at the first note; and Herbert, forced into taking a turn or two, could not disengage himself at once: the door opened, and Captain Llewellyn was announced. The handsome soldier smiled indulgently as Mr. Disney and his ugly little companion ran against him, and Georgiana was quite enchanted.

"I know," said Llewellyn, "that I am unjustifiably early, and I see I am interfering with the young people's pleasures. But I was obliged to dine with Lord Glastonbury, your neighbour, Mrs. Parker; and I told him that I knew you would allow me to come in from him instead of returning to the Palace."

Fresh from the presence of a lord, and a lord to whom he had actually spoken of Mrs. Parker! If there had been a slight felony or so to forgive, he would have been forgiven straight off, but as it was, the lady was simply in a beatific ecstasy.

"A cousin may come when he likes, surely," she said, with a heart full a gratitude.

"Nay, you know I never take liberties on the strength of relationship, Maria. But pray do not let me interrupt the young people. This lady was playing for them—"

"Captain Llewellyn—Miss Latrobe."

"I think we have done enough for them," said Georgiana, smiling very amiably, and resuming her gloves and bouquet.

"I fear the little lady will not forgive me," said the captain, looking at the swelled face, whose owner clung to Herbert Disney with an expression of malevolent resolution not to be cheated out of her dance. However, she was torn away by a rigorous mamma, not her own, but one who observed to a neighbour that she had no notion of children being spoiled in that ridiculous manner; and that, for her

own part, she had put her three children to bed two hours ago; and if one of them had given her any of that kind of nonsense about coming out when she was ordered to stay at home, she would have had something that would have made her remember her impertinence for a long time to come, and so forth. And the painter was delivered from that affliction, —nothing to you, sensible man with a firmer character, but something to that vain young fellow of two-and-twenty, with new studs on.

"I should like you to know my cousin," said Mrs. Parker to Herbert. "I call him my cousin," she added honestly; "but the fact is, that my poor husband was a second cousin of his. Captain Llewellyn is highly connected, and came just now from Lord Glastonbury's in Eaton Square."

"He must have quite an aristocratic aroma about him," said Herbert, smiling. "Let me know him before it is dispelled."

Mrs. Parker had not, of course, the faintest idea what he meant, but brought him to the captain, who had naturally taken a seat near the prettiest girl in the room, and she—by name Georgiana—was looking pleased, and admiring her camellias with great sweetness. The introduction was effected; and Captain Llewellyn smiled as he observed to himself that Disney was an overdressed snob, and Disney smiled as he observed to himself that Llewellyn was a supercilious ass. Both were wrong, as will happen in this life.

"Some of your flowers are already beginning to rust at the edge," said Herbert to Georgy, by way of commencing a conversation.

"A critic always looks out for blemishes," replied the young lady. "Is it not so?" she added, appealing to her new acquaintance.

"I hardly know," said the captain. "I was never a critic in all my life, I am glad to say. But I should have said that the rapid tinge on the flower was the proof of its extreme delicacy and purity."

Georgiana gave Disney a glance, in which he read her approval of the captain's tone; and even in his own mind Herbert allowed that the habit of putting things pleasantly was an acquirement cultivated in better society than that in which he usually found himself. However, he was not going to own this.

"Yes," he said; "and hardier flowers should be used for the hard service to which ladies put such things."

"Can a flower desire a better fate than to die in a lady's hand?" said the flowery Fusilier.

Not being prepared with an answer that was likely to improve upon this speech, in Georgiana's estimation, Mr. Disney, observing that the cornet-à-piston and his accomplices had come, requested the honour of dancing the first quadrille with Miss Latrobe, and was excessively displeased to find that in the unreasonably short space of time since Captain Llewellyn had been introduced, he had found an opportunity of engaging her.

"But," said Georgy, "get that poor little girl whom you disappointed of her polka, and be our *vis-à-vis*."

This, however, was not exactly Mr. Disney's idea of happiness, and he bowed himself away. And the rooms having now filled up, and many pretty faces surrounding him, he found a more agreeable partner than the child with the swelled face, and took his place in another quadrille from that to which the Fusilier led Miss Latrobe.

Mindful of his duty to his wife, Llewellyn flirted hard and fast that night; and had, let us hope, the reward of an approving conscience, which must have assured him that nobody would have believed him to be a married man. He speedily fascinated poor Georgiana Latrobe, and this was not surprising. His tone was that of a better set than her own; he talked with that pleasant mixture of deference to the person you talk to, and superiority to all the rest of the world, which unites to form the most delicate of flatteries; and he spoke with easy familiarity of persons and things whereto middle-class society looks up as man looks at the stars. I think his conquest was completed when in the

course of the evening he ventured to take her hand, and show her how the Queen had, at a recent levee, laid her royal hand upon his; and as the captain did not mention that this was merely the formality of the presentation,—I do not mean for a moment that he thought of deception, but it never occurred to him that Miss Latrobe could mistake him,—Georgiana's not over practical mind conceived the idea that she was talking to her sovereign's confidential and intimate friend. She was enchanted. Not so Herbert Disney, who caught, between two plump dowagers waddling over the *Trenise*, a glance of Llewellyn sitting down and holding Georgiana's hand, and whose wrath was kindled to such an extent that he could hardly be civil to a partner whose bright smile and willing laugh deserved more cultivation.

Desirous to draw a veil over painful scenes, we will only say that the evening was one of discomfiture to Herbert. Georgiana danced with him but twice; and her conversation upon those occasions divided itself into two parts—one whereof was upbraiding for his keeping bad time and waltzing heavily, and the other was praise of Captain Llewellyn of the Fusiliers for his excellence on both points wherein Disney was deficient. These addresses did not carry much consolation to his heart. The champagne at supper did something for his advantage; and it was almost with a cheerful smile that he tendered her a silvered cracker to pull with him. But Captain Llewellyn just then informed her, with some little malice, that crackers were most dangerous things; and as his military character entitled him to be heard upon detonating powder, Georgiana would not, for the world, accept the proffered challenge. The unfortunate Herbert was not quite crushed, and soon afterwards tendered her a motto which he had taken out of a bon-bon. She scarcely glanced at it, and handed it to her neighbour the captain, who read it with an amused smile,—

"O, I should like to say how dear
Thou art to me, and yet I fear!"

And he whispered something which made Georgiana laugh, and dropped the affectionate billet into some jelly. This filled up the cup of Disney's sorrows; and he actually retreated from the house without fulfilling his engagement for the after-supper dance, for which he was very silly; for Marian Knowles was growing very partial to him, and was not above showing it. He should have played off Marian against Llewellyn. But he was too much in earnest, he discovered, to do so, and he beat a hasty retreat. That nothing might be wanting to complete the disasters of the night, he got the wrong hat from the servants, fell over the man with a light who was asleep on the doorstep, and was abused by the cabman (it was before Mr. Fitzroy's time) for not giving him more than twice his fare to Soho.

As he savagely lighted a cigar, Captain Llewellyn was putting on Georgiana's shawl in the affectionate way known to captains and others, and hoping they should meet at the horticultural fête on Saturday.

CATHEDRAL SHADOWS.

By G. W. THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD."

UP.

Up, up, up, but climbing slowly,
Past the image calm and holy,
Rise the shadows two and three
(Sorrows never single be).
Past the blazon on the panes,
Past the gold and crimson stains,
From the crypt, and from the door,
From the pillar, and the floor,
Up the oak peaks of the screen,
Past the tomb but dimly seen,

Past the gilded organ-pipe,
And the fruit so mellow ripe,
Carved upon the bishop's throne.
Up beyond the thunder-tone
From the jarring organ shook,—
Creeping o'er the red-lined book,
Past the white robes of the quire,
Flying from the window-fire,
Flying from the sunbeam swords,
And the sweetly chanted words.
Up—from morning until noon,
Driven by the matin tune.

DOWN.

How the shadows, hour by hour,
Creep down from the lonely tower!—
Down the pillar, down the aisle,
Down the window-shaft—the smile
On the saint's lips blotting now—
Then a pain upon the brow
Of the stone king in the porch;
Blowing out the crimson torch
In the window-panes, where be
All the crowned Trinity.
Dusking half the Latin words
On the Abbot's tomb; the swords
Of the scutcheon dimming too;
Blurring bars of gold and blue;
Coming like an envious glance
On the frescoed "Angel Dance;"
Through the Nun's Walk like a ghost,
Passing to the phantom coast;
Creeping through the vaulted nave,
Over sepulchre and grave.
Down from noon until the night
Shadows, chasing joy and light.

AN EVENING WITH ÆLIAN.

By DR. DORAN.

"Theophrast

Grew tender with the memory of his eyes;
And Ælian made mine wet,"—

is a remark which Mrs. Browning puts into the mouth of her last heroine, Aurora Leigh. The epithets do not apply to the respective authors named; for Theophrast is not remarkable for his tenderness, nor is there a line in Ælian calculated to win or exact a tear. But the one may be softening and the other tear-compelling when our memories of their study are connected with loved companions, pleasant incidents, and happy times, which all alike have for ever perished. And so it was here. But in other respects there is no more agreeable comrade for a lone man on one of these December evenings, or indeed on any evening, than this same Ælian. With Gesner's old folio edition of his works, or Fleming's quaint and racy translation of his *Various Anecdotes*, duly accompanied by pale sherry, a plate of walnuts, a bright fire, and a luxurious consciousness of owing no man either money or time,—with all these, why, Gray's "novel and a sofa," as an antepast of Paradise, assumes the form and feature of the most insipid of Limbos.

Great as was the reputation of Ælian among his contemporaries and their successors, his entire works found no editor till the year 1545, when an edition appeared at Rome. Since that period, he has been a favourite with all who know how to esteem a man who has a thousand things to tell, and narrates them all agreeably. His authority has been quoted by Stobæus and Stephen of Byzantium, by Eustathia, Philostratus, and Suidas; and his life has been commented on by Casaubon, Scheffer, and Le Fevre, by Kuhnus, Perizonius, and Gronovius. Added to these, a portion of his works has been translated by Fleming and by Dacier. The version of the old Englishman is as sprightly

as the canary that he loved; but the "rendering" of Dacier is as dead as a champagne-bottle whose spirit has been three days defunct.

To this same Ælian has been assigned the authorship of a military treatise, and some pretty letters,—notes, rather,—which came from the pen of a namesake. Enough remains of his own to authorise any one to ask something about the writer, and to justify an idle man in devoting a half-hour to partly satisfy the inquiry.

Claudius Ælianus was a merry bachelor of Præneste, and the favourite of a wide and joyous circle. He was a Sophist, and the pupil of Pausanias, whom he surpassed in liveliness, if in nothing else. He was born in the second and wrote in the third century, in the jolly—rather too jolly—days of Heliogabalus; he was skilled in medical practice; and as Latin was then vernacular and vulgar, while Greek was in fashion with scholars and gentlemen, he cultivated the latter language with such effect as to write it with the idiomatic power and fluency of a native. There were no "reviews" in those days; nevertheless there were critics who exercised their vocation with admirable acumen. One of these, a certain Philostratus, treating of the Sophists, showered laudation on the style of the Italian who wrote Greek so exquisitely, and distinguished the author by titles most flattering to authors' ears. The sweetness of expression in Ælian earned for him from Suidas the epithet of *μελιγλώσσος*, or *μελίφθογγος*, the "honey-tongued writer,"—an epithet which was by no means ill-applied.

Of this cheerful author with the honey-tongue there have descended to us seventeen brief books of the history of animals; and fourteen pleasant books or chapters which are put together as *Various Stories*, and which are modestly and appropriately named. These are so pleasant as to make us regret that we have lost the essay, *Περὶ Προνοίας* (On Providence), and the *Κατηγορία του γάννιδος*, or "Accusation against an effeminate Tyrant." The loss is the more to be deplored, as Ælian was a high-priest, though no one knows of what deity; and we should be curious to discover how the clerical gentleman in the service of a heathen god, and the orthodox denouncer of Epicurus, treated the subject of a Providence generally. Not less curious would it be to see with what wit, vigour, or indignation, a subject of such a terrible youth as the imperial Heliogabalus would dare to attack effeminacy in a sovereign ruler.

Ælian was a "home-keeping youth," and in some sense possessed the homely wit which is said to be the characteristic of such individuals. He had never travelled out of Italy, nor was ever upon the water, certainly never at sea, during the whole course of his life. He is therefore, as may be supposed, a trifle superstitious, and not a little credulous. How gravely he asserts the fact that polypi assume the colour of the rocks near which they lie in order the easier to catch the silly fish! He thoroughly believes that the dogs on the banks of the Nile run as they drink, lest they should be snapped up by the crocodiles. As for those still odder animals, the sea-foxes, he knows very well that after the greedy fellow has swallowed the bait, hook, and half the line (which he has bitten in two) of the angler, he often feels incommode by the barbed weapon sticking in the coats of the stomach. But the sea-fox does not allow it to incommode him long; he simply turns himself inside out, and gets rid of the hook by the accompanying shaking. The wild boars, too, of Ælian's time are quadrupeds of vast discretion. If one makes himself mortally sick by inadvertently eating henbane, he just trots somewhat rapidly down to the seaside and cures himself by a diet of freshly-caught crabs. Sick lions, on the other hand, know that nothing will cure them but a feast on a tender young monkey. Invalid stags turn to wild corn as a specific for cervine ailments; and Cretan goats stanch their bleeding wounds by nibbling the herb Dictamnus! With so much credulity, it is astonishing that Ælian has any doubts touching the singing of a dying swan. He has never heard one sing himself, he says; an assertion which leads you to render more ready

credence to what he asserts, without a *caveat*. One is even half-inclined to accept as indubitable what he tells us of the water-snakes and frogs in Egypt. The former have, he informs us, a passionate liking for frogs, that is, for devouring and digesting them. No one knows this better than the frog; and accordingly, when the two meet in a pond, wonderful is the cunning which ensues. Your water-snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the designs of the passionless-looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it, and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the Hydra. The latter now makes at the frog with open jaws; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much-desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast by the protecting twig, and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again; he glides round his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and the end of every attempt is, that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatory victim lying across his own open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The Hydra at length gives it up in despair; and "froggy," plumping into a safe spot, where he knows his kindred are assembled, tells his exciting tale, and raises a very din of croaking congratulations.

Let us add that some of Ælian's ladies are as wonderful in their way as the most marvellous of his animals; witness that delicate creature, Aglais, who played on the trumpet and wore a wig, was altogether a strong-minded woman, and, indeed, strong-stomached, too; for at her delicious conversational little suppers she contrived to get through twelve pounds of meat, eight pounds of bread, and half-a-dozen pints of wine! He must have been a bold man who, after that, would have ventured to hold a controversy with her on the subject of metaphysics or the last new poet of the unintelligible school.

I do not know which contains the most astounding stories, the book on natural history, or the book of anecdotes. They are books which, had there been railroads in those days, would have been placarded at the book-stalls of every station. I am entirely at a loss how better to describe them than by saying they are a compound of Mr. Jesse and our old acquaintance Baron Munchausen. Perhaps the prettiest of his stories is that *Περὶ Ασπασίας*. It would occupy too much space to relate it at the length at which Ælian gives it; but the subject may be taken, if it be only to show for what annoyance a specific is to be found in rose-leaves.

The birth of Aspasia, the daughter of Hermotimus of Phocias, cost her mother her life. The childhood of the orphan girl was one of poverty and virtuous instruction. The brightest portion of it was her sleeping time; for then she for ever dreamt of being married to a noble youth of wealth and power. The dream, however, seemed to have little chance of being fulfilled; for there appeared beneath the chin of the tender maiden a "wart," which, to her eyes, took the figure of a wen; and was, in the eyes of her speculative father, a monstrous deformity. The perplexed Hermotimus conducted the much-vexed Aspasia to the most fashionable medical man of his day, whose *specialité* was "wens." On these, their cause and cure, he had written a treatise, and sent copies of it over all Greece. The fashionable doctor looked at the girl, fingered the wart, declared the case grave, *very* grave; but undertook a certain and speedy cure on the payment of a fee of three staters,—a sum about equalling a couple of guineas. The fact will serve to show that the heathen *medici* were twice as dear as their Christian successors, who make twice the promises for half the money.

"Three staters!" exclaimed Hermotimus. "You might as well ask me for three golden talents. Will you take half a stater and a basket of figs?"

The wealthy physician looked on the speaker with scorn.

He glanced for a minute or two at the maiden, but finally and abruptly declared, that without fee there was no treatment; and he whistled aloud for his servant to introduce more respectable patients.

Hermotimus and his pretty daughter returned home together. "O Zeus!" growled the former; "who will marry a girl with a growing wart under her chin?" Aspasia went on silently; but soft and silver showers of tears descended from her incomparable eyes. She touched nothing of the frugal supper prepared that night; and in place of going to bed, she sat disconsolate, with a mirror in her lap, contemplating this unwelcome wart, which, after all, an erotic poet or an admiring youth would have eulogised in lines of unexceptionable measure and loose morality. "O Venus Anadyomene! O Venus Erycyne! O mother of beauty and of love! are my prospects to be crushed by this dreadful deformity?" It was the prettiest picture in the world to see this fairest of girls looking at the mirror in her lap, and smiling through her tears at the consciousness that her beauty and purity of heart might well excuse so trifling a blot as this wart under the chin. "If it were only a little mole," said Aspasia, "there would not be much to complain of; for there is one on the cheek of Chloris, the priestess of Venus; and the temple is never so crowded as when Chloris officiates and leads the dance." Therewith, however, the girl looked again, sighed, acknowledged it was no mere "beauty-spot," and sank off sighingly to sleep, looking as she lay a perfect "lapse of loveliness."

"I cannot sleep," said Aspasia, after a few minutes had gone by,—"I cannot sleep for that pretty dove that has got into the room, and makes such pleasant fluttering with its wings." The next minute her eyes were fixed in wonder on the bird. She started up, half reclining on one elbow, half leaning forward; and then, with an exclamation of profound reverence and delight, she sprang from the couch, crossed her fair arms over her fairer bosom, and sinking on her knees, prayed that she might not be slain by excess of ecstasy.

The prayer of Aspasia was not ill-founded, for there stood before her a gracious and graceful presence. The dove had disappeared, and the mother of love herself was looking down in all her radiant beauty upon the trembling Aspasia. She bade the latter look up; and when the Phocian girl, shading her dazzled eyes with one hand, while the other was outstretched in supplication, essayed to look upon the ineffable brightness, Venus smiled and bade her be of good heart, for that she had come to serve the prettiest and the most virtuous girl in all Greece. "Leave the quacks, my charming daughter," said the smiling goddess; "leave them, with their powders and potions and washes and panaceas, by which nothing is cured, and trust to me. Repair to my shrine at sunrise; take a handful of the roses in the consecrated wreaths that lie upon the shrine, and apply them to that which troubleth thee beneath thy chin. The remedy is sovereign for the evil; and so, farewell."

Aspasia, at early dawn, could not well determine whether she had been dreaming or indulging in waking fancies; nevertheless, at sunrise she stood by the altar of the irresistible goddess, carried off a handful of roses, kissed them heartily, and then, holding them close beneath her chin, ran home breathless and hopeful. She passed her wondering sire at the door, glided swiftly into her chamber, looked into the mirror as she let the roses drop into her bosom, and lo! all was as smooth and polished as a newly-fashioned statue from the hands of the most accomplished of sculptors. For every rose-leaf she had plucked from the shrine, she hung up a whole garland in acknowledgment of her gratitude. "Sister Vermilion," said the young, curled, and highly-scented priest, who stood by the altar with his dainty fingers just lightly resting on the pale-blue zone of Chloris,—"pretty sister Vermilion,—for such the colour in thy cheeks warrants thee to be called,—for what service rendered by the goddess do you hang up such splendid wreaths?" "For service inexpressible and heartily prayed for," mur-

mured the maiden, as she turned away, somewhat abashed, from the irreverent look of the reverend youthful gentleman who had the "cure" of the temple. The priest watched Aspasia as she descended the white marble steps which led to the street below; and then looking archly at Chloris, simply remarked, "A fair girl, and as modest as she is fair." "She is a bold minx," said the coadjutrix of Venus's fashionable minister; "and I warrant as disreputable as she is bold." Thereupon a lively discussion ensued, during which they pelted one another with roses, and then, "early service" being concluded, the pious pair went behind the altar to breakfast.

The beauty of Aspasia would have been fatal to her, after all, had it not been that she possessed qualities which are more attractive than beauty. The dream of her childhood was not exactly fulfilled as she had expected, when the fortune of war flung the most beautiful girl of her time in the power of the victorious Cyrus. The proud young conqueror was at supper, when Aspasia and four or five other, and almost as beautiful, captive girls were introduced to their lord. A Persian supper was perhaps the most unseemly festival ever held by man; and Aspasia stood petrified by disgust and amazement as she beheld the royal and noble drunkards, some prostrate on the ground, some lying like corpses bent across the couches, and others yet sitting upright and looking like madmen. The Phocian girl stood at the entrance of the royal tent in which the banquet was held, disregarding the invitation to go forward, which her companions in captivity obeyed with an alacrity which was rewarded by smiles from the king, and by peals of applause from such of the revellers as were sober enough to clap their hands or raise a shout. All compliments paid to these forward beauties,—and some of them were rudely expressed and put in action,—were received by them with a giggle of delight. But Cyrus at last grew weary of the brilliant but mindless group of captive girls who hung about his couch, and, with finger imperiously raised, beckoned to Aspasia. The Phocian moved not a step. She merely crossed her hands on her breast, looked up, and murmured a prayer for protection from the Lady of the Dove. She wore an air of unresisting meekness; but when a satrap, looking extremely gallant and dreadfully tipsy, was about to lay his huge fingers on her ivory shoulder, in order to urge her towards the great king, the girl raised both her arms in the air, and protested that she would smite the first man who dared lay hands upon her. Cyrus was charmed at this pretty audacity, and, to the profound stupor of all beholders, he himself arose and approached Aspasia. The maiden extended her arm towards the monarch, partly in supplication, partly to keep him at a distance; and within a few minutes she delivered to him so cogent and delicate an argument touching the duty of a true-hearted man towards a defenceless girl, that Cyrus, treating her with a world more of respect than he would have shown to his own sister, declared that her virtue had impressed him even more deeply than her beauty; and that from thenceforward she should be his consort, counsellor, and guide. Perhaps the highest proof of the discretion of Aspasia in her new capacity is to be discovered in the fact that she managed to keep on the most friendly of terms with her mother-in-law: and we all know that the mother of Cyrus was not altogether a *belle-mère* to whom a young wife would pay homage without a certain measure of mental reserve.

Of all the ladies of the royal household, Aspasia was the only one who could rule the uncertain humour of her lord. The season of felicity, however, came to an end, when the fatal day of Cunaxa left Cyrus dead on the field, and Aspasia the captive of Artaxerxes. In her altered position she still deserved and retained the name of Aspasia the Wise; and even as the wife of Artaxerxes she wore the mourning which she had assumed after the death of her benefactor, Cyrus.

One day, when Artaxerxes was in a rare fit of good humour, he told his son Darius that he might get a new

turban made with the great crest. Darius was beside himself with delight; for by this form he was declared the successor of his sire, as well as his coadjutor in the government. Another custom was, that when a reigning king thus erected the peak of his son's head-piece, he was bound also to grant the first request made by the new heir. Darius claimed performance of the old rule; and no sooner had his claim been allowed, than he struck his father into ungovernable rage by demanding of him that Aspasia might be bestowed upon the newly-recognised heir-apparent. We have had family quarrels enough in royal households since the period in question; but never was domestic dissension followed by such terrible consequences as in this case. Artaxerxes made the person of Aspasia sacred by creating her a priestess, either of Diana or of the Sun. In the temple of either deity she was safe from outrage, and free from any chance of effecting her escape. Darius, therefore, turned all his rage against his sire; but his treason being defeated, he was put to death with as little ceremony and as much cruelty as were common in the Persian court when the sovereign was angry.

Aspasia was seated by the altar of the deity whom she was doomed to serve, her mind floating away on old and sunny memories, when she heard of the catastrophe in the household of Artaxerxes. "After all, then," she said, "I have been a fool; I have brought ill-luck to others, and am punished for my vanity. Had I had patience to endure a pimple, and been content with my lot, I should not have known my splendid misery. And yet I followed the light that was offered me, and trusted to my goddess. Goddess," she repeated with an air of proud scorn; "have I not deceived myself?" And the beautiful priestess, striking in two her gilt wand on the angle of the altar, as though she defied the false divinity to whom it was raised, sank to the ground in tears, weeping in painful perplexity, feeling that there must be somewhere a more powerful deity, but unknowing where to seek or how to invoke Him.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

OVER SHOES, OVER BOOTS. "There is nothing like being bespattered for making one defy the mud" (French).—*Il n'est que d'être crotté pour affronter le boubier.*—These proverbs are as true in their moral as in their physical application. Persons whose characters are already sullied are not very careful to preserve them from further contamination. When Madame de Cornuel remonstrated with a court lady on certain improprieties in her conduct, the latter exclaimed, "Do let me enjoy the benefit of my bad reputation."

A WIGHT MAN NE'ER WANTED A WEAPON (Scotch). Almost identical with the Italian proverb, *A buon cavalier non manca lancia*,—A good knight is not at a loss for a lance.—A man of sense and courage is not often baffled for want of means, but will make instruments of whatever comes to his hands; and truly, "He is not a good mason who refuses any stone" (Ital.).—*Non è buon murator chi rifiuta pietra alcuna.* We say also, "A bad workman always finds fault with his tools." W. K. KELLY.



HOW TO CONSTRUCT A WARDIAN CASE.

We propose now to consider the best construction for a simple Wardian case. Let it be understood that plants

require a circulation of air, not only about their stems and foliage, but also about their roots. Why do farmers hoe their turnips? why do gardeners labour to "stir the earth" between growing crops? why does every thing pine and perish that is left to starve in a soil which hoe or fork never disturb? Whatever the form of a Wardian case may be, the idea that it might be hermetically sealed must be abandoned, and we must go back to nature, who sends many a fresh breeze to stir and agitate her verdant darlings. Therefore, in constructing a Wardian case, the bottom must be double; one case with a perforated bottom fitting within, but *not touching*, an outer water-tight one, and from this outer case the drainage-water must be occasionally removed by means of a proper exit. The depth of the soil need seldom be more than four inches, and for small cases a depth of three inches will generally be sufficient. This soil should rest on a layer of light porous material, such as broken flower-pots or clean cinders. By this arrangement, it will be impossible to drown the plants as they are drowned and rotted on the accepted plan. Air as well as moisture will reach the roots; and instead of confining the selection to such ferns and lycopods as are capable of resisting the destructive influences of excessive moisture and stagnated air, high class flowering-plants may be brought into the field, and a genuine garden under glass,—a conservatory, in fact,—may be fitted up in the window. Here we come to the design of the thing; and it may now be asked why the everlasting four-sided packing-case pattern should be so perseveringly adhered to by the makers of Wardian cases. It really seems that if you want to grow a few plants under glass in your room, you must be condemned to accept some piece of angular ugliness, yclept a Wardian case, whereas such materials as glass, wood, and zinc, are of all others the best adapted for combining into graceful forms; and instead of mean boxes, we might have noble pieces of furniture, or at least a set of graceful outlines. Good amateur, just pay attention to these few details. A glass-case on a stand made for it looks better than one placed on a table; a straight line, which the bottom of a frame will form, may always be relieved by means of an elliptical arch; and a rectangular oblong body has the most grace when the form of the *double cube* is given to it. Plumbers, glass-cutters, and zinc-workers, set all such principles at defiance. Well, what else can we expect when so few artisans aim at improving their craft through the help of general knowledge?

But to apply these principles. First determine the *general* dimensions of your case; then whatever is to be its length, let the width be exactly half. If from right to left it is to measure thirty-two inches, let its breadth from back to front be sixteen. The height of the glass-sides should be the same as the breadth of the case, and then the glass portion forms a *double cube*; or if cut exactly into halves, each half would be a cube. Then to roof it, let the summit of the roof be formed of four sloping sides surmounted by a flat top; and let the flat top be as much above the edges of the four sides as *half the height* of those sides; then you will have an angular object possessing as much grace as can be infused into the simplest rectangular design; and simplicity and grace have ever been close neighbours. That we may not be misunderstood, let us restate the matter. A square glass-box—which the case may be termed before the roof is put on—should be formed on the principle of a double cube, that is, the width and height should each be equal to half the length. Then upon this a glass roof is to be formed of four sloping sides and a flat summit; and this flat summit is to be as much above the upper edge of the box as half the height of the box itself. If the front and back measured each thirty-two inches, then the height, without the roof, would be the same as the width, namely, sixteen inches. The roof itself, formed sarcophagus fashion, would give an additional elevation of eight inches, and the entire height within would be twenty-four inches. One side of the sarcophagus top should be fixed on hinges, to

let down as a door to give the necessary ventilation occasionally.

Now, to place this on an ordinary table would be to waste space. Let it have a stand expressly made for it, with four legs, of course, and an elliptical arch of fretted work to break the monotony of the straight lines. If the case is on a large scale—say with a length of four feet and a height of three feet—a stand of the kind just mentioned would give it completeness as a noble piece of furniture; and it would only require to be properly planted to realise a genuine conservatory, not of ferns only, but the choicest flowering exotics as well, for which there would be room for a good selection. Ordinary carving or relief ornament has very little effect when set against the light; but open fretwork, by admitting the light through it, produces a beautiful and appropriate tone of ornamentation. Of course the principles of art may be applied to glass structures in many ways so as to insure grace of outline with the necessary space, which, as has been said above, is only adduced by way of example; at the same time it may here be finally remarked that imitations of temples, villas, and doll's-houses, a multiplicity of corners and fancy convolutions, or any intricate design that may be adopted for a Wardian case, is more likely to produce puerility than grace. Let the form be simple and the proportions symmetrical, and you may hereafter be gratified with your work.

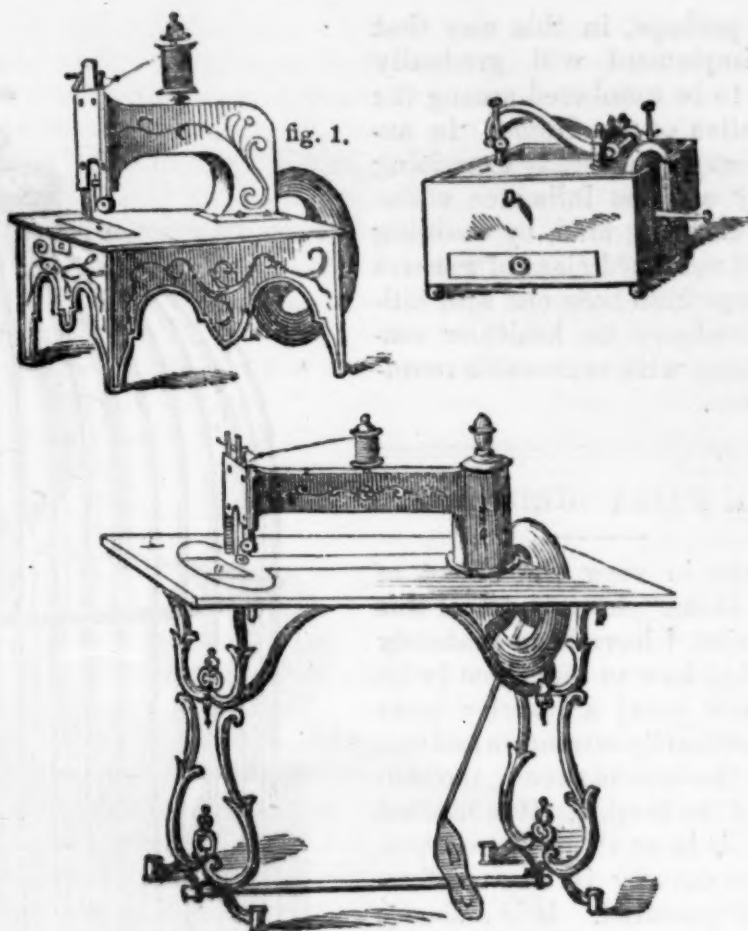
As it is advisable that papers of this kind should be as far as possible complete in themselves, we shall not now enter into the further applications of which the Wardian case is susceptible; we have dealt with its elementary principles, and have shown how those principles may be adopted in various ways, not only for adding to the attractions of the home, but for increasing the means of study in plant-culture.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

EVER since Hood published his "Song of the Shirt," and Henry Mayhew exposed the horrors of what is known among journeymen tailors as the "Sweating System," benevolent persons have been seeking how to relieve the chronic wretchedness of that large class of both sexes whose subsistence depends upon the commoner kinds of needlework. Palliatives have been applied by the Distressed Needlewoman's Association, and by individuals, with the unsatisfactory result always attending the use of such remedies. The excellent author of *Alton Locke* and his friends took higher ground, and tried to raise the rate of wages for needlework by means of a moral coercion exercised upon employers. But this plan also failed, as must every plan which has for its object the counteraction of natural laws by arbitrary means. In a country like this, where the supply of labour is not likely to be seriously diminished in proportion to the demand for it, the only way in which the wages of labour can be permanently raised is by increasing its productive power. So long as there are thousands of persons desirous of getting coarse stitching to do at the rate of a farthing a yard, that will continue to be the average price for such work. "Starvation wages" it may well be called, whilst the needle has to be plied by the worker's unaided hands; but what if the efficiency of those hands be increased forty or fifty fold? And this is now done by the sewing machine, the use of which is already extensive, and promises ere long to become universal.

The machine has a name which is not quite appropriate, for it does not sew, but stitch. Its general form, of which there are several modifications, adapted to different kinds of work, is shown in the annexed cuts. The cloth to be stitched is laid loosely on the metal plate to the left of the machine [a], where there is a small opening, and a movable stage with a roughened surface, which carries the cloth forward after each stitch is completed. The intervals be-



tween the stitches are determined with the nicest regularity, by the machine itself, and the course of the seam is directed by the hand of the worker guiding the cloth in its motion. A needle carrying a thread, passed through an eye near its point, pierces the cloth perpendicularly from above, and presents a small loop beneath it. This loop is secured below by another thread, either passing straight through it, or catching it in a second loop. This is effected by a small shuttle in the former case, and in the latter by a circular needle plying backwards and forwards on a pivot passing vertically through one of its extremities. The machine is set in motion by means of a horizontal axle and a wheel, or winch, turned either by a treadle or by the right hand of the worker, while the left is engaged in guiding the cloth. The rapidity with which the machine works is its most striking peculiarity. It stitches the edge of a Navy shirt-collar, measuring fifteen inches, in about twenty-five seconds, that is, at the rate of a yard a minute. But the speed of its performance is not the only merit of this invention; the work it does, whether coarse or fine, is superior in neatness and strength to any of the same kind done by hand. The quickness, too, insures cleanliness. We have seen a piece of very closely-wrought satin quilting executed by the machine as no sempstress could possibly have done it. Her hand in its slow progress would have spoiled the bright-coloured satin before she had finished a dozen rows of the stitching.

A house in the City is at present engaged in machine-sewing a number of what are called soldier's "hold-alls;" but, if we are not misinformed, the use of the machine itself is about to be introduced into all the regiments of our army. Its utility was well tested during the war, when it suddenly became necessary to send out a very large supply of sheets to the East. The materials for 150,000, cut in proper lengths, each two yards wide, were sent to the City house before-mentioned to be hemmed at top and bottom, which was done at a rate varying from 1000 to 1500 sheets a-day. The women employed in the process earned from ten to twelve shillings a-week, exclusive of over-time; whilst ordinary sempstresses, doing the same sort of work for other houses, could by an excessive amount of labour hardly earn from four to six shillings weekly.

The price of the machine ranges from 15*l.* to about 25*l.* The small one figured in cut 1 is intended for domestic use. Neighbours desiring the benefit of such a help to good housewifery might club together to purchase it; and

it is, perhaps, in this way that the implement will gradually come to be numbered among the requisites of the Home. In another way it is already exercising widely a home influence of the most cheering kind, by enabling a most wretched class of workers to escape from body and soul killing drudgery to healthier employment with reasonable remuneration.

THE FAIRY BIRD-CAGE.

KEEPING in view the object of "The Home" department of this Magazine, I have been zealously studying how to introduce (with the new year) a novelty more than ordinarily attractive and useful for the drawing-room, the study, and the fireside. If somewhat costly, it is, at all events, unique.

The novelty is now perfected and patented. It is a showy BIRD-CAGE of pure CRYSTAL GLASS (a material now used for the first time), altogether dispensing with wire and other disfigurements, and allowing a bird's plumage to be viewed to the best advantage. In praise of the workman, it must be observed, those only who know the nature of glass will comprehend the obstacles that have had to be surmounted in making it thus obedient to the human will.

In the production of this domestic cage,—whose figure and proportions may be regarded as a correct model for all cages,—there has been a double motive; for not only is the beauty of the inmate shown off to unusual advantage by the reflecting and refracting powers of the crystal palace in which he resides, but the palace itself is so constructed as to render it a matter of necessity as well as delight for the wives and daughters of home to *keep it brilliant* by their own individual exertions. The glass and all its *minutiae* must be daily polished. A soft cloth and a delicate wash-leather are the only requisites.

Young ladies have hitherto been in the habit of too frequently trusting their pets to the care of servants to save themselves trouble. I now propose to set this habit on one side, while putting in a plea for "the poetry" of bird-keeping. No person can dispute the fact, that personal attention adds greatly to the sympathy existing between man and animals; nor will any person deny that these sympathies are very delightful. It is because they are so seldom courted that they are so little understood.

The "Fairy Bird-cage"—so named because of its lightness and extreme brilliance—is of very simple construction. All the bars are of solid transparent glass, compacted together so as to unite in a strong body. The form of the cage is an oval. It is mounted on a hexagon base, and supported by six lapidary-cut crystal knobs, beautifully prismatic. The six panels in front are of fine-grained satin-wood. On each of the six corners rises a brilliant pyramid of the purest (cut) crystal glass.

Immediately above the panels and between each bar of glass is introduced a *movable* length of polished ornamental glass, richly cut. Of these lengths, or pieces, there are no fewer than thirty-two. To secure them at their bases (they are made to fit close between the bars), there runs all round the cage an ornamental gilt metallic band. When adjusted, no joins are observable. We see only



a polished surface of radiating gems.

These fringes (as they may be termed), when fixed, serve a two-fold purpose. They prevent the seed being scattered over the table or carpet; and when exposed to the rays of the sun, or the reflection of a fire or candle, they shine with a lustre that is worthy of fairy-land. Their prismatic colours are really beautiful. These fringes are easily removable and readily cleansed; but, as before hinted, it requires the light gentle hand of a fair maiden to prevent accidents. After two or three experiments, she will enter *con spirito* upon her pleasing daily duties, and never care to relinquish them to a stranger. The interior of the cage is so constructed as effectually to exclude all vermin, and so as to afford unusual opportunities for extreme cleanliness. The seed and water, too, are quite removed from contact with any impurities. Both are supplied in miniature cut-glass barrels, which are fixed in glass galleries, projecting one on either side of the cage externally. Each of these galleries revolves on a pivot, so that fresh seed and water can be readily given to the bird.

They are so contrived as to admit of a bath being supplied, in summer, at the same opening. The cage-door is formed (invisibly) by two bars of glass. These may be removed or replaced at will.

The perches (square) are made of Bohemian ruby-glass. There is also a swing-perch of crystal and malachite. These colours add greatly to the beauty of the inhabitant. The top of the dome is of richly-cut crystal glass, powerfully refractive; and above it is a strong metal ring, by which the cage is to be suspended. It hardly need be added, that when raised above the head, it is seen to the greatest advantage, though it is ornamental any where. To prevent the bird being subjected to draughts when standing on a table, a movable screen, made of strong tinted cardboard and mounted on hinges, may be placed round one side of his cage. The screen, if painted, would be a neat ornament.

With a view to secure the uniformity and elegance of the exterior of the cage, the tray (or drawer) is *not* introduced in the usual manner. *The bottom of the cage forms the drawer.* This is removed by turning a screw, fastened (externally) in its centre. On its removal, a tripod is in readiness to take its place. On this flat surface, adapted to the size of the opening, the cage is quickly placed while the drawer is being cleaned and sanded. Once more lifting the cage with the left hand, the drawer is adroitly supplied with the right, and the screw turned from below. All is then complete. Two minutes or less suffice for the change.

The happiness and the whimsical conceit of birds living in these "fairy bird-cages"—particularly Love-Birds, Australian Paroquets, Canaries, Bullfinches, and Goldfinches—can be but faintly conceived. They *feel* their importance, and they *know* they are objects of admiration. It is perhaps difficult to say which is the happier, the bird or his mistress.

WILLIAM KIDD.

Notices to Correspondents and the Public will in future appear on the back of the Label of the Weekly Number, and on the Cover of the Monthly Part.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. V.

PAINTED BY S. A. HART, R.A.

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

23 MR 57

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

By S. A. HART, R.A.

In the present picture *character* has been the artist's aim and achievement. The eastern fullness and frankness of life in Othello, who is just what he appears, contrasts well with the subtlety, the self-concealment, and the hidden unfathomable depths of the treacherous Italian, who plays upon his credulous master so fatally. We owe this able picture to the accomplished Professor of Painting in the Academy, whose excellent lectures attracted so much attention a short time since in the columns of a contemporary.

It illustrates the great scene in the third act, where Iago first begins to pour into the ears of the Moor "the leperous distilment" of jealousy, and to unsettle at once and for ever the "tranquil mind" of the man—the aims and delights and glories of the warrior.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

A THOUSAND miles south of Cairo, and about half that distance west of the Red Sea, in the midst of deserts and on the outskirts of even Turkish civilisation, stands the mud-built city of Khartoum. The Abyssinian Nile washes the walls a mile or two from its confluence with that larger stream whose waters, mingling with its own, fertilise the soil and fill the flesh-pots of Egypt. There are thirty thousand inhabitants in Khartoum. A third of them may be Turkish soldiers; a handful of the rest are Europeans. Manchester sends its goods there, and caravans bring thither, from unknown nations in the interior, ivory and ostrich-feathers, coffee, tamarinds, and gold. The city has been visited lately by many of our countrymen. There are English ladies, even, who have sat under its pomegranate-trees. The trip, however, is not exactly the thing for an invalid; nor has it yet become quite so cheap a matter as a voyage up the Rhine. It takes above a month to get from Cairo to Khartoum; and the choice of means lies between a Nile boat, following all the windings of the stream, and a ride on camels over burning sands, to cut off corners. If the boating becomes tedious, the riding is hardly less so, and has moreover special troubles of its own. "On an average, he howled six hours a-day," says a recent traveller of his camel; and even the howling of a beast with a neck as long as a bassoon is no joke when you want to be comfortable. The famous "ship of the desert" is not limited either by nature or inclination to this sole method of annoyance.

The grand antiquities of Egypt—the tombs of kings who, if they have not long been dust, have very long been mummies—are left behind when Khartoum is reached. We are in one of the earth's original waste places. Armies have marched across it, caravans have rested by its waters; but art and industry have never yet possessed it. If the first alligator laid her eggs in this neighbourhood, she might possibly recognise the spot again, as it remains to this day. But if one kind of interest ends here, another hardly inferior to it begins immediately. The two great branches of the Nile join one another at Khartoum. The Blue River—the Bahr el Azrek—comes from Abyssinia. Its origin has long been known. But the White River—the Bahr el Abiad—is the principal branch; and the sources of this great water-course have never yet been seen by Europeans. To trace it upwards, to discover the situation of its original fountains, is at present one of the chief objects of geographical research.

Twenty years ago there was scarcely a well-founded conjecture on the subject. The White Nile might come from the equator, or beyond it; might spring from the east or the west; might be the overflow of a lake or the drainage of a mountain. Tradition as old as the Ptolemies placed its source in the Mountains of the Moon; but these mountains were not forthcoming when looked for by modern travellers. The latitude first assigned to them was pretty nearly that of Khartoum itself; then it was the seventh degree; then the fourth degree; then the neighbourhood of the equator. At last, about the year 1840, an expedition equipped by the well-known Mohammed Ali ascended the White Nile as far as the fourth degree of north latitude, that is, about a thousand miles beyond Khartoum, as the crow flies, and found there, not the source of the river, and not the traditional mountains, but a hilly country, a great nation, and such impediments to further progress as caused the explorers to turn back and retrace their steps to Cairo. This expedition attracted a good deal of notice, and caused some very warm discussion. The discoverers quarrelled among themselves, and contradicted each other's testimony. The great river was still a quarter of a mile wide at the remote and interesting spot to which they had traced it; and at what farther distance, or in what direction, its source was to be looked for, remained undetermined. The weight of evidence, however, continued to point southward, and to sustain the belief that mountains would still be found somewhere; and within the last six or eight years this expectation has been confirmed in an unlooked-for way.

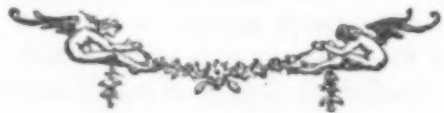
On the wild east coast of Africa—the coast washed by the Indian Ocean—a missionary settlement was formed, a few degrees south of the equator. From this settlement two daring men, Mr. Rebmann and Dr. Krapf, defying danger and difficulty, made their way across the mountainous ridges which rise abruptly from the coast, and, penetrating some distance into the interior, discovered there a great mountain capped with eternal snow. This mountain, called Kilimanjaro by the natives, appears not to stand alone, but to be perhaps the culminating point of an extended chain; and, as the snow-line in that latitude is as high as the top of Mount Ararat, these gigantic peaks are doubtless 20,000 feet above the sea-level, and may possibly be as lofty as the Andes.

Now the Kilimanjaro itself is probably not more than four hundred miles distant from the point to which the White Nile has already been traced; and there is therefore strong reason to believe that the source of the great river will at last be found among the glaciers of this snowy chain. It is for the purpose of settling this long-vexed question that the present Viceroy of Egypt has with great spirit fitted out a new expedition, which is already ascending the Nile. Count d'Escayrac de l'Auture commands it; a dozen European officers of varied attainments go with it; small steamboats are provided, together with a strong escort and all the means that science can suggest to insure success. The general instructions are, to push on in spite of every obstacle; and accounts of the progress that is made may be looked for with the greatest interest during the next two years.

There are, indeed, few subjects better worth attention than the progress of discovery in Africa. At last we are beginning to know something about it. The footprints of Dr. Livingstone have marked the great sign of the cross on the southern half of it. Dr. Barth and his companions have traversed the northern portion. Westward, a new voyage up the Niger is in preparation; and on the east, Captain Burton is about to follow up the discoveries of the missionaries. Every new attempt reveals more and more the value of such enterprise. Instead of immeasurable deserts, the interior of the continent is found to contain great lakes and rivers, forests and prairies, a vast population, and an inconceivable abundance of animal life. Strangely, too, and unexpectedly, the negro races appear to become nobler both in mind and body as the equator is approached. The kingdom of Bari, about the fourth degree of north latitude, contains a

nation of giants, with high foreheads, handsome limbs, a generous temper, and a quick intelligence; a nation cultivating its own fields, growing its own tobacco, and manufacturing its own iron. The opening up of European intercourse with these hitherto unknown tribes offers, indeed, the most exciting prospect to all sorts and conditions of men. Philanthropy may work here to its heart's content; science may rub its eyes, and commerce feel its mouth water. Here are perhaps a hundred millions of naked pagans in want of aprons, to say nothing of more elaborate clothing. Cotton-fields are here, and indigo and the sugar-cane, waiting for cultivation only. As to sport, the young Nimrods of our day must look for their golden age in Africa. A fox-hunt, when you have made the best of it, is but an indifferent road to glory; but to go down to an African lake at night-fall, with a troop of elephants behind, a rhinoceros in front, and a lion under the next mimosa, and after getting through these little difficulties and gaining the shore, to find ten crocodiles waiting there, each of them as long as one's dining-room, and with a pair of jaws opening as wide as one's legs, is something at least worth mentioning, and may give occasion to trials of strength by no means intended to be laughed at.

As to the Nile itself, the hopes excited by the Egyptian expedition are mingled with some grave anxieties. A lonely traveller with gentle and kindly manners may win his way unharmed through nations of rude barbarians; but the passage of an army of Turks is another affair. Offences will doubtless be given. At some point or other the progress of the expedition will be opposed by the natives. Blood will probably be shed; and even if the force provided be strong enough to overpower all resistance, there is reason to fear that a feeling of hostility may be aroused which may for a long time impede the advance of civilisation, and render the Upper Nile extremely dangerous to Europeans. It seems doubtful also to what extent the aid of steam will be found available above Khartoum. The rank luxuriance of tropical vegetation extends to the river-bed. Great reeds and the tall ambak-tree grow out of it. Masses of moss and fibre, the large white lotus, and plants with many-coloured flowers, spread over the surface of the water. Dead animals float upon it in vast numbers; and those cheerful fellows, the hippopotami, may turn up at any moment. These may prove serious impediments to paddles and screws, apart, even, from the question of fuel. But if the long-sought mountains are reached at last, and if, as is most likely, they are found to extend far into the equatorial interior, no sacrifice will have been too great for the importance of this discovery. A mountain is a great deal more than a geological curiosity. Where there are eternal snows there are perpetual streams; and water is the native element of human civilisation. It is curious to notice how the want of it affects mankind. The interior of Australia is one of the driest regions on the face of the earth, and is peopled by one of the lowest races. The most arid portions of Africa produce the negro type in its worst form. Greece, on the other hand, is full of fountains; England is an island in the sea; America grows rich by water privilege; and Paradise was in Mesopotamia. If Central Africa is mountainous it is certainly habitable, and is probably already peopled by superior races. The streams flowing southward towards Lake Ngami are large and numerous, and their waters are very cold. As the Nile runs northward for at least 3000 miles to the Mediterranean, the continent of course slopes upwards from the sea to the equator. Khartoum is 1500 feet above the sea. The kingdom of Bari must be as elevated as the valley of Chamouni. Every thing indicates the presence of a great highland district not yet explored, and the discovery of the snowy Kilimanjaro has probably brought us at last to the half-fabulous Mountains of the Moon.



OUR FLITTING: A HOUSEHOLD SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

It was settled we were to have a flitting. Not like that, the first "flitting" I ever heard of, and well I mind hearing it, and could repeat every word of the old ballad, though my memory is rather waning in the matter of poetry,—not, I say, like that celebrated "Flittin'."

"When Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld master and neebors sae dear."

A "wee kist,"—alack! when I went over our seven rooms, all filled with furniture, and our eighth room, into which was crammed the furniture of six more, I confess I rather envied Lucy.

But it must be. The Fates,—an underground kitchen, a roof which in wet weather had the admirable and irremediable peculiarity of serving at once as ceiling and shower-bath, together with a few other family reasons,—decreed the change. We made up our minds, and consulted our landlord, who agreed to let us off our term if we could find an in-coming tenant. Then, as a grand climax, I bought (price twopence) and exhibited to my admiring family-circle, a printed advertisement which informed the world at large of "This House and Shop to let." This we pasted on mill-board, ingeniously excising the "shop;" as, though we were certainly traders, and very hard-working traders indeed, our wares were not usually visible save in circulating-libraries.

So, formally, laughingly, and perhaps rather sorrowfully, putting the announcement in our pretty bow-window, we sat and waited the result.

Of course we expected inquirers, and we had them in troops. We were too pretty to be left unsought for long. Every body seemed to admire us. First came a small young man with an infinitesimal beard, who talked of making our back bedroom "into a studio," and looked a dignified negation when, in reply to some remark about his mother, I observed "that I supposed his mother wanted to take the house."

"No, madam, I take the house." But he didn't.

Then, passing over some half-dozen inquiries which resulted in nothing, was a decent, plump, elderly gentleman from the City, whose equally decent, plump, elderly wife came over the next morning from Camberwell all in a flutter and heat, and informed me how "Mr. Ivering (or some similar name) had taken *such* a liking to the 'ouse," at the smallness of which she was greatly discomfited, until she fell in love with the kitchen-oven. "Sich a beautiful hoven!" Upon which she became complacent, thought she really would make the house do, as Mr. Ivering liked it so exceedingly, and began to confide to me various particulars as to her furniture, &c.

"You see, ma'am, we have a lot of furniture about us—large furniture too. We've been 'ousekeepers a long time. We shouldn't know what to do with all our lumber. We couldn't find room for much lumber in this pretty little place, could we?"

"No, certainly not." And I inwardly thanked our own common sense that *we* had no lumber.

"Still, it is sich a pretty place. And sich a beautiful hoven. Mr. Ivering didn't tell me of the hoven. But there would be a deal to put up with, you see, ma'am. Carpets, too,"—and fanning herself, she cast rather a patronising glance on our own beautiful and beloved palm-leaf carpet, chosen with such artistic taste and skill,—"*it* was only yesterday that we bought a new carpet."

"Perhaps it would suit these rooms?"

"O, no; not at all. A lovely large-patterned carpet, with a white ground and great bunches of flowers—all colours. It wouldn't suit here at all."

"Probably not." I doubted if any thing which was the visible expression of your taste *would* suit, worthy Mrs. Ivering, in our poor pretty drawing-room.

"But then, you see, the carpet is only bought, not laid down. We might give it away—to our married daughter." And her rosy warm face assumed a smiling pride. "I have a married daughter, ma'am—Elizabeth—Mrs. Josiah Evans—married last January, much to our satisfaction. The carpet would exactly do for Elizabeth."

And again she looked down upon our sober palm-leaves, as if inwardly exulting that Mrs. Josiah Evans's drawing-room would not be afflicted by "such a common thing."

"Do you think, then, the house would suit?"

"Maybe, ma'am; I don't know. I must come again, and bring my daughter Elizabeth. She has great good sense—Elizabeth. It was a sad loss to us, her marriage."

But for fear I should have to listen to the whole courtship, &c. of the said Elizabeth, with reversions to all the other members of Mrs. Ivering's family, I apologised—dinner being waiting—and left the good lady to sit and cool herself ere departing.

She did depart. I hope Mrs. Josiah Evans got her "lovely" carpet; but certainly we never got our tenant *in prospectu*.

Next, or rather appearing and disappearing at intervals among the other applicants, was a circumambient gentleman, who for the space of three weeks used to pop in at all sorts of unnatural hours, and investigate us over and over again, from bedroom to coal-cellars: a very respectable middle-aged gentleman, who evidently had the strongest hankering after our house, and the utmost incapability of making up his mind to take it. The cause of indecision was, he said, a wife in Wales, without whose approbation it was quite impossible to proceed further in the business. The wife was detained day by day by the illness of the baby, who had been vaccinated; all which particulars the melancholy spouse used to communicate confidentially over the kitchen-fire on his periodical visits to know if the house was let.

"If it isn't let when his wife comes home, he'll be sure to take it," was the decided opinion of our cook, to whom the disconsolate parent of the vaccinated baby unsealed his woes.

But by this time so many probable tenants had vanished that we above stairs only incredulously smiled. We had grown used to being "a house to let," and almost doubted whether we should not remain such for a whole half-year.

Yet applications kept doubling and trebling. Our meals, our work, our evening circle, were alike broken upon by—"Some one wanting to look at the house, ma'am."

At last we learnt to sit calmly, never even turning round or lifting our eyes when these intruders appeared. We ceased to comment or speculate upon them, determined to take things easy, and forget, if possible, the large-lettered fact in the window which proclaimed that we were only sojourners, householders and inhabitants no more.

But one Saturday morning came a foreign couple,—the lady fascinating in black eyes, the gentleman in broken English. These, after testifying most voluble admiration of our house, left, with the intention of going at once to the landlord, and taking it immediately.

"This looks like business," said I to my sister, who sat criticising black eyes and foreign manners in general. "And even if they failed, there is the gentleman with the wife in Wales, coming home in three days, he says, and sure to like it. Then they'll be wanting it at quarter-day—only a fortnight to come. We shall certainly find ourselves without a roof over our heads."

"Bivouac in Regent's Park," suggested incorrigible Incredulity.

"Nonsense! We really ought to look for a house. It can do no harm, and it might be rather amusing."

My sister, who is of an elastic temperament, caught at the last word; and we made ready for a day's "out"—a pleasant holiday at all times.

Having already decided on our future locality,—a little way out of London,—we started, intending to catch the train.

But fate forbade. The bright March day gloomed over, and right up from the wind's eye came a pelting shower, which we breasted as long as we could, but finally were driven, in half-drenched humiliation, to the refuge of a baker's shop. There, for a pitiful half-hour, we stood watching that dreary scene, a London rain-storm, commenting on the less fortunate passers-by, or the splashing of the great drops all down the shiny pavement, and especially on a costermonger's donkey, who stood patiently to be drowned, with his soaked ears bent, and the most abject wretchedness depicted on his asinine physiognomy. A perfect "Land-seer" he might have been painted into, if Sir Edwin ever could condescend to low life in his wonderful animal biographies.

But we lost our train.

"Never mind," said my sister; "don't you see the rain is clearing off at the wind's eye—and a beautiful blue eye it is, too. We might still go house-hunting in another direction. What do you say to H—?"

Now privately, in my own mind, I longed for H—. The first couple I ever married—(reader, this remark is all in a professional way, the solution to be found, as aforesaid, in circulating-libraries)—I located comfortably in an imaginary house at H—, flanked by some not at all imaginary fir-trees. And at H— the wind blows freely over a sweep of wide champaign, and one can walk freely, and breathe freely, along heaths and hill-tops, and feel a little nearer the sky than in any region about London. Yes, decidedly; we will look for a house at H—.

The "wind's eye," which my sister's steadily followed, —probably with a certain fellow-feeling—grew broader, brighter, and bluer. The rain ceased, and the sun came out. Every thing was favourable for our house-hunting.

We reached the place, discussing its advantages and disadvantages. It was many years since we had been there—many and momentous years. A number of errant thoughts ran about invisibly,—some gamboling, some barking at us like refractory hounds, up and down the queer old winding street. But it was necessary to chain them up, and proceed to business.

"We shall surely find a house-agency. We must inquire for one."

So we accordingly did, receiving in answer the lucid direction, that it was next door to Smith the grocer's. Upon which, not being familiar with Smith the grocer, we had to hunt him up and down the place, wearily, for half-an-hour.

Rents in H— were awful! quite impossible to be paid by folk in *our* line of business. "Desirable residences" of ninety pounds per annum; excellent villas, "with every convenience for a genteel family," only a hundred and twenty pounds! We shuddered; for our humble requirements were—No matter.

"Indeed, ladies, I have only two houses on my list of that rent," said the house-agent. "You can see them if you like;" and he wrote out cards to view with an indifferent air of bland superiority.

So we retired, greatly amused, and suffering no severe pangs from the fact that we could not pay a hundred and twenty pounds a-year house-rent. Besides,—the air was so fresh, the spring sunshine so warm, and the picturesque old place showed us such charming "bits" *en passant*,—our sources of enjoyment were quite independent of hard cash.

Up through some quaint lanes, guarded by bare motionless trees, in whose branches you could fancy the sap just rising, and had faith to believe there would be leaves some time, we lingered, talking and laughing, but could not find the house whither we were bound. I proposed attacking a wandering milk-boy, who went lazily along swinging his cans, his eyes fixed skyward contemplatively—a rather rare peculiarity with milk-boys.

"Eh!—Ivy Lodge? It's over there, I fancy."

"Ivy Lodge, did you want?" kindly asked a respectable

housekeeper-looking woman coming up. "It's somewhere in that quarter; but I don't exactly know the house."

"Ivy Lodge?" added a benevolent laundress, approaching with her basket. "Yes, you'll find it there. Them's the chimneys. A very nice little place, too."

"To be let, I understand?"

"Can't say. We don't wash for the family. But it's as pretty a little place as there is in all H—."

"That sounds favourable," observed my sister; "and generous, considering that the good woman doesn't wash for the family."

So, escaping from the group who were taking such a kind interest in our proceedings, and who now stood stock-still to converse with and gaze at us,—housekeeper, laundress, milk-boy, and all,—we made the best of our way to Ivy Lodge.

A pretty nook, unrivalled in its compact smallness. The very door-knocker had a delicacy of form and tenuity of sound quite fairy-like. No uncanny or unwelcome hands ought ever to touch it. And we had a vision of many friendly fingers that might possibly make welcome acquaintance with it when the door became our door.

No. Our first entrance there dispelled that dream. It was the daintiest little nest, all "in apple-pie order," like the mistress who came out of her neat drawing-room,—herself as neat "as a new pin," from every hair in her smooth braids to every bugle on her elaborately trimmed and inimitably fitting velvet jacket,—and politely showed us her house. Such a wonderful larder; such a charming china-closet; such cosie wee bedrooms!—in the which we, travel-stained and weary, almost hesitated to adventure our muddy boots.

But in vain. The place was not half large enough. "Friends from London," which the lady informed us she had frequently inhabiting her spare room, would in our case have had to colonise, like rooks, in the neighbouring trees. And the garden—which my sister so longed for—why, she might as well have practised horticulture on the coal-cellar roof. Our own was a Chatsworth compared to it.

"It is indeed small, very small," said the lady deprecatingly. "That is the only fault we have to find with it—Mr. Jarvis and I. We have always been accustomed to large rooms. We think one of the Regent's-Park Terraces will suit us better; or the new Italian villas in the Holloway Road. Do you know them?"

"O yes," I said, with considerable meekness, not wishing to be too explicit.

"But," continued Mrs. Jarvis, with the greatest amiability, "for those who *prefer* a cottage, I would recommend this entirely." And again she ran over the list of its perfections, always ending with the "charming china-closet," sighing now and then over the sad necessity of being obliged to leave it, even for the Regent's-Park mansions or the Italian villas.

All in vain. My sister, who has—though she will not own it—a slight leaning towards stately chambers, manorial halls, and picturesque pleasure-grounds, was in haste to be gone. But I—a woman of less lofty appreciations—could not help a vague longing after the pretty snuggeries which Mrs. Jarvis kept in such order, where Mr. Jarvis probably came weary home of evenings, and where on Sundays the "friends from London" luxuriated in the tiny spare bedroom, and the wide open view beyond those slender poplars, whence the wind would travel freshly up for miles and miles.

But it could not be. For us Ivy Lodge was quite out of the question now and for evermore.

"Now for the next house. My lad,"—and I turned to our friend the milk-boy, who this moment emerged round the corner, just as before, swinging his cans and contemplating the sky,— "how far is it to C— Street?"

He gave us a comical "here-they-are-again" sort of smile; explained with great civility and intelligence not only the distance but the way; and as we went down

the hill, we saw him stand watching our movements with evident interest.

"What a nice face he has!" exclaimed my sister. "If ever we come to live at H—, that boy shall be our milk-boy."

But the lad's elevation to this desirable post grew every minute more problematical. "Elegant villas," "mansions," in plenty, but nothing like our sort of house was to be found. One only we saw; and, it not being to let at all, were free to take immediate possession of it—in imagination. My sister proposed that we encamp in the vale below, and live watching it, as Sir Roland lived in sight of his love at Nonnenwerth, until the right owner disappeared from this mortal scene, or vacated in our favour.

Finally, in great hopelessness, we took the road homewards.

"But we may as well just look at the second house," said I.

"It's in a street—I hate streets. I know it won't do."

"Let us try;" and I consulted the card. "Blank Cottage, Blank Street. Where is Blank Street, my boy?"

For there he was again; and there, as my sister declared, I brought him quite naturally into the conversation—our inevitable all-pervading milk-boy. She burst out laughing—so did he, and turning to her his brown merry face, all beaming with admiring satisfaction, the little fellow a third time gave us a long string of topographical information.

"Turn to your right till you comes to the square; then cross by a baker's shop; then along till you sees a grocer's; then turn to your left, hopposite a house where they sells tobacco and beer."

"Stop, stop, I can't make it out."

The milk-boy just looked at me as if to say, "Madam, I didn't suppose you could; I warn't a-speaking to *you*;" and in his gentlest and most intelligent voice repeated the information to the younger and favourite of his interlocutors. Then heartily thanking him,—and I beg to observe *only* thanking him, as we consider it a great error and a great insult to the poorer classes that they should be taught to do solely for lucre's sake little civilities which the richer do from simple kindness,—we left our milk-boy for good and a'.

Far down the long town dragging our tired limbs, watching the sun sink, with the celebrated lament of that most virtuous but most priggish of emperors, Titus—*Perdidi diem*—we were becoming in mournful case. At a corn-dealer's shop we saw stuck up, "A small cottage to let," and rushed in with avidity.

"How many rooms has it?"

"Three rooms, ma'am," said the round-faced corn-chandler's wife; adding, with a subdued smile, "it's a *small* cottage, ladies."

To which we assented, and retired in discomfiture.

Up and down in every possible direction did we seek for the second house, and primarily for the address of the person who had the key. At length we found the house, but were another half-hour discovering the possessor of the key. Then—muddled, foot-sore, and not in the sunniest of moods—we followed a big man and a big dog to investigate this, apparently the only house in all H— that was likely to suit us.

No; the investigation was useless. In vain did the worthy big man open shutters and expatiate on the merits of those gloomy musty rooms; in vain did his dog, with probably an immediate instinct of rats, bound hither and thither, upstairs and downstairs, scratching and whining in the liveliest manner; in vain did our excellent guide, as a climax to all his inducements, inform us that the next-door neighbour was Mr. Somebody, of the — Theatre; and that at the bottom of this garden was the garden of Mr. So-and-so—"the celebrated Mr. So-and-so, who did such and such;" I eschew names, the "party" being our personal acquaintance. My sister suggested, *sotto voce*, whether it would not be advisable to take the house, if only for the advantage—the sole one we could see—of going to the next

of our neighbour's soirées by leaping in our silks and muslins over the garden-wall! But even that allurements failed. We quitted the gloomy, dirty, Londonified house, and gave up H—in despair.

"Yet, how fresh and pleasant the air is!" said I, thinking fondly of the breeze round Ivy Lodge, and of that impossible cottage not to be let, which stood on the hill-top, commanding miles of country. "It would be nice in some things. The situation is so high."

"And so are the taxes and the rent and the provisions. Besides, they do say water is so scarce that you have to buy it at twopence a pail."

This was a crushing argument—an overwhelming consolation.

"And besides, our own house is not let—it may not be. All is for the best. We have had a day's holiday."

"And you must allow that, as I said, it was very amusing."

So we comforted ourselves after the "sour-grapes" fashion, and went home.

A quiet Sunday, a shut-up hard-working Monday, during which not a single intruder disturbed our privacy to know "if this house was to be let." The foreign gentleman and lady never reappeared, nor did the forlorn gentleman with the wife in Wales. We consoled ourselves for our various mischances in house-hunting by these failures in house-letting; tried to settle down and assure ourselves, perhaps with an involuntary satisfaction, that no tenant would be found, and that we should have to stay here till our term was out.

We resolved to ignore entirely the bill in the front window, shut the folding-doors, and retire to the inner room. There, sitting at our cheerful dinner-table, we related to an equally cheerful guest our adventures and misadventures of the previous Saturday, interspersed with portraits and imitations by my satirical sister of our various H— friends, including the milk-boy, the laundress, the corn-dealer's wife, and especially the obliging and precise lady of Ivy Lodge, whom I have called Mrs. Jarvis.

"A charming cottage, ladies. For those who like cottages, quite perfect of its kind. Excellent garden—ten feet by twelve; coal-cellar close to the drawing-room door; and the most inimitable china-closet! I assure you, even the Italian villa we are in search of—" The folding-doors opened, and there stood our grave domestic.

"A lady and gentleman wanting to see the house."

"Very well."

A smothered pause of attempted gravity. My sister, sitting with her back to the folding-doors, bent steadily over her plate, and did not cast a glance at the new-comers. But I, who sat confronting them as they just looked in, and politely turned their attention to the front room,—I, who recognised instantaneously the face, the voice, the bland precise manners—it was a trying moment.

"What is the matter?" asked my sister in an agonised whisper.

"What is the matter?" said my friend, stuffing up her mouth with her handkerchief.

I could only mutely implore silence, for the lady and gentleman were still in the next room. We listened, in a state of suppressed suffocation, until their retreating footsteps were heard going upstairs; then I faltered out two broken words—

"Mrs. Jarvis!"

Such an extraordinary coincidence—such a truly dramatic situation! We could not help admiring it in a strictly professional way, and taking quite an artistic pleasure in the *dénouement*. Comment we made none; but my sister started up amidst convulsions of laughter, and once more gave us to the life Mrs. Jarvis exhibiting "this charming china-closet," "our excellent larder," the "garden, which is small, very small, certainly;" together with myself following meekly after, with a painful consciousness of that lady's irreproachable neatness, unattainable grandeur, and of my own bent bonnet and muddiest of boots.

Again appeared our handmaiden of the solemn mien.

"The lady and gentleman wish to speak to you about the house."

I pointed for them to be shown into the front drawing-room, and rushed out into the passage to compose myself. There, face to face, I met Mrs. Jarvis.

"I believe—"

"I am almost sure that—"

"Very singular coincidence!"

"Were you not the lady who looked over my house on Saturday?"

"Certainly I was."

"I told Mr. Jarvis so; I remembered you at once. Very curious circumstance; quite a fatality. We have been laughing about it upstairs."

And then we all indulged in a friendly cachination, which proved by no means a bad introduction to business.

Yes, there was a fatality about the coincidence, which, amid the immensities of London life, was sufficiently remarkable. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis greatly inclined to our house; we greatly inclined to Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis. And when the former decided immediately to go to the landlord, and with straightforward gentlemanly decision, and a certain pleasant *bouhomie*,—with which, his wife observed, he finds out the weak side of all her acquaintances,—requested to know whether he might carry with him my "preference" for themselves as tenants, I gave a hearty and unqualified affirmative.

The next day Mrs. Jarvis again appeared, graciously smiling: "We took your house yesterday."

N.B. Neither she nor I ever made the smallest allusion to the Regent's-Park Terraces, or the Italian villas in the Holloway Road.

* * * * *

Ay, the bill is removed from our bow-window, and it looks just as before. The morning sun creeps in and rests on the little carved oak-table where last summer used to stand my favourite Cape jasmine, and on the outside balcony where the fuchsias and the scarlet geraniums grew. From our gate we can yet see through the window the white glitter of the marble Venus keeping watch over the fireside. Every thing looks quite natural, familiar, and as it used to look.

But our bow-window wears a hypocritical smile; but Venus is—when is she not?—a beautiful deceit. Home-like appearances are false; we are here a house—let.

In a week from this time our place will know us no more. We shall hear no more the incessant piano of our musical neighbour, nor her shrill soprano which every day for the last 365 has informed us of "Robert, toi que j'aime," and added thereto the fact that her "heart was a free and a fetterless thing." We shall see no more of evenings gleaming through the skeleton windows of the unfinished houses opposite (that for two years have remained "carcasses to be sold"), fragments cut tantalisingly out of glorious sunsets, that we know are shining in their beautiful entirety on one or two spots we wot of far away.

No—we are let. Our new house is chosen; the day is fixed for the flitting. Yet as all change is painful, our thoughts will, I dare say, for many weeks to come, steal back and run up and down the staircases and in and out of the known rooms, where so many ghosts must sit—some with fair faces, some with sad—for evermore.

Yet, let bygones be bygones:

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

DESIGN FOR A PAIR OF MODEL COTTAGES

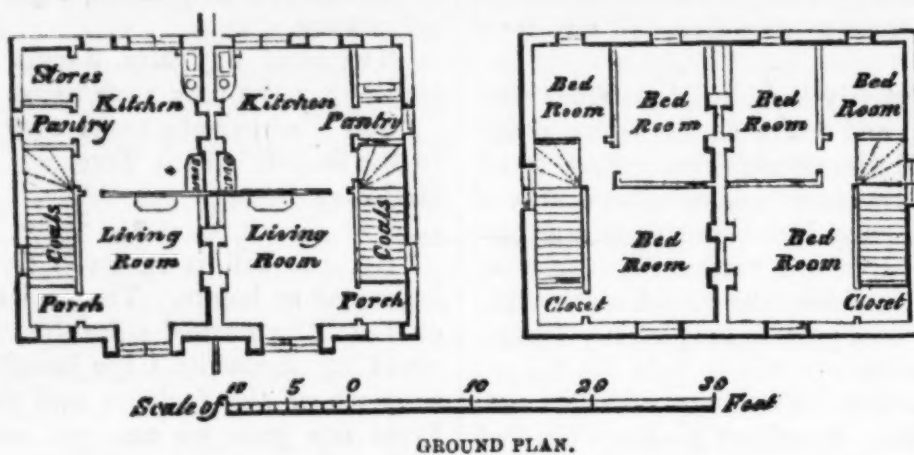
FOR LABOURERS, MECHANICS, ETC.

By E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHITECT.

"My leading doctrine is," said Fallenberg of Hofwyl, "that to make poor people better, it is necessary to make them more comfortable;" and the sound common sense and human-



DESIGN FOR A PAIR OF MODEL COTTAGES FOR LABOURERS, MECHANICS, ETC.



ity of the remark will doubtless be endorsed by most of our readers. They will go farther, and allow with Dr. Dwight that, "uncouth, mean, ragged, dirty houses constituting the body of any town, will regularly be accompanied by coarse and grovelling manners." But in these days, when the importance of providing healthy homes for the stamina of our population is so fully acknowledged, no apology is needed for the effort to produce a maximum of accommodation at a minimum of expense. Much inquiry and experience have, however, established the conclusion, recently allowed in an official quarter, that it is not feasible to provide a really substantial and comfortable erection, fulfilling all the requirements implied by the term *model cottage*, for a sum on which the usual tempting rate of interest on building-investments may be calculated; and we think it only right to warn our readers against the indulgence of Arcadian dreams on the subject. In the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population, it is stated as Mr. Loudon's opinion, that "no landed proprietor ought to charge more for the land on which cottages are built than he would receive for it from a farmer, if let as part of a farm; and no more rent ought to be charged for the cost of building the cottage and enclosing the garden than the same sum would yield if invested in land, or at all events, not more than can be obtained by Government securities." Nevertheless it is needless for us here to dilate on the duty incumbent on capitalists to provide cottages for their humble dependents in which the two great requirements of health and convenience shall be fulfilled; as to neglect of these may be safely ascribed, not only most of the contagious disorders which carry sorrow and trouble among the highest as well as the lowest, but

also much of the immorality and discontent which often characterise the lower orders of society. Disgusted with their miserable hovels, none can wonder that uncultivated minds should seek elsewhere for relief; and the rebound touches at least those who could have obviated the consequences of such wretchedness and desolation.

In towns, model lodging-houses are for many reasons to be preferred; but in country districts, for which the accompanying design is adapted, homes for the labouring classes should be either single or in pairs; and the latter is desirable in case of illness and with respect to social feelings, as well as for reasons of economy and external effect. If two connected cottages are planned so that a north and south line passes through the angles, the principal front facing the south-east, the sun will shine on all sides during the day; a point of much importance not attained in a long range, against which there are forcible objections. The least accommodation should comprise a living-room, kitchen, and not less than three bedrooms, if the decent proprieties of life are to be fostered in the family of a man with sons and daughters. The kitchen is to be provided with oven, copper, sink, pump, towel-roller, ironing-boards (which may be hung on hinges, so as to form the window-shutter, the bar for security being the supporting leg), and range for cooking; thus rendering it possible to keep the living-room always clean, and in that neatness and order which is as conducive to the healthiness of mind of the inmates as pleasing to others to view. Unless there is a pantry, food will be thrown about, become dirty, and unfit for consumption, contaminating also the air; and a cellar should be provided for coals and wood. The front-door must never open into the living-room; but a porch is essential, and in it pins

for coats and hats are to be fixed. The staircase should communicate with the porch, so that it is unnecessary to enter the living-room to arrive at the bedrooms; and the space for the stairs ought to be open and well lighted and ventilated, not forming a gloomy recess, or an excretion, in the middle of the cottage, down which the children are ever pertinaciously tumbling. The fixtures proper to the living-room include a dresser (for the crockery is an important item in the furniture to be displayed to all comers), a dwarf closet by the fireplace with a shelf for books above, a neat mantelpiece, and a stove with *fixed* fender. The kitchen and living-room should communicate directly, and a back-door from the former is necessary. On the upper floor, at least one closet for clothes is desirable. The bedrooms are sometimes arranged below, but they are preferable above; as such building is more economical, less walling and excavation being requisite, the staircase costing little, and the space under it being useful. It is also far more healthy to have bedrooms upstairs, as they are thus drier, airier, and comparatively free from the steam and effluvia arising from cooking and cleansing operations; the external appearance of the erection is improved, the temperature of the lower rooms is more uniform, and, from the increased length of the flues, the smoke is less liable to return. It is scarcely needful to say, that arrangements by which it is imperative to go through one bedroom to another are at once to be condemned.

A substratum of gravel is the best soil for building; and when dampness is apprehended, or the foundation is bad, concrete (six gravel to one lime) should be used twice the width of the footings of the walls and one foot in depth. A layer of slates, cement, asphalt, or gas-tar and sand, laid over the surface of the walls, six inches above the ground-level, tend to prevent damp rising. The drainage is of great importance. The cottage should be slightly elevated, and a manure-tank formed at a distance, into which *all* the refuse is to be conducted in four-inch stone-ware pipes, properly trapped to prevent the return of noxious gases. The water falling on the roof is to be led in three-inch glazed stone-ware pipes to a tank; and one will serve for the two cottages. Each room should be ventilated by means of two air-bricks at the level of the skirting, the opening being covered on the inside with perforated zinc (sixty apertures to the square inch); and the vitiated air is to be carried off by means of one of Arnott's ventilators communicating with the flue just below the ceiling-level: when there is no flue, an opening must be made in the ceiling. All the fireplaces are to be kept in the interior walls, thus retaining the warmth as much as possible (open fireplaces, with their cheerful light, are preferable to close stoves); and two only of the bedrooms need be provided with them. Shutters aid the retention of warmth, but are not absolute requisites in labourers' cottages.

One-sixth of an acre is the least quantity of ground to be appropriated for each cottage, and of this a few yards should extend in front for flowers: being next the road, the industrious labourer will naturally take a pride in their appearance. Creepers trained up the walls of cottages have a pleasing effect. The cottage, we may mention, ought not to be placed parallel with the road, but at an angle, to obtain a view sideways as well as in front.

The accompanying design is submitted as combining all the requirements named, without any loss of space whatever; thus involving the cheapest form and presenting a simply characteristic external effect. It is needless to say much in the way of description, as the engravings are sufficiently explanatory, and the preceding remarks illustrate the points which have commanded attention. The clear height of the floors is eight feet six inches; and much expense is saved by bringing down the roof as low as possible. The accommodation given and the size of the rooms are of the minimum description, and the ground-plan is varied; it being thus left optional to place the closets behind, at a distance, with a *covered* receptacle for dust, which, without

such a provision, would probably be thrown about any where. Cost, about 270*l.* probably for the pair.

We purpose giving on a future occasion another design; and shall then enter into constructive matters, and jot down a few memoranda of the least costly materials appropriate to different parts of the country.

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

V



HE excellent Herbert Disney was not the only person who regarded the proceedings of Miss Latrobe and the Fusilier with disfavour. Mrs. Parker, their hostess, although, as hath been stated, an extremely good-natured person, had certain opinions and prejudices of her own, and upon occasion could stand by them with pertinacity. It is needless to say that Charles Llewellyn had

not troubled his cousin with any confidences touching his marriage; and that Mrs. Maria Parker, in common with the rest of the world, believed that splendid soldier to be in the matrimonial market. Now Mrs. Parker's admiration of him was something touching; it was to be revered and treated tenderly. Ordinarily we delight—as much from spite as from love of truth—to force open the eyes of honest parasites and idolaters, and to insist upon their seeing and acknowledging, the holes in the coats of their idols; but this no person could be wantonly cruel enough to attempt in the case of Mrs. Parker and her captain-cousin. Her adoration of him was instinctive and genuine, and not to be derided. And, as touching the market in question, Maria had settled in her own mind the price at which Charley Llewellyn was to go; and it ranged between some young countess with a handsome dowry, and some young heiress whose want of title might be atoned for by her title-deeds. These were about the figures at which Captain Llewellyn was to be quoted.

Therefore, when she perceived the flirtation between her cousin and our pretty Georgiana, and perceived, too, that it was making Mr. Disney very uncomfortable, Maria Parker felt doubly wronged. Her great vexation, of course, was that her brilliant captain should be taking measures for throwing himself away. But her mind was also vexed that Miss Latrobe, whom, apart from her presumption in dreaming of the Fusilier, Mrs. Parker liked very heartily, should behave herself unkindly to the painter. And Maria con-

sidered within herself what she should do to replace the trio in their right places. Herein Mrs. Parker gave a new instance of the folly of trying to do good. There is sure to be some secret in the background which turns all your efforts of that sort into absurdities, and therefore you had much better be lazy and selfish, and let things alone. This is a little moral which I humbly conceive may be acceptable just now, as contrasting in flavour with the customary admonitions of the season.

Divers were the plans which suggested themselves to Mrs. Parker for disentangling the captain from Georgiana. At one time she thought of seriously remonstrating with him upon the attentions which he had paid the young lady; and for meeting her (as he certainly did) at the Chiswick fête, and for going up to a box in which he perceived her at the Olympic Theatre. But, besides that she stood in some reasonable awe of her distinguished relation, she had a feminine relish for managing matters with as much subtlety as possible; and therefore she eschewed the direct way, which probably would have elicited a satisfactory explanation from Lewellyn, and took an indirect one, of which the result shall be seen. Having desired that when Mr. Disney should call, after the party, he should be apprised that she wished to see him, and that gentleman's attention to the proprieties having brought him to Pimlico within what, as an artist and literary man, he considered quite early time for performing the usual social duty, namely, a fortnight, Mrs. Parker found herself *côte-à-côte* with the young painter.

"Have you seen Georgiana Latrobe to-day?" asked the lady, when the ordinary prologue had been spoken, and the yelling of the Pimlico peripatetics had been duly anathematized, as it is to this day by every one who sets foot in the disturbed district.

"To-day! O dear no. Not for many days. I met her soon after your party. I don't think I have seen her since."

"You are joking, of course, Mr. Disney. Tell me, when did you see her?"

"Indeed I am not joking, Mrs. Parker," said Herbert. "Why should you think so?"

"Well, then, if it is true,—but you will only set me down for a woman who meddles in other people's business. And yet Georgy is a dear little girl, and I love her, and I seem to have a right to talk about her."

"Miss Latrobe is a very pleasant person to talk about. Indeed, quite as pleasant to talk about as to talk to."

"You are the last person to say that, and to hope to be believed."

"I should like to know why, Mrs. Parker," said Mr. Disney, who was rather full of his grievances, and, knowing it, was afraid to trust himself with much discourse on the subject.

"Come, come, don't be mysterious with me, Mr. Herbert," said Mrs. Parker. "I am an old friend of Georgy's, and in her confidence. Now, you know, I know all about it. And if you say to me that you have not seen her for some days, I shall drive across and hear what it means."

"I should not like to prevent your having a pleasant drive; but I am at a loss, I assure you, to understand what my not having seen Miss Latrobe can mean, except that I have not happened to call, and we have not happened to meet."

"I like you very much, Mr. Herbert Disney."

"And I deserve that you should like me," replied the painter; "and I mean that you should go on liking me, madam."

"Yes, but all that would be at an end if I believed that you were behaving ill to Georgiana Latrobe."

"Behaving ill, in a lady's dictionary, has but one meaning," said Disney; "and as we have gone so far, I suppose I had better say in earnest, my dear Mrs. Parker, that I don't comprehend why you should use the words. They imply, of course, that I have been in a position in which I *could* act unworthily in reference to that lady. Now, as nothing—"

"There, do not make me angry with you. I have told

you that I am in Georgiana's confidence, and therefore you ought not to speak to me in that way."

"I can only suppose, dear Mrs. Parker, that we are at some kind of cross purposes, and when they are explained, we shall laugh."

"I would turn you out of the room at once," said Mrs. Parker seriously, "if it were not for my regard for Georgy, which makes me overlook rudeness to myself. And I will speak very plainly to you for her sake. If you are playing with her affections, you are acting a part of which you ought to be ashamed."

"I playing with—"

"Because," continued Mrs. Parker, working herself up into earnestness, "she is a dear warm-hearted girl, who will give her heart but once, and break it if it is trampled upon."

"But I have no idea of trampling upon it," Herbert tried to put in.

"It is true that she has no fortune, and that in a girl's noble and single-minded reliance upon your love, and confidence in your genius and success, she has forgotten that, and preferred to take her chance with you to marrying where more immediate worldly advantages offered; but if you are to turn round upon her for that, and insult her pride and wound her heart for a frankness and confidingness which you ought to feel are an honour to you, I don't know what answer you will be able to give your own conscience."

And here Mrs. Parker introduced a gush of real tears, being somewhat largely gifted with the invaluable faculty of self-excitement.

"After what you have said, Mrs. Parker," said Herbert, "it is perfectly evident to me that I have not been so fully admitted to Miss Latrobe's confidence as you have. In fact—"

"Ah! you allow, then, that she had a right to say such things to me, Mr. Disney. Well, that is something—indeed I may call it manly and candid of you. But that you should affect to quarrel with a girl like Georgiana, who has given you her whole heart and soul, is more than I can understand. One would think that with such a treasure in your keeping you would be too much in earnest for such silliness."

"I scarcely know how to answer you without—"

"I dare say not. I do not want any answer. I am an old woman; but I know what all this means, and I am aware that you could say nothing that would not be to some extent humiliating to you. So you shall say nothing. I dare say I spoke harshly. I always do when I am sincere; and Georgiana Latrobe is a child for whom there is nothing that I would not do. I am more pleased with you now, and I shall be quite reconciled to you, I dare say, when I come to think over what you have said. You must let me make it up between you and Georgy—no, she is too high-minded a person, and so are you, to be pushed together like two children after a quarrel; but you call in Charlotte Street to-morrow, and speak as if you had met yesterday. Will you promise this?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Disney. Indeed there was not much else for him to say.

"Very well," said Mrs. Parker, rising and taking him by both hands, "that is very good of you. And now please to go away; for I am a foolish person, and I must go and lie down after our little scene. Good bye, and remember your promise."

And she made his retreat a matter of necessity by her own retreat into another room, and thence upstairs.

It was of course impossible for Mr. Disney to think over the scene that had passed until he got out of the howling wilderness. But he made for the street of Hugo Lupus, and so for Vauxhall Bridge; and at that distance the hideous Voices of the Day had blended into one cry, but too distant to torture the ear and distract the mind. And he paid the toll, and set himself to work out the money by walking up and down with his hands behind him, and musing after the following fashion:

"That Mrs. Parker is a queer person. I never saw her

so much in earnest. No mistake about her crying, either; but then a woman can always cry. However, they don't usually weep over other people's troubles. Yes, I think there was real feeling in it. And so Georgiana has been making confidences to her. She feels my staying away, does she? And who has she to thank for it? I am incapable, I hope, of behaving ungenerously to a girl who has placed her destiny in my hands [yah, you vain idiot]; but what was her conduct on the night of Mrs. Parker's ball? I have punished her; but she ought to confess that she deserved it. Well, there's an end of that. It has answered its purpose capitally, in making me aware of her feelings towards me; and Mrs. Parker certainly put our mutual positions in a very fair light. Georgiana knows that I shall have to make a struggle, and is content to share it with me; and she is assured that hereafter I shall achieve success and fame. What odd creatures they are! She never gave me a word of encouragement of this kind, or ever let me think that she even appreciated me. They are odd creatures, and heaps of contradictions. But should we love them were they otherwise? As for Georgiana,—by Jove, what a good face it is when she smiles! I have never quite hit it off; but I will, one of these days. I have a great mind to write to her to-night; let's see, what excuse shall I make—?"

Etc. etc. etc. etc.

He said a great deal more, and I think quite took out the value of his toll in his promenading; but this specimen will show you into what state of mind Mrs. Parker's revelations had brought our young friend. That afternoon he was much too restless in his self-complacency to work, or even to remain within doors; but took a long country ramble,—meditating on Georgiana's merits, and occasionally refreshing himself at a roadside inn (like that sketched at the beginning of our chapter); and having wearied himself out, he returned and dined somewhat expensively, ordering some champagne for the express purpose of drinking the health of Miss Latrobe. The captain of Fusiliers occasionally came across his mind; but the unwelcome visitor was speedily banished, and Mr. Disney gave himself up to pleasurable emotion and to anticipations of the coming day.

Mrs. Parker did not go and lie down, but, on the contrary, ordered the carriage; and before Herbert had left the bridge she was hastening across the Park towards Charlotte Street. And when she got there, she found Captain Llewellyn picking out a new polka on Georgiana's pianoforte.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE National Gallery! what's to be done with that; or rather, what is to be done with the pictures belonging to the nation; where are the pictures in possession, and the pictures in expectation, to be hung? Are we ever to look forward to a magnificent collection of British art? Are we ever to have a gallery of statues? Are we ever to equal, not to say rival, the Continent in the possession and appreciation of memorials of genius; or is the possession of means to be the rival of all countries to serve only as a foil to show our utter incapacity to make use of the appliances we have at our command, and further to hold our country and its direction, as far as the arts are concerned, up to ridicule?

These are the questions that every thinking Englishman of judgment and taste asks himself and his neighbour; but he gains no satisfactory response. We certainly have a National Gallery—"God help the mark!"—and the man who built it, poor Wilkins, died of a broken heart. It is said that he has stood for hours in Trafalgar Square, and gazed upon that melancholy specimen of his craft until hot tears have chased each other down his cheeks, drawn from him by feelings of sorrow and anger,—sorrow that he was compelled to build it as it is, and anger at the parsimony of that sometimes mistaken economist, Joseph Hume, who curtailed him of the means necessary to make it worthy of the great nation he was legislating for. They were both good men

in their way, and did service in other directions; and therefore *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The sum expended was so trivial for the purpose—70,000*l.*—that it is scarcely worth a passing thought; and if it did nothing else, at least it secured us the finest site in the metropolis; and we can now retrieve the past error, and raise a building worthy of the site. Talking of sites, some current conversation was afloat lately that it was intended to build a National Gallery upon the site of Burlington House. If this is what is called a feeler, we, for our parts, are not impressed favourably with it. There can be no objection to the position, as far as the public are concerned; but it does not appear to have the requisite space which we presume to expect the national collection of art-treasures will need. What we want is something grand, something comprehensive, suitable for our present and future requirements; in fact, something worthy the nation, and the happily progressive state of, and feeling of the people for, the arts. Many of us have seen the glorious creations preserved with such worthy solicitude in Italy and Spain; all of us can see copies of many of them in the Crystal Palace; and the constant and agreeable inspection of these wonders enlarges our understanding to the improvement of our taste.

The site of the existing National Gallery is admirable; and as any amount of space necessary can be obtained behind the present elevation, we do not think any tenable objection can be made to its extension. It has been urged that the barracks, from their central position, cannot be removed. We question this very much; the projected improvements in the vicinity of the Horse Guards surely may point out a spot even better suited for the purpose than the present. Why not remove the barracks to the neighbourhood of Scotland Yard? There is a bad property there which would be the better for taking down; and as it has been projected to embank a portion of the Thames from Whitehall to Hungerford, an extensive exercising ground might be constructed, embracing a much larger area than they have at present, offering an additional amount of seclusion. If, then, the barrack buildings in Trafalgar Square be removed, we immediately secure a vast wing on the one side; and for the other, why not take the block including the St. Martin's Workhouse and Archbishop Tenison's School and Library for this wing? The workhouse is now manifestly in the wrong place. When it was built it stood in the fields. The vast growth of population and bricks has so hemmed it in, that it is unseemly and unwholesome to retain it in its present place; and it would not be difficult to find another more open, and in every way better suited. The removal of this antiquated pile of dark bricks would greatly facilitate the long talked-of and much-required opening to Leicester Square; and if this suggestion were determined upon, a fine quadrangle would be secured, having a back entrance for the officers of the establishment, and for the delivery of works of art. As to the front elevation, bad as it is, it is quite possible to improve it. The roof could be raised by what is termed an attic-story, which would give a finer surface of wall for hanging the pictures, together with a better means of lighting them. The pepper-castors and paltry dome, when removed, would suggest something more attractive and useful. The blind arches might then be closed; and without entering into further details, there is little doubt but that, in the hands of an able architect, something good might be made of it.

The Royal Academy are looking for a site. Could a better one for this institution be found than Burlington House? and as the Crown has hitherto provided it with apartments, suitable terms might be made with the council. Could not the Government transfer the School of Design from Marlborough House to that building? The Royal Academy is self-supporting, and is in reality the only institution where competition in art is nationally tested; and the council has the power, from their large and increasing income, of extending their influence for the promotion and improvement of the arts. It is not our purpose to enter into any of the

working arrangements of the Royal Academy, from the fact of their being a self-constituted and self-supporting body. Although it has been said there is room for improvement in the general management of the council, this, however, must rest with themselves and the profession, both as to the disposal of the honours, the pictures, and sculpture submitted to them; our business being now entirely with the National Gallery; a subject which every man, from the highest artist to the meanest artisan, has a right to form and express an opinion upon. Again then, we say, let its present position be retained: it offers advantages in space that no other spot in the metropolis can offer; it is open, commanding, central, and has the best approaches of any situation in London; and that the Government cannot consistently object to its extension where it is, may be inferred from the fact that it was offered to an hotel-company, and a bill actually brought into parliament for the purpose of effecting a sale of it. That, in its present form, it is the worst constructed building for the purpose which could be well devised few would be disposed to doubt. Small rooms, badly lighted, and furnished with two-shilling bedroom-chairs, presenting even a worse spectacle within than without, is far from creditable to the meanest nation in Europe; and yet we possess gems in art of incalculable value,—one picture alone, the "Sebastian del Piomba," is worth more money than the whole building cost, including the chairs. And it does appear almost suicidal for a nation, whose historical knowledge must convey the fact that civilisation and refinement are the necessary consequence of the association with the beautiful and the grand, which is mainly illustrated in the cultivation of the arts, to have up to this time withheld its patronage from mental instruction through the eye. The sum granted annually by the Government for the encouragement of art in England is so trivial that, if it were not pitiful, it would be ridiculous. Our national income in the time of peace is between fifty and sixty millions sterling; and out of this sum—*mirabile dictu!*—4000*l.* per annum—4000*l.*!!!—is absolutely granted for the arts and the improvement of the public taste.

When Canova was in England, he was asked what astonished him most in London; his answer was, to know that Waterloo Bridge was built by private enterprise and the Pagoda Bridge in St. James's Park by the Government. Can a greater reproach be offered to any directors of a nation? We think not; but feel that we are now in the right track—now that necessity has made it obvious to the least thinking that something must be done to retrieve our reputation and secure the confidence of would-be donors to our valuable works of art. Fain would we see the cartoons removed from Hampton Court to London, when a suitable gallery is constructed; and there are many specimens of Holbein and Albert Durer, and others, in the same collection, which ought to be where they can be studied and copied without the necessity of going to a distance which consumes the best part of a day to approach them and return from them. Why are young artists—whose means are limited enough, Heaven knows—to be put to the expense and trouble of going to study the glorious creations of Raffaele, essentially of more use to them than to others, and which indeed can hardly be seen where they are, and are scarcely looked at by the millions of visitors to that show-place? No, "let us reform it altogether;" but to do this we must have space and light; and there is no place, we again reiterate, so suitable for both as the present site of the National Gallery.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

It was once our good fortune to be present at a service conducted after the rites and ceremonies of the Society of Friends, where an elderly lady wound up an hour's discourse by the startling peroration, "Let us never forget those beautiful words of Scripture, 'All's well that ends well.'" Similar to this is the case of the clergyman who referred in

his sermon to "that comforting passage of Holy Writ, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'" Both Quakeress and minister were greatly shocked when told of their mistake, and that they were indebted, the one to William Shakspeare, the other to Lawrence Sterne.

At last year's examination for writerships in the East India Company's service was a paper requiring candidates to state the authors and context of certain familiar quotations. Such as Marlow's

"By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;"

and Sir John Suckling's

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

This paper, we think, showed a great deal of wisdom in the examiner; for it is quite possible that a candidate might have been well acquainted with the general outlines of English literature, and yet have been ignorant of the source from whence we derive our commonest sayings. There is a certain class of quotations which is the sure mark of the superficial reader, and still more of the superficial writer. Who has not shuddered at times when his eyes fell upon that odious *Timeo Danaos*; or, "in the words of the immortal bard, 'To be, or not to be?'"

A well-educated man does not make use of these, or similar aphorisms; for though once full of meaning, the fine gold has become dim, and will pass no longer as current coin. It is only the penny-a-liner who implores the gods to give him the gift of seeing himself as others see him, or who reminds his readers that, *Bis dat qui cito dat*, or slyly hints, *Verb. sap. sat.*, or asks for fair play and *Audi alteram partem*.

Yet there is another kind of illustrative sentences; somewhat hackneyed, indeed, yet not desecrated like the former. These are the "Old Familiar Faces," which we meet again and again, and yet often cannot tell any thing of their parentage. For instance, some of our readers may not know that Gray was the author of

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise;"

or, that we must look to Milton's "L'Allegro" for "Laughter holding both his sides," and "The light fantastic toe;" or that in "Il Penseroso" we shall meet with the "dim religious light." They may be equally unaware that to Campbell we owe the oft-quoted line—"Coming events cast their shadows before;" or that "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" greets them when they open Keats's "Endymion." They will probably give Oliver Goldsmith credit for the portrait of the village parson, "passing rich with forty pounds a-year," though scarcely for the account of the revengeful dog who,

"... To gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man."

It is possible even that Wordsworth may not receive his due of thanks for that aphorism so simple and yet so profoundly philosophic—"The child is father of the man;" nor is it less probable to forget that to the same poet we owe "Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

One can hardly imagine big burly Samuel Johnson producing any thing portable; yet from him we learn "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

From gloomy but grand Edward Young,—of whom Landor says, "All his day-thoughts and night-thoughts hung on mitres,"—we borrow nevertheless some well-remembered "household words;" for it was he who spoke of "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Through him we remind upstart worthlessness that

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps;
While pyramids are pyramids in vales."

It is Cowper who chides busy idleness for

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

The quaint old Puritan, Francis Quarles, scarcely redeems himself from undeserved neglect by the wholesome advice to be "wisely worldly, but not worldly wise."

The bashful lover remembers Dryden's assertion, that "none but the brave deserve the fair," and plucks up failing courage. If success attend his suit, it may be that he will say as Coleridge did of Christabel,—

"Her face, O, call it fair, not pale!"

If unhappily he be nonsuited, he will not yield himself to mute despair and pallid grief; for, as Suckling tells him,

"This will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her."

But it is not always that the ancestry of these old friends of ours is so clear and indisputable. For instance, two of whom we have already spoken are not "wise enough to know their own father." The origin of *Bis dat qui cito dat* has been the subject of considerable discussion in *Notes and Queries*.

It is by no means certain that the good clergyman above referred to really met with his "comfortable Scripture" in any thing so objectionable as Sterne's work. The French proverb, "*A brebis ton due Dieu mesure le vent*," is of older date than the *Sentimental Journey*. So, too, "All's well that ends well," "All that glitters is not gold," and many other Shaksperian *morceaux*, were no doubt in every body's mouth long before young William pleaded "not guilty" to Sir Thomas Lucy, J.P. Again, the celebrated *mot* that "Language was given us to conceal our thoughts," is only another instance of Talleyrand's numerous unacknowledged loans. Voltaire had said, "*Ils n'emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées*." And even before him we read in Young,

"Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind."

Similarly Pope's celebrated aphorism,—"*The proper study of mankind is man*,"—is but a translation of *La vray science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme*, which the French reader meets in Charron's *Treatise De la Sagesse*. The wise and witty epigram,

"He who fights and runs away
Shall live to fight another day,"

is doubtless derived from so un-Falstaff-like a personage as Demosthenes. Massillon and La Rochefoucauld have expressed in different words the same idea, that hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue. The solemn strains of the service for the burial of the dead,—"*In the midst of life we are in death*,"—are nearly a thousand years old: their author appears to have been a learned Benedictine monk of St. Gall, Notker by name.

It would be an interesting employment to draw up a table of authors to whom we owe the great majority of our most-quoted sayings, and to assign to each author a certain numeral, which should represent his proportionate contributions. Fixing Shakspeare at 100, we suspect Pope would approach nearest this maximum; Bacon, Dryden, and Milton would stand nearly on a par; and Butler might perhaps be bracketed with Gray.

Of French aphorisms, the greater number are derived from Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld. To Pascal and Voltaire also we are much indebted, though almost more to Rabelais than to these four together, for his last will and testament—"I have little, I owe much; and I leave the rest to the poor." Goethe is essentially the German epigrammatist, and each day English authors take more largely from his store. To Luther also the *littérateur* owes well-nigh as many thanks as the theologian. We have not imported much from Spain; though we must not forget that Sancho Panza's definition of sleep comes from beyond the Pyrenees. For Italian wisdom we must look chiefly to stern Dante and crafty Machiavelli.

For brief sparkling sentences, Horace is in the classical what Shakspeare is in the modern world. Epistles, satires, odes, abound with "precious stones." Neither Juvenal nor Virgil are half so rich. So little do we knowingly derive from Greek authors, that it is scarcely necessary to allude to Homer and the mighty trinity of dramatists, or to Aristotle and the "god-like" Plato.

It is very certain that, however crotchety a man may choose to be, there is no eccentricity which he may not support by the authority of some whimsical poet or philosopher. With Puck he says,

"Those things do best please me
Which befall preposterously."

And in this way it would be easy to collect the most diverse opinions upon every subject, from the highest problems of theology to the airy trifles of a lady's robe.

Let us confront a few of these "disagreeing doctors," and hear what each has to say for himself.

We have already heard one use of speech, that it is given to us to conceal our thoughts. Otway is of a different opinion, and observes—

"Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul."

The Eastern proverb, translated by Mr. Trench, and enforced by Mr. Carlyle, does not endorse either sentiment, but asks,

"How shall the praise of silence best be told?
To speak is silver, to hold peace is gold."

Goethe has such a horror of solitude, and such a love for the better sex, that he thinks,

"In paradise alone to live
Would be eternally to grieve."

Our own Andrew Marvel is neither so sociable nor so gallant; he pictures

"... The happy garden state.
While man there walked without a mate,
After a place so pure and sweet
What other help could yet he meet?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there;
Two paradises are in one
To live in paradise alone."

Chatterton is less satirical and far more tender when describing the bliss of our first parent: he writes,

"So Adam thought, when first in paradise
All heaven and earth did homage at his feet,
In gentle woman all man's pleasure lies,
Midst autumn's beating storms and summer's heat;
Go take a wife unto thy heart, and see
Winter and the brown hills will have a charm for thee."

Rousseau, in his *Confessions*, makes no apology for assuming the autobiographical style, but rather insists that himself is the best topic for a man to treat. Cowley more modestly says: "It is a hard thing for a man to write of himself. It pains his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him."

We all know that "music hath charms" (though perhaps some are ignorant that it was Congreve who first said this). Yet Landor's Gebir complains—

"O, that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art;
It always brings us enemies or love!"

The "Shepherd" in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* eloquently remarks: "The British army drawn up in order of battle seems to me an earthly image of the power of the right hand of God." Shelley is unmercifully severe on soldiers as individuals. He describes them as

"Men of glory in the wars,
Things whose trade is, over ladies
To lean, and flirt, and stare, and simper,
Till all that is divine in woman
Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,
Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper."

But our readers will be able to follow out these diversities for themselves. We have but endeavoured to direct their attention to the science of quotations; and acquaintance with this will soon lead them to increase their knowledge of English, and, indeed, foreign literature.

We would strongly advise, moreover, that they should make it a part of their daily duties to note down some quotable fragment of prose or poetry in their diary. In three years' time they would thus have a veritable treasure, available in speaking or writing; and even as a book of reference, such a journal would be more interesting than the account of each day's dinner, which is said to have been recorded for forty years by a certain notable gourmand.

AT LAST.

By ASHTON KER.

Down, down, like a pale leaf dropping
Under an autumn sky,
My love dropped into my bosom
Quietly, quietly.

There was not a ray of sunshine,
And not a sound in the air,
As she trembled into my bosom,
My love—no longer fair.

All year long in her beauty
She dwelt on the tree-top high;
She danced in the summer breezes,
She laughed to the summer sky.

I lay so low in the grass-dews,
She sat so gay above;
She never dreamed of my longing,
She never wist of my love.

But when winds laid bare her dwelling,
And her heart could find no rest,
I called; and she fluttered downward
Into my faithful breast.

I know that my love is fading;
I know I cannot fold
Her fragrance from the frost-blight,
Her beauty from the mould.

But a little, little longer
She shall contented lie,
And wither away in the sunshine
Quietly, quietly.

Come when thou wilt, grim Winter,
My year is crowned and blest
If, when my love is dying,
She die upon my breast.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

TAKE A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU. Advice given to persons suffering the after-pains of carouse, upon the principle that the same stimulant which has caused their nervous depression will also relieve it.—The metaphor is derived from an old medical practice founded on the fantastic doctrine of sympathy, of which, in England, Sir Kenelm Digby was a notable professor, and which is implied in this rhyming French adage:

"Du poil de la bête qui te mordit,
Ou de son sang, seras guéri,"

—"With the hair of the beast that bit thee, or with its blood, thou wilt be cured." Cervantes, in his tale of *La Gitanilla*, thus describes an old gipsy-woman's manner of treating a person bitten by a dog: "She took some of the dog's hairs, fried them in oil, and after washing with wine the two bites she found on the patient's left leg, she put the hairs and the oil upon them, and over this dressing a little chewed green

rosemary. She then bound the leg up carefully with clean bandages, made the sign of the cross over it, and said, 'Now go to sleep, friend, and, by the help of God, your hurts will not signify.'"

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT. "By working in the forge one becomes a smith" (Latin and French),—*Fabricando fit faber*. *A force de forger on devient forgeron*. "Practice makes the craftsman" (Span. and Germ.),—*El usar saca oficial*. *Uebung macht den Meister*. "Hand in use is father o' lear" (Scotch).—An emir had bought a left eye of a glass-maker, supposing that he would be able to see with it. The man begged him to give it a little time; he could not expect that it would see all at once so well as the right eye, which had been for so many years in the habit of it. We take this whimsical story from Coleridge, who does not tell us in what oriental Joe Miller he found it.

W. K. KELLY.



DOMESTIC PETS.—THE SQUIRREL.

FIRST in the rank of innocent, playful, and confiding animals is our little friend the Squirrel. All life and vigour, he is continually inventing new tricks, and playing them off. Only let him see that *you* are pleased and attracted by his gymnastics, and his fun knows no bounds. He will throw himself on his back, bound upwards, downwards, backwards, and forwards. He is here, there, every where,—all in a moment of time. And how pretty he looks, while poised on his two hinder legs (his forefeet suspended in air) to take breath while you are watching his movements!

But let us inquire into his family history; for it is bad policy to purchase an *old* squirrel. First, because he is not teachable, and very obstinate; next, because he is very spiteful, and dangerous where there are children. Old squirrels bite severely, and leave their marks behind them for many a day.

Never make your purchases in the public streets. Nothing is more common than to meet men with (apparently) tame squirrels on their arm, their necks ornamented with a showy ribbon. The sight is tempting. There sits Master Skuggy, cracking a nut, or attempting to crack it. Why can he *not* crack it? Listen. He is an *old* squirrel, trimmed up to resemble a young one. His teeth have been filed down, to give him the appearance of juvenility, and to prevent his biting. This trick is very common, and many are the dupes who fall victims to it.

Young squirrels are obtainable at the various bird-dealers'. They are usually associated, four or more, in a large cage. A little hay is given them to play in, and you may observe their sportiveness by standing a few paces distant from them. Select the one which is most elegant of form, and whose *poses* are the most grotesquely playful. Also, let the tail, or brush, be a matter for consideration. Some have more graceful and ornamental caudal appendages than others, and these add greatly to the carriage of their owners. A conceited squirrel is worth a kingdom.

Much altercation has taken place, from time to time, on the subject of fitting cages for this king of pets. Some assert that fixed residences are proper; others contend for rotatory cages. It is undeniable that these last are the *only* suitable habitations for these volatile little creatures. To fly and tear along the wires at railway speed yields them pleasure unutterable: stop the wheel, and you shorten their lives. I have tried this with no small degree of patience, and can speak to a point as to the cruelty of fixed cages.

Now for the food of his little majesty. He greatly de-

lights in bread-and-milk—the former one day old, the latter quite fresh. Supply this in a square pan of delf, fixed in a covered frame to one side of his dormitory, accessible by an opening large enough to admit his head. In the form of luxuries, he dearly loves almonds, Barcelona nuts, sugar, apples, and indeed any fruit. He is not dainty, and will freely share in whatever the house affords. He loves a bed formed of dry hay; but it is better to provide him with a small piece of carpet, or something similar. This his fond mistress will readily supply from some of her odd fragments. Hay is apt to make him too sleepy, and to detain him in his bedroom. The other acts as a mattress, and rouses him up betimes. This reminds one that feather-beds ought to be obsolete. They are sadly inimical to health.

In their persons, and in their apartment, squirrels are particularly cleanly; but it must be admitted that their "run," if not kept constantly cleansed, gives forth a very unpleasant smell. Their drawer, or tray, therefore, should be removed twice daily, well scraped, and afterwards, when thoroughly dried, refilled with sand to a good depth. It would be desirable to have two drawers made for this purpose. Thereby much inconvenience would be saved.

The sagacity of squirrels is only equalled by their whims and oddities. My little fellows were rarely deceived in any one who approached them. A friend or a foe was quickly recognised. The former was welcomed; the latter (to my great delight) was generally rewarded by a bite. They are well skilled in the art of self-defence, but rarely act on the offensive. Their *forte* is play; their delight is unrestricted liberty. How they use their liberty we shall see anon. One, "Scaramouch," shall speak for the whole.

When not engaged in hunting the cat, while seated on Carlo's back, "Scaramouch" was generally in my room. Here he was either busy in reducing a large newspaper to the smallest of "vulgar fractions," or fraternising with some of the shepherds and shepherdesses who were peacefully reclining on the mantel-shelf. Terrible havoc did he make with them and other celebrities. I kept a long wand to punish him; but no sooner did I put forth my hand to reach it than away flew Skuggy high above the damask curtains. Looking down "to see how the wind lay," there would he wait for my usual signal of reconciliation. This given, down he flew to lick my face with his rough tongue. To detail our endless gambols would be impossible. He was constantly offending; I was as constantly forgiving.

Our chief games were at the breakfast-table. Here he was quite at home. Toast, egg, roll, butter, sugar, cream,—he did full justice to all. He chose his own seat, helped himself to what he liked best, and very often stole what he could not eat. Sugar vanished wholesale, and was frequently found confided to the care of the gentle shepherdesses, &c. spoken of before. Skuggy had hoards every where.

Mention has been made of one squirrel in particular. But all were equally tame and affectionate. They would seek refuge in my coat-pocket sometimes, when hiding, and chase one another all over the house; Carlo (the spaniel) being at their complete command. His back was their chariot. No sooner were they mounted, and "all right," than away they flew helter-skelter; it being difficult to decide which was the happiest,—the dog, the squirrels, or their master.

It may be asked, What became of these pets? Alas, they shared the common fate of all pets! they died when they were least expected to die; not from neglect certainly, but from causes which it was impossible to foresee or avert. They are now embalmed, and silently tell a tale of happier days—gone to return no more.

WILLIAM KIDD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAM (for that appears to be the sex in which you are addressed—I thought editors had no sex),—I have taken in

the NATIONAL MAGAZINE from the first number; and more than that, I have read it, because I have found it contain the talent, good sense, and entertaining qualities, which magazines used to possess when I was young, and before they were old. But I do confess my bile has been disturbed to-day by reading a letter (No. VII. p. 112—but you know it, I dare say) suggesting a recipe for pleasant evenings at home, at a cost within the capacity of the most limited purse. So far so good. I respect the intention; and as the writer is evidently a lady, I will be studiously courteous, but it will require an effort; for, powers of patience! what are the means she proposes? Music! Now, madam, I am proud to say I never even hummed a tune, or any thing intended for one, in my life; though, just for fashion's sake, I spent, I dare say, 10*l.* or 20*l.* in music-lessons for my eldest girl,—she is her father's own daughter, bless her!—and when she plays "In my cottage near a wood," people think it is sacred music,—the Old Hundredth, or something of that sort. As for the younger ones, warned by experience, they have never tried at all.

Your correspondent M. C. writes that she is of a musical family, and adds that she counts several musical families among her acquaintance. Poor thing! very likely; misfortunes seldom come single. But, Mrs. (or Miss) M. C., are none but musical families to have pleasant and inexpensive home-evenings? Forbid it, Lares and Penates!

Now, madam, we at home flatter ourselves that we possess talents a little superior to the jingling of wires and torturing of catgut. I am an artist, and the artist-blood shows itself in every branch that has sprouted from the parent-tree. My boys really (without partiality) draw capitally; and the flowers and heads of their sisters are not to be despised, though the latter are perhaps a little milk-and-watery in their prettiness; but girls' drawings will be that—a Rosa Bonheur is not born every day.

Now I mean to take M. C.'s crude suggestion, and carry it out at once into something rational. If she has a musical connection, I have an artistic one; or, even if I had not, where is the house that does not, in frames or in portfolios, possess pictures, good, bad, or indifferent? These, whether our own or our friends', we will collect for our social evenings (not all at once, for we must not exhaust our supply in a single night; I hope to have many of them). The good shall yield up their beauties for appreciation, the bad their faults for warning; even the indifferent shall furnish reasons for their mediocrity. Conversation will flow, taste will be cultivated, criticism directed, knowledge expanded; and the young people, in the intervals between the meetings, their energies stimulated, and their laudable ambition excited, will eagerly throw all the taste and skill they possess into the work which they know will, in a few days, be submitted to such friendly yet candid judgments; nay, even papa himself may now and then be tempted to dash off a sketch, just to show how much vigour the old man has still left in him.

About the mere tea and coffee refreshments I do not feel quite so strong; for I confess to having reached a period of life when a cold sirloin, or round of beef, and a bit of good cheese, with a glass of ale, has more solid attraction; but my wife—who is a social creature, bless her!—is in raptures, and declares that no false shame shall prevent her from saying "good night" at eleven o'clock, nor tempt her into wine and suppers; the expense and fuss of which have hitherto kept us half hermits, though by nature constituted to find lively and rational enjoyment in the society of our kind. I believe, after all, she is right, as wives always are.

Yours, dear madam,

D. N.

I shall be delighted if you will come to our first meeting; and you may even bring M. C. with you, for I confess I owe the idea to her. If the young people wish to be foolish late in the evening, there is always the piano for a dance; and I will undertake to have the tuner, if they will find any one (except my daughter) to play.

WINDOW-AQUARIUM.

THE front and back to be single sheets of plate-glass. On the back one should be painted externally, in transparent colours, a continuation or perspective effect of the river-cave in such manner as to carry the eye of the spectator from the actual structure far into distance, and the effect of which would be greatly increased by the refraction of the water. The grotto-work might be constructed in the rough of Roman cement. Other ornaments will also readily occur. If glass-clinkers broken up, with fragments of rock-crystal interspersed, are added, a very beautiful effect may be obtained.

THE TOWN-GARDEN IN WINTER.

WHATEVER glories autumn may bring with it in tints of gold and amber and blood-red, "laying a fiery finger on the leaves," the winter is inevitably a dreary season, unless proper measures are resorted to to preserve something like freshness of scene. In the grand gardens of the nobility barrenness is never apparent. The yew and privet hedges, the spreading pines and cedars, the borders of evergreen shrubs, and the bright and clean arrangement of such empty spaces as do occur, together with the spacious well-kept lawns that are deliciously green all the year, except when covered with snow, and then deliciously white, give the eye plenty to rest upon, and keep up the fullness of tone so essential to an ornamental garden. But if we turn to the town-garden or the town-square, we see huge blanks of sour mould dotted here and there with leafless broomsticks called lilacs and thorns, all very black and grim, and very, very dreary. But the skilful gardener never allows his ground to look shabby; and the smallest or largest garden may be kept trim and pleasant, if not positively gay, at every season of the year.

Now is the season for alterations of all kinds; and in the survey of his ground the amateur should be heedful of the richness of aspect which well-grown evergreen shrubs give to the borders and grass-plots. Flat gardening,—that is, plain borders and paths without elevations or wealthy clumps of shrub,—is very miserable except when the beds are filled with their summer stock; and even then the tone is thin and ineffective unless the flower-beds are backed and supported by fine masses of trees and shrubs. Hence, in planning improvements, it is essential to adopt as much shrub as the situation will allow as boundaries to grass-plots, to break the lines of walls and angular trellises, and to give richness to the borders generally. Holly, privet, rhododendron, aucuba, Portugal and common laurel, lauristinus, and tree-box, are the leading things for this purpose; and they are all hardy, easily kept in high condition, and most beautiful through all the winter months. With



DESIGN FOR A WINDOW-AQUARIUM,
Plants above and Fish below.

the exception of holly, these are all cheap plants, and even holly is not an expensive one; and if the necessary outlay should appear heavy at first, it must be remembered that they last for ever, and are preferable to any quantity of ordinary flowering-plants that the same expenditure would procure, even for one season, in positions where shrubs have not been plentifully planted.

But many who have but a limited garden-space may object to such a liberal use of shrubs as we suggest, because it may interfere with a certain arrangement or display of summer flowers, in which they take a pleasurable pride. In that case, shrubs may still be liberally used; but instead of planting them permanently, procure them in pots, and treat them as pot-plants. In autumn, when a general clearance takes place of geraniums, verbenas, and such tender things, let the pots containing these plants be sunk in the ground, and then for the whole winter long your garden will have a full and agreeable appearance. As the ground is again wanted for bedding plants, the pots are to be taken up and transferred to the balconies, the portico, or to any positions where handsome firs, laurels, hollies, or lauristinus, may give a grace to the windows

or the forecourt. A noted gardening journal, which chiefly addresses itself to the profession, recommends the cutting of huge branches from evergreen shrubs, and the sticking of these branches into such spots as may require embellishment. Now for special occasions such a plan may be adopted; but to attach any general value to it would be absurd. A make-believe is always ridiculous. Still, branches of yew or holly, so used, keep their freshness for a couple of months or more, and then, of course, perish and must be removed. Those who take pride in keeping a garden as a perennial adornment to the house should have a stock of potted evergreens expressly for winter use in the way we have suggested; and any quantity can be obtained from a neighbouring nursery. Unless the ground is really extensive, a great variety is not necessary; the best effects in gardening are to be produced by repeating the same plant. Have plenty of hollies, aucubas, and Portugal laurels, and you will do better than with a few plants of many sorts. Group them in masses of one kind; and wherever it is possible round them off into bold belts, and avoid dotting them about, one here and one there, with no visible arrangement.

With a good sprinkling of bulbs to come on in early spring, plenty of wall-flowers, carnations, pansies, and hardy primulas, to break the dark surface of the soil with healthy greenness, and some good evergreens to back and support all, we may jog on very merrily till spring comes again, and

"By ashen roots the violets blow."

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



C. L. Eastlake

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

23 MR 57

SIR CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE.

IN the annals of painting, how many of the most distinguished votaries of the art appear to have been first attracted towards it by some trivial accident that roused to activity the artistic elements of their nature, in circumstances little calculated to develop them! Among the more recent examples of this truth may be cited the subject of our present paper.

Charles Lock Eastlake was born at Plymouth in 1796, and sent to be educated at the Charterhouse, with the view, no doubt, of fitting him in due time to succeed to the well-established practice of his father, a solicitor.

Unfortunately for the realisation of these prudent parental views, it happened that R. B. Haydon was also a native of Plymouth; and young Eastlake one day saw, in progress, his fellow-townsmen's great historical picture "Dentatus." That sight changed the whole current of his ideas; and he forsook at once the smooth road to competence presented by a respectable law-practice for the thorny and difficult paths of art, which so often lead to disappointment and poverty. But his resolution, though suddenly taken, was unalterable; he determined to transfer at once his labours from parchment to canvas, and instead of being an engrosser of deeds, he became a painter of pictures.

It appears that a bias so strongly expressed was not, as is often the case, unwisely opposed by parental influence; but that he was removed in an early stage of his education from the Charterhouse, in order to enable him to prosecute with energy, and with that entire and undivided attention which alone insures success, the study of the art which he had so enthusiastically adopted. He became forthwith a pupil of the Royal Academy.

His first series of studies were directed by the accomplished veteran Fuseli, from whom he appears to have first imbibed his taste for the "literature" of art, in which he has since especially distinguished himself.

The first picture he produced was "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," which, as the work of a student, displayed many signs of unusual promise. It was purchased by a well-known amateur of the day, Mr. Jeremiah Harman, who, on the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, which took place at that period, engaged the young painter to proceed to Paris for the purpose of making copies of some of the masterpieces in the gallery of the Louvre. This was a task likely to have proved highly beneficial to the development of the powers of a young painter, especially in those technicalities of manipulation which had been carried to the supreme point of excellence by the great masters of Italy and Flanders. His labours were, however, soon interrupted by the unexpected escape of Napoleon I. from Elba; and he returned suddenly to England, and to his native town. This course of study, however, brief as it was, no doubt influenced very materially the convictions and principles which governed the subsequent career of the artist. It was then, no doubt, that he first learned to value so highly the excellence of those irrefragable axioms of art which had been gradually developed by that race of great masters who poured forth their wondrous works from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century. It is to the impressions then received, therefore, that we may attribute his present firm adherence to the more generally accepted artistic principles, and his entire abstention from those extreme experiments in art, and the adoption of those novel theories the most opposite tendencies of which may be illustrated on one side by the glittering and poetical generalisation of Turner, and the conscientious appeals to nature in her minutest and even unselected details by the devoted band of "Pre-Raphaelites."*

Shortly after his return to England, the young student

was followed on his way by the very personage whose sudden appearance in France had driven him from his studies in the Louvre.

Napoleon, a prisoner on board the *Bellerophon*, became as unexpected a visitor to the harbour of Plymouth as he had been so shortly before to the shores of France; and the portrait which the young artist then contrived to take of the twice-deposed emperor excited considerable interest. Every day, during the neighbourhood of the emperor in the harbour, young Eastlake was out in an open boat studying the lineaments of the fallen despot as he walked the deck absorbed in thought, in his well-known attitude, with hands clasped behind his back; or as he stood musing at the gangway, looking towards the shores of that "perfidious Albion" that had at last been the chief means of thwarting his schemes of universal conquest. The picture thus painted—a full length—possessed uncommon interest, as being the last of the portraits of Napoleon painted in Europe. The artist did not, however, exhibit his work; and, in fact, sent nothing to the Academy before the year 1823.

The early career of Eastlake was not checkered by the vicissitudes, often painful and crushing, by which the career of many a young artist is clouded, and not seldom prematurely closed. His family, though not wealthy, was able to furnish him with the means of making the tour of Italy free from pecuniary anxieties; and in 1817 he started for that land which, to every enthusiastic votary of art, is a true land of promise—the country of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and of their great predecessors Giotto and Masaccio and Perrugino.

In 1819 he visited Greece, accompanied by several friends of congenial pursuits. What a time for an ardent art-student! That the illuminated page in the chronicle of his artistic life was then opened we may easily imagine, when we find that among those friends were Brockedon (of "The Passes of the Alps") and young Barry, since the celebrated architect of the Houses of Parliament. Those days of early study, in the midst of scenes hallowed to the artist, not only by the names of the great art-workers of former ages, but by the still beautiful ruins of their glorious works, make an impression on the artistic mind, and fill it with a glow of the poetry of art, and a host of its kindred associations, the lightness of which no after-trials or disappointments can utterly overshadow. In the following year he settled in Rome, where he remained several years, not only ripening his experiences and prosecuting his studies with ardour, but fortunately forming those connections among our travelling amateurs of rank and fortune which proved of so much importance in his subsequent career.

During his sojourn in Rome, he devoted much attention to the study of a class of pictures which may be termed architectural landscape; a style towards which one may easily fancy that his mind was led, or rather fascinated, by the contemplation of those exquisite masses of marble-ruin which invest the scenery of Greece and Italy with such a peculiar interest,—scenes, the studies from which no doubt filled his portfolios with delightful reminiscences.

The first pictures he sent to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, in 1823, were, in fact, of an architectural character, though not precisely of "ruins." They consisted of views of the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, and of St. Peter's, the great Roman cathedral.

This style was, however, soon abandoned for a series of studies which, by their boldness and lifelike originality, at once attracted the attention of our artistic public. They consisted entirely of compositions of small dimensions, illustrative of Italian life in the neighbourhood of Rome, which at that time yielded so many picturesque subjects for the pencil. The semi-classical costumes of Albano, Frascati, and Nettuno; the processions of pilgrims; the picturesque *funzione* of the Roman Catholic Church; and, above all, the adventures and peculiar dress of the Italian banditti,—then in the full tide of their successful depredations, from which scarcely a single travelling-carriage, in certain dis-

* Mr. Ruskin has sought to prove, in a brilliantly-written essay, and, as we think, quite unsuccessfully, the close affinity of the style of Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites.

tricts, was exempt,—afforded themes for the artist which seem to have been irresistible to our young student, and shortly afterwards afforded Horace Vernet the matter for some of his most celebrated compositions. We may therefore infer that it was not merely because such subjects found a ready sale among travelling connoisseurs that he devoted himself to them, but rather from a sense of irresistible artistic attraction. Be this as it may, the works in which he embodied them were something more than the mere costume-pictures which they have often been termed. They exhibited a vigour of touch and originality of treatment not always found in the later works of the artist; and suggest that if he had pursued that style and manner to the utmost limit, we should have seen works bearing a broader stamp of originality and individual genius than those of the artist's later style, which are nevertheless of a much higher class, and display, both in their poetical idea and their execution, a painter of the highest refinement and culture. The exhibition in England, in 1825, of Sir Charles's "Girl of Albano leading a Blind Woman to Mass," was the first to call the public attention to his undoubted power in subjects illustrative of Italian life. This was followed, in 1827, by his more ambitious venture, "The Spartan Isidas." In the same year he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. The next season he sent his well-known "Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome," the most important, and perhaps, in all respects, the best of his pictures of that class. But it was his smaller sketchy pictures of *contadini* in their graceful Italian costumes, and more especially his "Brigand's Wife defending her Husband," that gained for him the general popularity which he enjoyed at that period, and that induced Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, the successors of Alderman Boydell, not only to engrave the last-named picture, but to enter into liberal engagements with the author to paint only for them. Every thing connected with Italian travel was then still the vogue, though a continuous stream of British tourists had been rushing, during the last ten years, to that Italy which had been so long closed to them by the Thirty Years' War. And so the prints from Eastlake's studies of brigands and *contadini* found a ready sale. But the subsequent failure of the publishers prevented the arrangements from being carried out, and possibly influenced the artist in his determination to direct his future course towards another and higher region of art.

The subjects forming the principal steps in his transition style may be classed as, the "Arab selling his Captives," "Gaston de Foix," and others of a similar description. But the most characteristic link between his picturesque "costume" subjects and the high class of religious art, to which he devoted his later and more matured labours, is the "Escape of Francisco di Carrara," which already exhibited many of the peculiarities of such of his recent works as the "Good Samaritan," and his large and pleasing studies of female heads. "The Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome" may be considered the masterpiece of his first, or Italian, manner; and the "Escape of Francisco di Carrara" of his transition style.

The first work of importance which marked the adoption of his final style,—that of pure religious art,—was his "Christ blessing the little Children." Its appearance created a considerable stir in the artistic world—some regretting the loss of the picturesque Italian subjects, which his treatment had made peculiarly his own; while others hailed the new venture as proof that the English school would yet prove itself capable of treating the highest range of subjects with a purity and spirituality of feeling worthy of the noblest walk of art. The chaste glow of colour, so characteristic of the finest examples of the modern British school, the purity and refinement of the taste in which the work was conceived, and the certain sweetness of tone, so softly religious, which pervaded the whole composition, did not, however, with many, compensate for the absence of that vigour which had formed one of the leading characteristics of his Italian pictures, but which was perhaps less appropriate to a devotional subject.

In subsequent pictures of the same class, he was, however, thoroughly successful. His "Hagar and Ishmael" has been compared in style to the best works of Ary Scheffer. It may, indeed, be asserted to be even superior to them in some respects, such as purity of colour and graceful play of tone in composition, but inferior in intensity of thought and power of execution. Without following our artist through every phase of his progress in the new style of art which he has now, with few exceptions, finally adopted, we may state that he attained his culminating point of excellence in religious art in his "Christ weeping over Jerusalem," exhibited in 1841. That noble and charming work may indeed be classed among the most successful of the modern British school; and it found a ready purchaser in that munificent patron of British art, whose collection of pictures by English artists, subsequently bequeathed to the nation, is now known as the Vernon Gallery.

In the *resumé* of his works up to this period we omitted to mention his poetical illustration of a passage in Lord Byron's "Dream," a picture not to be classed in any special category. It had merits peculiarly its own, and in a manner which the artist never pursued farther, though it might have led to interesting results. It is well known by the excellent engraving of Willmore.

The painter's reputation as an accomplished artist, and as a man whose attainments rendered him a singular ornament to the profession, was acknowledged by his appointment as secretary to the "National Commission of Fine Arts," a post for which his knowledge peculiarly fitted him; and with that incident the tide of preferment fairly set in. In 1843, he was appointed keeper of the National Gallery;* and in 1850 he received the highest artistic rank which the British artist can attain to—the presidency of the Royal Academy, which had become vacant by the death of Sir Martin Archer Shee.

Shortly afterwards he received the honour of knighthood. Sir Charles was subsequently appointed director instead of keeper of the National Gallery, with a salary increased to 1000*l.* per annum; an appointment which, in conjunction with that of president of the Royal Academy, makes him the chief director of the English school of art of his time; and, it may be added, that in all artistic matters he is also the acknowledged adviser of both her Majesty and the Prince Albert.

These various appointments have made him a somewhat less frequent and less copious exhibitor at the annual displays of the Royal Academy. The "Good Samaritan," "Ruth sleeping at the feet of Boaz," a repetition of his "Francisco di Carrara," and a few studies of female heads on a large scale, are the only works that occur to us. The female heads, notwithstanding the somewhat severe criticism which they received, are in certain respects remarkable works. It is no slight praise to say that they would remind one of Leonardo or Giorgione but for their fresh northern colouring; the artist's clear ideal of which was not spoilt by his long residence in Italy, though it took place at that period of life when impressions are so vivid, and when, as Byron has said, the heart "is wax to receive, and marble to retain." The head called "Violante," exhibited in 1853, and "Irene," his only picture in 1854, are perhaps the best examples of this class of his works.

In fine, it may be said of the painter's style, as developed in his highest works,—those belonging to religious art,—that they possess a certain poetic spirituality of conception which at once secures them a high place. The expression of his leading personages is always appropriate, frequently noble. His ideal of the head of Christ, somewhat differing from the generally accepted type, is very beautiful; and there is a calm seraphic meekness in his celestial children which, though somewhat monotonous, is yet very attractive. His skill in the distribution of his masses of form

* The charges brought against Sir Charles Eastlake, of injudicious treatment of the pictures, has been disavowed by a royal commission.

and colour is remarkable, and his *key* of colour generally exquisite.

It is true, the critic will not find in Sir Charles Eastlake the vigorous facility and dashing determination of purpose which mark the greatest works of the greatest masters. To the President of the Academy belong grace, delicacy, sweet and elevated sentiment; not boldness of design or force of treatment. Whoever looks at his works with this understanding will not be disappointed; but will find that the English painter has achieved certain effects in which such natures, with their more powerful individual organisation, would have failed. It has, in fact, been well remarked by a critic, that neither a Michael Angelo, nor a Caravaggio, nor a Spagnuolo, could have conceived and executed the "Christ weeping over Jerusalem;" the soft melancholy of which could only spring from that peculiar delicacy and refinement which are the most remarkable characteristics of the masterpiece of Sir Charles Eastlake.

As an avoider of all extreme principles in art, as a respecter of all the acquired knowledge which has been transmitted to us by successive races of great artists, while able at the same time to see and appreciate true ability in any and every form and theory of art, Sir Charles is perhaps more eminently fitted than any other man to fill, at the present time, the high position which he has attained, and to hold the balance justly between conflicting opinions.

His valuable contributions to art-literature give him at the same time a farther claim. The translation of Goethe's work on colour, his notes to Kùghler's *Handbook of Painting*, and other works, are too well known to artists to require enumeration here.

Sir Charles was married, somewhat late in life, to an accomplished lady, well known in the literary world as Miss Rigby, the authoress of a capital book entitled *Letters from the Baltic*.

HISTRIONIC RATS.

Among the various new candidates for the attention of a discerning public now congregated in lively Paris is an ingenious Swede, who has contrived to train a company of rats, to whose performance the lovers of the drama are admitted at the very moderate price of "one franc a-head; children half-price."

The theatre in which these novel performers make their appearance consists of a small enclosure, raised on a platform at the upper end of a moderate-sized room. This enclosure is open in front like an ordinary stage, its proportions being in keeping with the size of the actors; its walls are adorned with red and yellow hangings, and a gaily-painted curtain rises and falls, in true theatre style, at the proper places. The spectators are seated in tiers opposite the stage; but the Lilliputian stature of the actors requiring close proximity on the part of their audience, only about thirty persons can witness the performance at a time.

It appears that the Swede has a double *corps* of his peculiar performers; each *corps* performing one piece only. The one we are about to witness is called, as we learn from the play-bill in our hand, *The Modern Lothario; or, the Perils of Love*.

The foot-lights are blazing in all their glory, and an orchestra, composed of one flute, one fiddle, and a piano, are doing their best, when the tall figure of the manager makes its appearance in front of the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says with a bow, and then leaning gracefully on a stout stick he holds in his hand, "you are about to assist at a perfectly unique and unrivalled spectacle. The four-footed actors, whom I have been training for some years, have now—as I am confident you will admit when you have seen their performances—arrived at a degree of histrionic perfection not always attained by their two-footed rivals. But I am trespassing on your patience, and will at once, ladies and gentlemen, introduce to

your enlightened appreciation the novel *troupe* over which I have the honour to preside." (Great applause.)

As the manager concludes his speech, which he finishes off with an inimitable bow, he strikes three sharp blows on the floor with his stick, the curtain rises, and a fine whiskered rat, in an elegant dishabille—flowered dressing-gown, plaid inexpressibles, shining slippers, and smoking-cap set jauntily on one side of his head—evidently a dandy of the very first water, is seen at a table on which are the elements of a delightful breakfast. To these he is doing ample justice, his sharp eyes glancing in every direction, and his mouth working with amazing celerity, as he dips his pointed phiz into the little dishes of cheese-parings, bran, crumbs of biscuit, and sugar, and so on. The table and the breakfast-service, we remark, are of painted tin; in fact, a set of child's playthings, as is the chair on which the happy gormandiser tries repeatedly, but vainly (though without leaving off eating), to seat himself in human fashion. His efforts to accomplish this feat, which he evidently considers to be a very important part of his *rôle*, are exceedingly funny. They almost distract his attention from the repast he is making; but all his exertions fail to keep him in the desired position; and he can do nothing more than slip up and down against the seat of the little chair, thus inflicting an amount of friction on a certain portion of his handsome person which one fears must eventually tell upon its glossiness and beauty, to say nothing of its effects upon the flowered dressing-gown.

While the gay Lothario is thus making the best use of his time, two small doors at the bottom of the stage fly suddenly open, and two ladies of the same cat-hating species enter, of course on their hind-legs. They are as elegantly attired as the gentleman they are come to visit, with fashionable rotundity of skirts, flounces, gorgeous shawls, and bonnets laden with flowers and lace. One of them, nevertheless, carries a broom in her hand; the other carries a feather-brush and a duster. They advance mincingly towards the interesting object of their common but unsuspecting affections, who has stopped nibbling in evident uneasiness of mind, foreseeing a "squall." This sagacity is not disappointed. The ladies, advancing with open arms, and about to bestow on him a loving salute, become suddenly aware of each other's presence; and a sharp squeak from each is the signal for an encounter in which, after belabouring one another with the broom and the feather-brush, they soon discard these weapons as insufficient, and fly at each other's physiognomy with their claws. Bonnets, veils, and bits of flounces strew the floor; the air resounds with their infuriated shrieks, and at last they both tumble upon the philosophic Lothario, who had quietly resumed his breakfast, but who now falls prostrate under the combined weight of the Dulcineas, upsetting the table in his fall, and lying stunned and motionless among the remains of the repast.

At this distressing result of their fury, the angry ladies ought evidently to forget their rage in grief for the mishap of the prostrate Adonis, brought low through their violence; but truth compels me to state that the cheese-parings are too much for them; and that, instead of throwing themselves lovingly on the fainting victim of their misunderstanding, they throw themselves very eagerly on the remains of the breakfast by which the prostrate Lothario is surrounded. The latter, hearing this sudden munching, comes all at once to his senses, and nibbles away with as much *gusto* as before.

Happily, an angry tap of the managerial staff suffices to recal the actors to their parts. The gay Lothario relapses into insensibility; and the two ladies, laying aside their jealousy at this afflicting spectacle, throw their arms about him, caress him tenderly, uttering plaintive squeaks; and fortunately succeed in restoring him to consciousness, when he turns from one to the other in great embarrassment, not knowing what in the world to say to either.

At this critical moment the little door at the bottom of the stage again flies open, and in marches a great, tall, fierce-

looking rat, with terrible whiskers and a dare-devil air; whose effect is enhanced by his bandit-like costume, and the tremendous leaden sword that hangs at his side, looking very much as though it had been detached from between the legs of a trooper in some Nuremberg toy.

This formidable personage is the husband of one of the two ladies; he has sought her in vain in every other quarter, and has now tracked her to the lodgings of the resuscitated Lothario. But instead of testifying his joy at so happy a reunion, as a well-behaved husband should do, the ill-bred fellow flies into a passion; and not content with pummelling her in true conjugal style, he next rushes violently upon the Lothario, who, with the other lady, has just set to work again upon the cheese-parings.

A fresh tap from the manager's stick brings these two back to their duty; and a general row now ensues—the two gentlemen going it lustily between themselves, and the ladies doing a little on their own accounts. The Lothario performs prodigies of valour, but has the worst of it, and is killed by a thrust of the frightful leaden sword; upon which the victor, being no doubt alarmed at the extent of his success, and probably having the fear of the police before his eyes, makes off with great celerity through a side-door.

The two ladies, left alone, now attempt a fresh dive at the crumbs; but this irregular proceeding being stopped by a rap of the staff, they both scuttle off through the side-door aforesaid, and quickly return with the coroner; who marches gravely up to the corpse, feels his pulse, shakes his head, and draws from his pocket a paper stating that the dead man is really and truly dead, and may be buried, which paper he delivers to the afflicted ladies. This respectable functionary is now about to withdraw; but the crumbs are too great a temptation, and he begins an exulting nibble, in which the ladies join. But the manager's stick comes down heavily upon the floor, and the three delinquents spring to their hind-legs, and disappear.

The ladies speedily return, however, pushing before them a coffin, placed on wheels for their especial convenience; and the deceased, wishing no doubt to spare them the trouble of lifting him, gallantly jumps into it of his own accord, and the ladies draw a pall snugly over their unfortunate favourite.

The little door now opens again, and in comes a procession of twelve other rats, attired as priests, in gown and surplice, bearing a crucifix and lighted tapers. They march solemnly towards the bier; but being too sensible to the seductions of the cheese-parings, they throw themselves upon them on all fours, dropping the tapers. Of course they are joined instantaneously by the ladies. The dead man, too, hearing the clattering and pattering, and guessing what is going on, puts his sharp nozzle out from under the pall, and seeing the fun, springs out of the coffin and joins in the interlude.

The delight and merriment of the audience at this comical *mêlée* know no bounds; they clap and cheer, and call to the rats, encouraging them to make the most of the chance. But the tall manager is furious at seeing the most striking "situation" in the piece on the point of falling through owing to the greediness of his *troupe* (who certainly do seem to be remarkably hungry), and he raps a series of such menacing blows on the floor, that the actors scramble up into an erect position, and resume their respective parts. The defunct, having stretched himself at full length upon the ground, is lifted up with infinite labour by the two ladies, who place him in the coffin, and once more cover him with the pall. The priests pick up their extinguished torches as well as themselves, and take their places about the bier, followed by the two ladies; the melancholy procession makes its way slowly across the stage, and the curtain drops amidst the plaudits of the spectators.

It would be impossible to describe the amazement and delight with which the juveniles present have followed this novel exhibition. They have been laughing and clapping, and keeping up a running commentary of audible remark, all through the piece, varied with shouts of sympathetic

approbation whenever the hungry little actors have made a dive after the overthrown provender upon the floor. And now that the show is over, a curly-headed little girl, with no doubt a fellow-feeling for their appetite, takes a biscuit from her pocket, and begs the manager to let her give it to the little animals. But this donation the Swede utterly declines, informing the child that the sparseness of the diet to which they are restricted is the principal means he employs in their training.

The docility of these animals, and the zeal and precision with which, when not under the distracting influence of the cheese-parings, they go through their performances, are really marvellous; and one cannot help wondering, after witnessing this curious sight, if such results can be obtained with creatures so unpromising as these, what might not be accomplished by patience and ingenuity in educating other and more manageable tribes of the creation.

WHAT THE ENGINEERS ARE DOING FOR US.

THE Report of the Annual General Meeting of the Civil Engineers gives us much subject for thought. It is the epitome of the great and special work of this our nation, dealing with the earth's surface and interior to make it more and more a perfect abode for man, according to the fiat of the Creator read rightly—not by the mere "sweat of the brow," but of the brain within the brow. Sure as the instincts of the bee or beaver is the English instinct that goes forth over all the world for the material work of civilisation, and which, looking at the great things, too frequently neglects the small; that makes railways, and spans the globe with lightning girdles, and yet fails to cleanse its own cities; that brings Pentland Firth within twenty-four hours of the Lizard, and leaves streets impassable with over-traffic in the very heart of the world's busiest pulse of commerce.

The network of railways begins to cover India, and transform dead matter into moving; and day by day grows clearer the process that will shut out the sea altogether from the "overland route," save the small ferries at Dover and the Europasian Strait—and even that will be spanned by a floating bridge. The navigation of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf is but a temporary expedient till the railway gets made that will ultimately stretch from Scutari to Aleppo and Bagdad, through Persia to Beloochistan and the Indus. The cloud now over Persia is but the forerunner of a new era, in which civilisation will dawn for her also.

Sir Macdonald Stephenson has been knighted, like the Indian merchant with the unpronounceable name, for working at Indian progress—the one by practical railway-teaching, the other by school-teaching; and, *pari passu*, appears an O'Shaughnessy, also knighted for conveying the winged lightning over 4000 miles of jungle, plain, river, and mountain. All these are clear gains to humanity more than war-trophies. Albeit, they too are part of the work man has to do, and do well, in working out his redemption from the Slough of Despond. And Robert Stephenson and his coadjutor, Mr. James Berkley, are vanquishing the difficulties of the Bombay Ghauts, to bring cotton from Berar, and add another link to the strong chain which will pull down the fabric of American and other slavery; and this same railway will ultimately convey machinery to the cotton district, to make webs of cloth by better processes than of old; and relieving Lancashire from an exotic trade, will give her in lieu of it an indigenous trade in machinery.

In the old tradition, Hannibal is said to have broken passes through the Alps with fire and vinegar. A more powerful man than Hannibal, Thomas Brassey, is now about to bore a tunnel through them by means of machinery, not for the transit of warriors, but of commerce. This is one of the men of whom England has reason to be proud,—a man in his own right,—whose huge capital has been accumulated without altering the character of manhood in him, and by

processes attaching more warmly to him all those by whose aid and help he works. Some men are born gentlemen; and circumstances cannot change them, whether of wealth or poverty.

And so our countryman will make a tunnel through the Alps. Europe is not yet at peace; and if France and Italy chance to be on different sides, it will be a curious speculation whether the monster guns of future warfare will assail each other from opposite ends of this tunnel.

But it is quite a possible thing to scale lofty mountains with steam locomotives. A zigzag traverse can gradually surmount a nearly perpendicular wall. The objection to the Diligence in this operation is, that it has to turn sharp corners. But with the locomotive, alternately pulling along one traverse and pushing along the next, there is no difficulty whatever, but simply an increase—or loss of time. The only objection would be the snows of winter.

America and Europe will ere long be connected by the lightning wire. Will the diplomatists quarrel by this cable; or, in case of the absurdity of war, will either side cut the connection? Possibly ere that time comes, however, ingenuity will have devised greatly improved methods.

We have had written the romance of war, the romance of history, and of many other departments of human life; but the romance of engineering has never yet been written, though Charles Dickens is hovering round the outskirts in Daniel Doyce. Few professions would afford so much of romance and adventure in the present day. Engineers are the true discoverers—the Cooks and Dampiers and Byrons and Perouses of modern time. Think of a voyage of discovery through the heart of the Alps; saying nothing of the *Marine Nautilus*, by which a diver rises and falls at pleasure, hooks his machine on to many tons of rock or sunken treasure, lifts it, as it were, in his talons, and floats it about to any locality he may choose. This *Nautilus* owes its birth to our Yankee cousins. When the inventors wished to get up a company, they had to explain it to certain rich "oneyers" and moneyers of New York. This machine, of boiler-plate, was divided internally, like an orange, into cells. In some of these cells air was concentrated with a pressure of 200 lbs per square inch, forced in by a pump. The York moneyers descended, with the inventor in the machine. It went down rapidly,—possibly with the weight of the heavy capitalists,—and stuck in the mud so forcibly that it would not rise when the air was expended from the cells into the main body. One capitalist said his prayers, another began to make his will, a third began to cry, and a fourth to laugh hysterically. Meanwhile the inventor-engineer told them to hold on, and they would be all right. Making the signal, the air-pumps above were set to work, and the pressure increased; and the lungs of the moneyers began to fill with denser air, gradually increasing. The compressed air at last began to ooze beneath the edge of the *Nautilus*-shell; while the engineer watched the movement of the mud, and held the valve of entrance and the valve of escape in either hand to moderate the pressure. But with all his care, the machine suddenly escaped, and went up like a rocket to the top of the water; then partly filled, and descended again, making two or three oscillations before attaining a state of rest. The moneyers were veritable "Yellow Yorkers" when they made their escape.

This machine is intended to raise sunken treasure, and lay heavy stones in under-water building. And more curious still, the compressed air is made to act as a power to drive a boring-bit, passing through the side of the machine, to bore holes in sunken vessels. It is understood that one will shortly be at work in this country.

The secretary of the Institution, after seventeen years of service, has resigned his office. He also is amongst the *emeriti*. A son of the famous Captain Manby—the Aaron Manby, who first threw ropes from mortars over vessels struck on rocks or stranded on heavy surf, to save sailors' lives. In 1820 he built for his father the first iron vessel—called the *Aaron Manby*—that ever went to sea, to carry a

cargo from London to Paris direct. He put together in the same year the first pair of modern oscillating cylinder-engines at Dublin for Mr. Charles Wye Williams, the engineer so well known for his treatises on Smoke Consumption. He was not a mere delineator of shapes on paper; but could use his hands deftly with the file and chipping-hammer and chisel and the lathe; and worked at the West-India-Dock bridge and building ironwork under *the Rennie*, and also under Telford. He subsequently introduced the manufacture of iron on the large scale in France, and was also the earliest maker of engines at Creusot and Charenton; was in the French service, and had charge, as official engineer, of the Royal Manufactory of Tobacco,—a Government monopoly,—and erected the extensive machinery therein. Subsequently he was a partner in the Beaufort Ironworks in South Wales, and introduced there the hot blast.

And now, on leaving the Institution, he does not sit down to repose, but takes the office held by the late Mr. Starbuck,—agent to the firm of Robert Stephenson and Co., the iron lords of Newcastle-upon-Tyne,—bearing with him the goodwill and approval of the great engineering corps that has raised up our land and people to be the physical leaders of nations, the pioneers of the ultimate empire of mind.

It is this indomitable perseverance, this incessant work, this spirit of the old Vikings, that constitutes English valour—*emphatically worth*—the value—virtues or manhood—courage or heart-do, and has rendered our land renowned in past ages, and shows the path to a yet greater future. So

"On you, noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof."

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

HE THAT IS BORN TO BE HANGED WILL NEVER BE DROWNED. "He may dance on the river," says an Italian proverb,—*Chi ha da morir di forza può ballar sul fiume*; for "The water will ne'er waur the woodie" (Scotch), *i. e.* the water will never defraud the gallows of its due.—James Kelly, the collector of the Scottish proverbs, says, that a neighbour of his "was so fully persuaded of the truth of these two, that he found perfect comfort in them in a great storm which had made him dreadfully afraid. On seeing in the ship a graceless rake, whom he supposed destined to another sort of death, he cried out, 'O Samuel, are you here? Why, then we are all safe;' and with these words he dismissed his fears." No doubt he prayed, in the words of another Scottish proverb, "Woodie, haud thine ain,"—Gallows, hold thine own. The Danes say, "He that is to be hanged will never be drowned, unless the water goes over the gallows,"—*Han drukner ikke som henge skal, uden vandet gaaer over galgen*. Such punctilious accuracy in fixing the limits of the proposition considerably enhances its grim humour. There is a fine touch of ghastly horror in its Dutch equivalent: "What belongs to the raven does not drown,"—*Wat den raven toebehoort verdrinkt niet*. The platform on which criminals were executed and gibbeted was called, in the picturesque language of the middle ages, the *Ravenstone*.

TO BUY A PIG IN A POKE.—A "poke" is a pouch or bag, and corresponds to the French word *poche*, as "pocket" does to the diminutive *pochette*. *Bouge* and *bougette* are other forms of the same word; and from these we get "budget," which curiously enough has gone back from us to its original owners with a newly-acquired meaning; for the French Minister of Finance makes up his annual budget like our own Chancellor of the Exchequer. The French say, *Acheter chat en poche*,—To buy a cat in a poke or game-bag. And the meaning of the proverb is explained by this other one, *Acheter le chat pour le lièvre*,—To buy a cat for a hare. So also the Dutch, *Een kat on een zag kopen*; the Italians, *Non comprar gatta in sacco*, &c. The pig of the English proverb is chosen for the sake of the alliteration at some sacrifice of sense.

W. K. KELLY.

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

VI.

THE captain did not remain long after the arrival of his relative; but there is reason to believe that, true to the interests of his wife, he had flirted hard, and made considerable way in the course of his visit. For though at first our Georgiana looked a little ashamed of being thus discovered by Mrs. Parker in an evident endeavour to entrap her brilliant cousin, she soon rallied; and after his departure, eulogised him in a very frank manner. This enraged the matron, who nevertheless might reasonably have been more afraid of defeat had Georgy arrived at years of discretion to pretend to find fault with what she admired.

A discerning reader—and we desire none other—will of course comprehend what kind of game Mrs. Parker came to play in Charlotte Street. The same intelligent person will probably conjecture that the simple manœuvre which at once turned the flank of poor Mr. Herbert Disney was defeated in the attack upon Miss Latrobe, by reason of the reserve Fusilier force. The case was so; but Mrs. Parker certainly aided her own discomfiture by losing her temper. She seemed to feel that she had been a sort of patroness to Georgiana; and though the advice and talents and spirit of the latter had doubtless been useful in promoting the success of Mrs. Parker's party, still she, Maria Parker, of Pimlico, widow, was the hostess. She provided the house and the furniture and the music and the supper; and these things go a long way in material minds towards making up the idea of a party. Consequently, she felt that Georgiana, in acting contrary to her wishes, was really violating the laws of hospitality; and Mrs. Parker's conversation rather tended to impart the impression than to conceal it. Now Georgiana was by no means inclined to take this view of the subject, and was perfectly able, and far from disinclined, to marshal certain facts of her own on the other side of the question. The principal of these were, that she had been very happy to introduce to Mrs. Parker nice people whom Mrs. Parker might have had difficulty in meeting elsewhere; that Captain Llewellyn was almost the only exception in Mrs. Parker's favour, and that really she, Miss Latrobe, had no idea that even he was so very great and grand a person that he was not to be treated like other gentlemen; that the daughter of a distinguished officer could scarcely consider herself flattered by any body's notice; that she had not invited the captain to call, whatever her mamma might have done, and that as certainly she had no intention of avoiding him; that it was generally held in society that, having been introduced to any body in a good house, you had a right to know him afterwards if you pleased, without consulting the original introducer; that Captain Llewellyn's attentions were the most ordinary courtesies; and much more to the same effect, delivered with rather a pretty flush, which it is charitable to conceive might have been a blush at the hypocrisy of the wearer.

But when Mrs. Parker, recovering from the effect of the highly superior tone with which her remonstrances had been received, ventured her appeal to Miss Georgiana's feelings, and insinuated that in encouraging the attentions of Captain Llewellyn she was lacerating another heart to which she owed better treatment, Georgiana, as became her sex, waxed more indignant in proportion, of course, as she was more in the wrong. She was utterly unaware that she had given Mr. Disney, or any one on his behalf (this in marked italics, we assure you), the right to make the slightest allusion to such a supposed state of affairs. If such arguments were to be used, it would be best to speak to her mamma, from whom she had no secrets—an audacious little story-teller—and who would make a proper answer in her name. If Mrs. Parker had been kind enough to say at once that she had been requested to be Mr. Herbert Disney's envoy, Georgiana

could, she said, have spared her a good deal of trouble. She hoped to hear no more upon so ridiculous a subject; and added, that if any thing could induce her to encourage visits or attentions from Captain Llewellyn, it would be the desire to give the most complete refutation to such ideas as those of Mrs. Parker, which, for aught Georgiana knew, might have been formed elsewhere, and ought to be put down at once. Let it be added, that Georgiana never thought of crying throughout the interview; and this impressed Mrs. Parker with a very unfavourable belief as to the goodness of her ex-favourite's heart. Some people think that fluent tears indicate deep feelings, despite the anatomical proof that the case is the other way. Georgy was all wrong in what she was doing; but she was too honest a girl to cry when there was nothing to cry about.

Bref, Mrs. Parker was not only personally routed with great slaughter by our little heroine, but her plan for preparing Georgiana to receive Mr. Herbert Disney in an affectionate manner was pushed out of possibility. She had brought the flush upon Georgy's cheek, and the fire into her eye, and the curl upon her lip; and it required more cunning treatment than any for which the good woman of Pimlico had brain (or, for that matter, temper, just then) to tone down those symptoms, and make Miss Latrobe listen to a love-story. We have known women who could have done it, and spread the oil the more triumphantly that the waves had been lashed up *d'abord*; but Maria Parker, widow, was none of these. Had she been one of them, this story would never have been written.

So she let off some scolding, which,—having passed certain early years of her life in that class of society in which scolding is practised,—she discharged with some precision of aim and continuity of fire. Upon a person of her own *metier* the bombardment would have told. At least it must have brought out the artillery practice on the other side; and then the two vulgarians, having "rowed" one another heartily, would have cried, embraced, and sworn repentant and eternal friendship, not without libation. But here it was stone-wall against wooden ship. Georgiana was too high bred to feel any thing but contempt for this kind of attack. As Mrs. Parker heated, Miss Latrobe cooled; and a final volley, with which the matron intended to end the strife, only produced a very sweet smile and an expression of regret that they thought so differently upon a subject which was really of very little importance. And then Mrs. Parker retreated; and her carriage by no means bore to Pimlico the she-conqueror who had intended to return thither in triumph. Flushed with her easy victory over an unsuspecting young man, she had given careless battle to a young woman rendered vigilant by the consciousness of wrong, and had been defeated.

Now was the time to show her genius. Now was the moment for intellect to convert discomfiture into victory. Now was the time to save her Fusilier from the haughty girl who had avowed that she would encourage him to his ruin. Alas, Maria Parker had no genius! All that occurred to her was a wretched precautionary measure. She wrote a note to Herbert Disney, desiring him not to call upon Georgiana until written to again. And like all such wretched measures, it failed, as it deserved to do. Mrs. Parker desired her servant to post it immediately; but as it did not happen to suit that gentleman to do so, he merely informed her that he had posted it in five minutes from receiving it. In the course of the evening, however, he did send it to the post by a tradesman who called; and eventually it found its way to Soho Square at an hour when it by no means pleased the wheezy old portress to go all the way upstairs with it, and therefore it went upon a dresser downstairs. It was mislaid for three days, when it was really too greasy to be carried up to a gentleman; so it was read and burned, like numbers of other unfortunate letters, whose useless life begins on a perfumed and velvety desk, and ends in a dirty fireplace.

Not having received the warning, therefore, and arising in the morning in the same state of mind to which Mrs.



THE SWING. BY F. GOODALL, A.R.A.

Parker had consigned him, Herbert Disney concocted a few pretty speeches, to be used as occasion might require; and having got through those hours of the day in which civilised beings are invisible to one another, presented himself in Charlotte Street, with sentiments half-tender, half-triumphant, inspiring his artistic nature. He really was a gentleman, as you know; and he had resolved to be very good and very delicate, and to take the earliest opportunity of showing that he considered himself in the wrong, and then he meant to be so grateful for Georgiana's kindness. It even crossed his mind (and you, who do not believe it, may laugh if you like, but you have never been in his place) that at some crisis of the dialogue she might burst into tears upon the left lapel of his surtout,—the left, because he had settled where he would sit, and therefore that side would be her natural place; and so he removed an elegant little flower, which he had pinned into a button-hole on that side, to the other, in order that it might not be in the way. He was not a great artist then; but a great artist is known in trifles, saith the wisdom of the sage.

I propose to draw a veil once more over a distressing interview. In the first place, Georgiana received him with perfect coolness; in the next, she showed him no kindness whatever; in the third, she did not shed one single tear. As for her head coming near the lapel of his coat, the nearest approach she made to touching him was the coldest surrender of her fingers to his hand when he entered; and when he left, she managed to have her hands full of something,—an album, or some such device,—which prevented her doing more than bow him out. All that passed between them might "have been proclaimed at Charing Cross," and would have excited about as much attention as the last Chartist insurrection in that locality. Nay, Herbert could not even succeed in occupying the seat in which he had imagined himself pouring out his penitence; he could not do so for the very simple reason that it was occupied, when he came and when he left, by Charles Llewellyn of the Fusiliers.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

WE have lately declared war against Persia, and there is a natural desire on the part of the public to know what it is all about. To say simply that it is about Herat would be to impart a mere grain of information. To add that we declare war against the Shah of Persia (Sophy our grandmothers would have styled him) because he sent an army against Herat, and sat down before it, and laid siege to it, and took it, in violation of a solemn promise made to Sir Justin Shiel in 1853, would be only to give a kind of technical description of the formal cause of war. What and where is Herat, that its destiny should in the least concern us? Nor are we much advanced in knowledge when we learn that Herat is a strong place, lying between Persia and Affghanistan; that it has for years been in a state of semi-independence, both of the barbarian who rules at Teheran, and the barbarian who rules at Cabool; but that both the ruler of the Persian people and the chief of the Affghan tribes covet the possession of Herat. What is that to us? Why should we prick up our ears because a town in Central Asia is intrigued and fought for by the greedy Persian and the savage Affghan? Take a step further. East of the frontier of the savage Affghan is the mighty empire ruled by a handful of more or less cultivated Britons. North-west of the frontier of the greedy Persian are the frontiers of a country ruled by the more or less cultivated Russians. Herat lies between Persia and Affghanistan; but Affghanistan and Persia lie between Russia on the Araxes, the Caspian, and the Attruck, and England on the Indus. If you were a Russian Alexander, gentle reader, and wanted to invade India, you would march

through Persia to Herat, and from Herat through Afghanistan to the Punjab. We are, therefore, in connection with Russia not only by the Baltic and the Black Sea. By those lines we go to her. If she desire to touch us, since she cannot do it by sea and must do it by land, her route lies through Herat. There is a direct line to the Indus from Moscow; thus, by the Volga and the Caspian to Asterabad, and thence through Herat and Cabool; and in this itinerary Herat is not the least important stage, especially for an army on the march. It is a resting-place; it might be made a dépôt, in fact a military caravanserai—the half-way house for an army invading India from the north-west. Herat is called the "pearl of the world" by the Orientals. It is in reality a filthy place; but it is encircled by a luxuriant girdle of vegetation, and it owes its importance to the remarkable fertility of the surrounding soil, and the freshness of its oases.

"The broad valley," says a recent writer on Persia, "through which the river Herirud flows—whose waters are absorbed by the sands of the Turcoman desert without one drop reaching the sea—is covered with the most lovely fruit and flower gardens, vineyards, fields of grain, groves of beech, and villages; whilst crystal springs and babbling fountains rise out of the verdant soil. In the opinion of the Orientals, the waters of this valley surpass in purity, coolness, and refreshing qualities, all the other springs of Asia, excepting those of Cashmere. The climate is temperate, and only such kind of fruit thrives there as is indigenous in the cooler zones. The palm and the sugarcane, the orange and lemon groves of a warmer clime, are completely wanting. . . . The great high-road from Persia through Herat, Candahar, Ghuznee, to Cabool, extends a distance of eighty-five geographical miles, and offers no where any difficulties to an army. A caravan traverses the distance from Herat to Cabool in from thirty to forty days, and a body of well-mounted riders can, by forced marches, do it in eleven days."

Perhaps it is not now quite so unintelligible why we should take an interest in Herat. But we are still on the surface of things. To come at the real reason of our interference we must go deeper. We must understand why England is not content that Persia should hold the key of the gate that bars the road to British India. The reason is very simple. From the days of Peter the Great, Russia has, Janus-like, looked as steadfastly eastward with one face as she has looked westward with the other. In the days of Peter the Great, Russian ships took possession of the Caspian, and Russian troops occupied posts in the maritime provinces of Persia. But when Nadir Shah appeared on the scene, he cleared Persia of her enemies with a word; and it remained for the Emperor Nicholas to establish Russia solidly south of the Caucasus, to secure her supremacy on the Caspian, and to carry her frontier to the river Araxes. That astute emperor showed a "moderation" in the hour of victory similar to that he showed a little later in regard to Turkey: he gave up provinces, but he retained important and commanding positions. After the peace of 1828, Persia—and he knew it—was at his mercy. There are only two obstacles that hinder Russia from marching to the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean, says Baron Haxthausen,—"England, and the mountaineers of the Caucasus." That sentence explains the moderation of Nicholas. He did not wish to alarm England by taking too much, and exposing too flagrantly the hold he had on Persia. He aimed at obtaining a character for moderation, and he hit his mark; but he had nevertheless firmly established a moral as well as physical supremacy at Teheran; and knowing that he was more dreaded than the English, he rather reserved than used his power. When Sir John Malcolm was at Rheims, in 1825, Soult told him that when Napoleon marched against Russia "it was still England that was his object: and all means that Russia could furnish, had that expedition succeeded, would have been turned against India." And we may say, that when Nicholas marched against Persia, England was his object, and that all the resources his conquests furnished were intended to be used against India. But Russian policy is more wily than that of Napoleon. Russia can afford to wait, because she is not a man, but a system. At any favourable moment, Russia could compel Persia to her views,

either openly or secretly; and when she does so she will use the resources of Persia against India. Thus Russia might instigate Persia to provoke a war with England, and then, as circumstances dictate, she might either step in to mediate, or, without coming to blows with England, she might occupy what she covets greatly,—the province of Asterabad, with its fine bay on the Caspian; and having once got possession, keep possession.

The reader may think that we have wandered from the point. Nothing of the sort. Our sole interest in the fate of Herat arises from the weakness of Persia. If Persia permanently held Herat, St. Petersburg would be virtually at the gate of India. The Russian agent who accompanied the Persian expedition to Herat in 1838, told the Afghan Ameer, Dost Mahomed, that his master wanted to make a "road to the English." It is not merely the indirect possession of Herat by a power able to control the destinies of Persia that we have to dread; the danger to England would lie in allowing this fine province to lapse into the hands of a power like Russia, so unscrupulous, so able in intrigue, so capable of exciting disaffection in India, and making Herat the head-quarters of the disaffected.

In making war against Persia "about Herat" we are really making war against Russia. This raises very large questions. More than one modern political seer has fixed on Persia as the theatre wherein the only two great powers in Central Asia—Russia and England—will fight for supremacy. It is the interest of both to defer the deadly drama as long as possible. It is our interest especially to avoid any combat with Russia on the plains of Central Asia; it is clearly her interest to attract us thither; and for this reason it is that she excites Persia to the committal of acts that cannot fail to draw forth the hostility of England; whereby Russia serves two purposes,—she weakens Persia, and embroils her with her truest friend, England. We are thus placed in the false position of destroying that very power whose "independence and respectability," to use the words of Sir John Malcolm, sound policy dictates that we should uphold. By their blunders in dealing with Persia, British statesmen have thus, unwillingly and unwittingly, played into the hand of Russia. Happily it is not given to mortals to foresee the future; but clearly, whether this war be or be not the beginning of a great struggle, England must prepare one day to meet the Muscovite, perhaps on the Indus, unless he can be crippled by a fatal blow nearer home; unless, for instance, Poland were revived, and Scandinavia reconstituted.



QUI HY?

By THE AUTHOR OF "A SUBALTERN'S STORY."

WHAT, in the name of goodness, is the meaning of Qui hy? Is it the title of a book, like *Dred*; or of a new perfume, like Frangipanni? Does it mean something to eat, or is it the eccentric signature of some disconsolate individual advertising in the second column of the *Times*? Is it Hebrew, Russian, or High Dutch? Not to tax the inquisitive powers of the reader any farther, it is neither; it is Hindoostanee, and means in the vernacular, "Who waits?"

To a man constitutionally lazy, India is a paradise of passive enjoyment, and his thatched bungalow becomes a perfect Castle of Indolence. If, on the other hand, he is naturally brisk and bustling, he soon succumbs to the force of circumstances; his sturdy resolutions to battle against the enervating influences that surround him gradually melt like snow before the heat of the climate; and prudently acting on the principle of doing at Rome as the other inhabitants of the Eternal City, he conforms like a sensible man to the customs of the country, in which he is an exotic, and subsides into the helpless state of dependence natural to his

position as a native of the temperate zone transplanted to the tropics.

Laziness, like other bad habits, is easily acquired; and the Englishman in India need never do any thing for himself but eat, drink, and sleep. Has he dropped a book, does he want his legs lifted on to a chair, or a handkerchief drawn from his pocket, or a fly frightened off his nose,—he has only to drawl out in languid Hindoostanee the exclamation that forms the title of this article, and, before the words have ceased to echo in his lofty apartment, a snow-clad slave glides silently in from the veranda, and raises the prostrate volume, places the weary limbs in a recumbent position, draws forth the cambric *mouchoir*, drives away the offending insect, and vanishes as silently as he came, without causing the Great Mogul, his master, more physical exertion than the expenditure of the necessary amount of breath to make his sublimity's requirements known.

We are not sufficiently conversant with the domestic habits of the English aristocracy to speak with any certainty on the subject, but we imagine that a noble duke in this country generally shaves himself, and that even the prime minister of England pulls on his own Wellingtons. They manage these things better in India. If the Grand Signior, rolling comfortably on a sofa in slippers dishabille, wishes to "eat the air," he signifies his sovereign will and pleasure to his retainers. One dusky vassal tenderly seizes the sahib's right foot, another softly takes possession of his left, and before his highness can utter the name of that mythical personage, Jack Robinson, he is booted, and spurred if necessary, without so much as moving a little finger in the transaction, or even taking his eyes from the book he is reading.

As for shaving, a panting Anglo-Indian possesses neither moral nor physical energy sufficient for such a fatiguing operation. An "artist in hair" is introduced, who prostrates himself before his excellency, seizes him respectfully by the nose, and in half-a-minute leaves him with chin "new reaped," and "showing like stubble-land at harvest-home."

Bell-hanging is still in its infancy in this luxurious but semi-civilised country; and shouting "Qui hy?" is such a recognised substitute for the English custom of "touching the bell," that the term, as every body knows, or as every body ought to know, when we can get from Southampton to Bombay in a month, has become the generic *nom de guerre* for such of the Company's servants as are doomed for their sins to vegetate in that part of its dominions where the expression is made use of, viz. Bengal, the north-west provinces, the Punjaub, and I suppose Cashmere, when we can discover some plausible pretext for taking possession of it.

For the benefit of the uninitiated in such matters, we may as well say that those vegetables which flourish at Madras are called Mulls—not in the Eton or Caledonian sense, as failures or snuffboxes—but from their, we must confess, very pardonable partiality for mullagatawny soup, in the artistic concoction of which savoury and stimulating compound they are unrivalled; while their brethren on the Bombay side rejoice in the *sobriquet* of "Duck"—not of the web-footed species so pleasantly associated in our imagination with green peas,—nor is the expression used as a term of endearment, as applied by a young lady to her bonnet,—but from a glutinous abomination of a fish-like nature, highly esteemed as a delicacy by gourmands in that part of the peninsula, and called a Bombay duck; which, when dried, grilled, and taken in connection with bread-and-butter, eats uncommonly "short," and has very much the flavour of burnt quills.

But leaving the Ducks and Mulls to enjoy their fish and soups by themselves, let us return to the Qui hys, who lead a much more luxurious life, in some respects, than their fellow-exiles in the other presidencies. The poorest subaltern in Bengal is obliged to keep on his establishment nearly a dozen servants; whereas in Madras or Bombay half that number would be sufficient. Each domestic has his own peculiar department—he runs, as it were, in a groove, and

no inducement will persuade him to undertake a duty out of his own particular line. The man who pulls on your socks will refuse to hand you a cup of tea; and the barber who cuts your hair considers it *infra dig.* to sweep away the locks he has severed. Luckily for the subaltern, wages are low, and his own pay high; so that he can afford to live like a gentleman, and support a small army of retainers besides, all of whom, in their respective grooves, are obedient to his slightest nod, when summoned to his presence by the magical incantation "Qui hy?" We propose to pass before the reader a series of pen-and-ink sketches, illustrating the various functionaries that will be necessary to minister to their comforts, should their "kismut," or fate, ever lead them to become sojourners in any of the northern provinces of Hindostan.

The first domestic, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall bring to your notice is the bearer or valet. His name is usually Gopant, or some other appellation of the azure-coloured Krishna; a deity celebrated in Hindoo mythology for his performance on the flute, and a fondness for practical jokes. The bearer is of good caste, and acts as your general major domo and confidential servant. Observe his clean and respectable appearance, and his lithe and bony figure. There is not an ounce of surplus flesh about him; and his legs are what *Punch* calls capital ones for top-boots: the Asiatic servant, who is a strict vegetarian, not being remarkable for the wondrous convexity of calf that so highly distinguishes the beef-fed British flunkey.

He is dressed in a light and airy costume, consisting of a white linen jacket open at the breast, and a salmon-coloured "dhotee," that falls in elegant festoons from the waist to the knee, and is a kind of compromise between the flowing petticoat of the Highlander and the baggy garments worn by the French Zouave. His turban is composed of innumerable folds of a white material artfully entwined, and when he goes out shopping in the bazaar, he puts his feet into a pair of clumsy canoes that make his polished mahogany legs look thinner than ever. In the house he is always barefooted, taking off his shoes on entering a room as we do our hats, and stealing about as noiselessly as a cat.

In a country where the currency is silver, and the weight of a shirt-collar an infliction, the European constitution is not equal to the fatigue of carrying a purse; so the bearer becomes your banker, and takes charge of the bag of rupees that constitutes your monthly "tullup." He pays all your bills, taking care to levy a recognised black mail, called "dustoree," from each creditor, and renders an account of his stewardship daily, if required. It is his duty to look after your wardrobe, and see that the necessary darning and fine-drawing is performed by your tailor. This fact may in some measure account for the comparatively small number of married men to be found in the country. Hear it, ye laundresses of England, the Indian bachelor never knows what it is to be without a shirt-button! He is spared that fruitful source of misery that drives so many buttonless Benedicts at home to run in sheer desperation into the bonds of matrimony, as a kind of haven of refuge from the tortures inflicted upon them by remorseless washerwomen. In the matter of shirt-buttons, the most affectionate wife could not be more sedulously attentive than the careful Gopant. Each article of clothing constantly undergoes a rigorous scrutiny, and no incipient hole or microscopic fracture has the slightest chance of escaping his vigilant eye.

Day and night he is in the veranda, ready to minister to your slightest wish; and in times of sickness, Florence Nightingale herself could not be a more gentle or light-handed nurse. His pay is sixteen shillings a month; and it is good policy to wink at any little perquisites he may help himself to as a matter of right. If he plunders you on principle in a small way himself, he takes very good care that no one else shall; and you ought to be glad to compound for the security of your goods and chattels on such very liberal terms. He becomes, in fact, your insurance-office, and receives as a premium all your old clothes and boots. If you

only treat him well, he makes an honest, sober, and attentive servant; and many an old Bengalee at home, when he has to button his own boots, or pack his own portmanteau, would give a great deal to be able to shout "Qui hy?" and have it done by the slender-fingered black valet, whom he used formerly to thrash, and call "dog," "pig," and the other expressive but unpolite terms contained in the Hindoostanee vocabulary of abuse. Imagine the astonishment of an English footman at being called "the son of an owl," and kicked out of the room because, in pulling off his master's boots, he had pressed somewhat too heavily on a pet corn!

Having given a full-length portrait—from turban to canoes—of the domestic who does for you externally, I shall next call your attention to the Khidmutgar, or butler, who attends to the numerous wants of your inner man. He is a Mussulman, and wears long hair and a beard, in contradistinction to the bearer, who is a Hindoo, and shaves every thing but the moustache and a kind of a scalp-lock on the top of his head. He is dressed in loose trousers and a white dressing-gown, with a thick "comerbund," or sash, round the waist. On his head he wears a linen pancake, made up in the bazaar. In large establishments there is a head khidmutgar, who acts as caterer and housekeeper. He is called a Khausaman, and always possesses a flowing beard and a large corporation; enjoying the latter distinction in common with chief-butlers in all parts of the world. He is usually stricken in years; and lines of silver in his capillary appendage give him a venerable and badger-like appearance. Under him are the common khidmutgars, who aspire, when they are sufficiently gray and short-winded, and he has succumbed to years and corpulence, to occupy his proud position.

Chief of the culinary department is a Bawachee, usually corrupted into "bobbachee," who, though not a khidmutgar, ought to be of the same caste. He is what is called in England a "good plain cook;" the Indian *cuisine* being of the old-fashioned table-groaning description, and more remarkable for quantity than quality. The bill of fare is usually copied from the English *carte*; but there are of course delicacies peculiar to the country, which, if they could be served up at Guildhall, would make an alderman's eyes twinkle with delight. The expatriated Briton, however, naturally sighs for the dishes of his youth; and stale importations from the mother-country, far-fetched and high-priced, and all the more valued for being dear, occupy the post of honour on every Indian mahogany. On all state occasions, the principal dish in connection with turkey is an immense English ham, crumbling to pieces from old age, preceded by tasteless salmon, mashed into atoms during long years of travel and shaking in air-tight cases, and supported by bad imitations of oyster-patties, made out of patriarchal natives with large beards, that were dragged from their beds some time in the reign of George III. and hermetically sealed up in tin canisters by the grandfathers of the present Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell.

But I am wandering from my subject, and trespassing in a department with which I have no business at present. To record the excellences of grain-fed mutton, roast kid, mango fish, kedgerree, Burdwan stews, jullans, kebobs, kooftas, and the rest of the queer-named but tempting dainties enjoyed by the Indian epicure, would fill a cookery-book, and require the enthusiastic pen of Monsieur Soyer to do them justice. I am writing of men, not dishes. Let me return to the bobbachee.

If the above-mentioned illustrious *chef* were to travel to Bengal in search of professional novelty, or for the purpose of writing letters to the *Times*, describing the result of his researches in Oriental culinary science, he would be profoundly impressed with the primitive simplicity of the kitchen-range used by the native artists. He would also be a good deal horrified at the want of cleanliness so painfully apparent in a "bawachee khana;" and with visual and olfactory organs unpleasantly affected, would wish himself back again in the well-ordered kitchen of the Reform Club.

We decline to penetrate farther into the unsavoury mysteries of an Indian cook-house, and the reader ought to thank us for our forbearance.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;"

and, as the greatest novelist of the day says, when he has got a couple of characters to a pathetic dead lock, "we will drop the curtain, if you please, upon *that* scene."

In the same category, or "boiling," but lower down, comes the Mūsālchee—literally a torch-bearer, from *mūsāl*, a flambeau—who washes the dishes, scours the saucepans, cleans the knives, and does the rest of the dirty work that devolves in England upon Buttons or the scullery-maid. Ambition is of no colour or country; and, as the plump and pimply page hopes some day to shed his glittering jacket, and burst forth in all the glories of a livery-coat and plush breeches, so the grimy and semi-nude mūsālchee looks anxiously forward to that turn in the tide of his affairs that may lead him on to fortune, and permit him to assume the dressing-gown and pancake of the smart khidmutgar.

In a bachelor's *ménage* this last-named official is a kind of servant-of-all-work, who unites in his own person all the responsible offices enumerated above; and, considering that eating and drinking are the chief amusements in India, he may be said to fairly earn the four shillings a-week that constitute his wages. Like the bearer, he delights in high-sounding names, and is satisfied with nothing under *Hyder*, a lion, or *Meeza*, a mogul. He has charge of your silver, if you have any,—I am supposing the reader unmarried,—and takes care of your wine and beer; of which, as India is a thirsty country, you are pretty sure to have a large stock. There is no fear of his helping himself, as he has taken the pledge; but, like other teetotalers, he has a weakness for tea and sugar, to which, if you give him the chance, he will help himself as unsparingly as the landlady of a London lodging-house.

If he speaks English, he is sure to be a rogue, and you lose in respectability what you gain in convenience. There cannot be a better standard of his honesty than the degree of proficiency he has attained in Anglo-Saxon. The former will be found to decrease in an inverse ratio as the latter approaches perfection; and the better linguist the greater rascal may be considered an axiom peculiarly applicable to native servants in general, and khidmutgars in particular. The reason of this is, that they have in all probability picked up the accomplishment while in service as cook-boys to a Queen's regiment, where, in mastering the idiomatic difficulties of our expressive language, they have also acquired the habits of drinking, swearing, and a few other little foibles that usually follow in the train of conquest and civilisation. Otherwise the khidmutgar is a respectable Mahometan, and a hard-working servant. His duty commences at daybreak. Directly the morning-gun has thundered through the sleeping station the aggravating announcement that it is time to get up, he makes his appearance at your bedside with the cup that cheers; unless you are feverish—or foolish—enough to prefer the one that inebriates, in which case he supplies you with brandy and soda-water. He has then to get ready your "chota hazaree," or little breakfast, consisting of tea and toast, which, with a cheroot, you indulge in after your morning ride. This is a mere snack, an "unconsidered trifle," that serves as an excuse for a little gossip in your veranda with and about your acquaintances. In a couple of hours he is called on to prepare a more substantial meal, comprising fish, flesh, fowl, and, if not good red-herring, perhaps a tin of sardines, or a pot of strawberry-jam. By two, you are ready for "tiffin," a dinner in all but the name; and then the khidmutgar has to tuck up his petticoats, and devote all his skill and energy to the preparation of his *chef-d'œuvre*, your "khana," which makes its appearance at seven o'clock. Should you happen to be invited out to the other end of the station, some three miles off, he girds up his loins, carefully wraps his full-dress turban in a handkerchief, that its glories may be veiled from

vulgar eyes, and with a natty little cap stuck on the side of his head, like a dragoon's,—for your khidmutgar is a bit of a dandy in his way,—trudges off to the bungalow of your entertainer; where, at the appointed hour, he appears behind your chair in a resplendent head-dress sparkling with gold, and ornamented in front with your crest cut in silver.

Do you wish for some particular *entrée*? he dashes furiously into the middle of half-a-dozen of his sable brethren, who are already at deadly strife over the coveted side-dish; and after a terrific combat, during which he, *sotto voce*, consigns them all, individually and collectively, to perdition, he triumphantly brings the wished-for delicacy to your side, panting meanwhile with his exertions, and glowering savagely from his dusky eyes at his late antagonists in the fray.

Are you athirst? he again plunges frantically into the furious *mêlée*—for there are more servants than guests—and by main force wrenches the napkined bottle from some less energetic attendant, casting at the same time the most cruel and unjust reflections on his opponent's nearest and dearest relatives, and victoriously replenishes your saucer-shaped glass with the creaming "simkin," which is the nearest approach to champagne his limited powers of pronunciation will admit of. Might is right on these festive occasions; and the man with the most unscrupulous khidmutgar is the best served at an Anglo-Indian dinner-table, particularly if it be at a mess where some thirty or forty sit down, and each officer has his own servant. When the impetuous Hyder has routed his adversaries, and all your wants, bibulous and otherwise, are temporarily supplied, he subsides into a quiescent state, and stands motionless behind your chair, where, with arms folded, he watches the movements of your knife and fork with the most intense interest. If you are dining in bachelors' society, as soon as the cloth is off the table he places your cheroot-case before you, and is seen no more. He retires to the offices, where he lights his own pipe, and, like other heroes, fights his battles of the dining-room over again. Exit Hyder the Lion.

Enter Dhoby. Washerwomen are unknown in India; the duties of those tea—to say nothing of gin—drinking females, who appear to live in pattens and black bonnets, stuck on their heads like hats, are performed by men, but on a very different principle; instead of being coaxed into cleanliness by the moral force of soap and hot-water, as applied by a London laundress, linen articles in India have it well beaten into them by dint of a sound thrashing. School-boys may be improved by this process, but not shirts; their delicate cambric constitutions are utterly ruined by such rough treatment, and a short course of flagellation soon renders them totally transparent. The operation is perfectly simple. A dhoby, or clothes-punisher, starts off to a neighbouring pond or river with a bundle of doomed haberdashery on his back. On arriving at the water's edge, he deliberately divests himself of the greater part of his extremely limited costume, and wades to a convenient rock previously placed there with malice aforethought, carrying with him half-a-dozen of his master's Eureka's. He then plunges the helpless garments into the water, and giving them a preliminary swing round his head, brings them down with all his force on the rock, uttering with the blow a noise like a paviour, only more vindictive, and sending showers of buttons flying about that fall into the water like rain. Should no suitable stone be at hand, a wooden stool is substituted, which answers his fell purpose equally well. It is quite heart-rending to see a row of these ruthless barbarians ranged in front of their altars on the banks of a river, immolating whole hecatombs of calico and fine linen, and hear them grunting like so many pigs, as if with joy at the havoc they are causing. The result may be imagined. In putting on a nearly new shirt your hand goes through the back instead of into the sleeve, and your collars speedily assume that spiky saw-like edge which produces such an agreeable rawness about the exquisitely sensitive region termed by ornithologists the lower mandible. Consi-

dering, however, the drawerfuls of clean "things" emptied by a dissolving "Qui hy?" in the course of the day, he cannot grumble at the half-a-crown a week which, as dhoby's wages, constitutes the only item of his washing-bill; but it may be easily supposed by thrifty British matrons that this castigatory system of cleanliness is any thing but economical, to say nothing of the wear and tear of temper at seeing one's stock of linen growing small by degrees and provokingly less under the vigorous thwacks of a muscular washerman. Ladies, I believe, establish a private laundry at home, under the superintendence of a female servant; as the flimsy articles used in their toilette, if subjected to the tender mercies of the dhoby, would be annihilated at one blow, and never be seen again.

As in the case of a railway accident a surgeon is always sent for to mend and patch up the fractured heads and limbs of the unfortunate passengers, so in an Indian establishment it becomes necessary to keep a Dherzy, or tailor, for the purpose of repairing the ravages made in your wardrobe by the necessary evil we have just described. This official, who may be recognised by his red turban, assumes the same uncomfortable cross-legged position on the floor as members of the fraternity in England do on their shop-boards; and what with making and mending gentlemen's coats, ladies' dresses, and children's frocks, the family tailor has plenty to do. Selfish bachelors, who have only to "find themselves," and know not the joys of millinery and baby-linen, employ a dherzy by the day or job; but in the veranda of the married man he is a fixture.

Proceeding with our list, we next come to the Bheestee, or water-carrier, whose name, literally "bihishte," though possessing any thing but a heavenly sound to English ears, signifies in his own language an inhabitant of paradise, from *bihisht*, heaven; and certainly, in a land where water may be considered the staff of life, the dispenser of it becomes in some measure a ministering angel.

The greatest luxury a man can enjoy in India is a bath; and hydropathy, to a certain extent, and minus the wet sheets, is one of the most cherished institutions of the country. High and low, rich and poor, white, black, and copper-coloured, are continually dabbling in cold water. With the respectable native, the daily ablution, or "goosul," is a religious observance; to the European it acts as a kind of spur. It gives new life to the tired soldier after a dusty march or broiling field-day, and enables the fagged civilian to get through his daily drudgery in the reeking atmosphere of a crowded court-house. The Company's work would be but badly done, and its rule cease to be ascendant in Hindostan, if its numerous servants were not wound up and kept going by the electric shock communicated morning and evening to their jaded systems through the instrumentality of the bheestee, who pursues his angelic vocation for the small sum of fourpence a-day.

By a people who carry wheelbarrows on their heads, a pump is, of course, an unappreciated invention; and all water is drawn by the hand, or a cumbrous arrangement of ropes, bullocks, wooden wheels, and earthen pots, imported from Persia about the time of Alexander the Great, which creaks and groans in the same feeble and melancholy way it did in the days of that greedy conqueror. When full, the "mud-buck," or skin, in which the bheestee carries his precious load, has the appearance of a fat sheep that has been deprived of its head, legs, and tail, and tanned whole, without the wool. In this state of dropsical extension it is by no means an easy burden; and the dark-skinned Aquarius may be seen at all hours of the day, toiling from the well to the house, with his back at a right angle to the rest of his body, and his skinny legs, like black tobacco-pipes, apparently in momentary danger of snapping with the weight of his load. In addition to the duty of keeping his master's tub constantly replenished, he has to satisfy the incessant culinary demands of the bobbachee, and is at the beck and call of any member of the household requiring aquatic refreshment, internally or otherwise.

On a march he becomes a kind of peripatetic douche-bath. A small bathing-tent is pitched, and the sahib takes his seat on a low stool. The bheestee, standing over him, loosens the mouth of his skin just where the head of the sheep has been cut off, and the whole contents of the "mud-buck" pour in a delicious shower over the couchant figure of his half-drowned lord and master.

The water-carrier is a follower of Mahomet, and his badge of office is a red apron.

The lowest menial in the domestic scale is the Mehtur, or sweeper, who acts as scavenger-in-ordinary to the establishment, assisted in his duties by dogs, kites, crows, and jackals. He is a man superior to all conventional distinctions of caste or character, who will eat any thing and stick at nothing. It is his duty to feed and exercise any dogs you may keep; and it is a good plan to see them eat their food every day, as otherwise the mehtur will in all probability convert it to his own use. In the native world he is considered a pariah; and he has a villanous hang-dog cast of countenance that enables him to look the character completely. If any article is missed from the house, in nine cases out of ten it may be traced to the mehtur; and he is so oppressed with a sense of his own unworthiness, that at the approach of his master he slinks abashed behind a tree, or round a corner, that his lordship's eyes may not be polluted by the sight of such an outcast. As he is not by any means an interesting individual, we will not dwell upon his character.

"No one, however," says Longfellow, "is so accursed by fate, but some heart responds unto his own;" in proof of which, the sweeper is usually a married man, and is doubtless considered by the sable partner of his hopes and fears a model of conjugal affection and propriety. His annual income is something under five pounds; upon which, and broken meat, he brings up a large brood of dusky little mehturs.

Leaving the house, we get to the stable. Every body in India keeps a horse, and each animal requires two men to wait upon him—a Syee, or groom; and a grass-cutter, whose name, supposed to be expressive of his vocation, is a pleasing fiction that leads one to imagine there are such things as meadows and green grass in India. Delusive hope! Every thing, except the corn and paddy fields, is drab, drab, drab—as Jetty Treffz used to sing, or something like it. The so-called grass-cutter, armed with a short spud, starts at sunrise for a neighbouring jungle, is away all day; and the result of his labour, which he brings back in the evening, is a bundle of dried roots, such as a gardener at home might amass in a day's weeding of his gravel-walks. This is given to the horse, more with a view of amusing him than any thing else, as none but a quadruped with green spectacles, or a lively imagination, could ever mistake for a heap of juicy grass the collection of green specimens before him. His principal food, in the absence of oats, is grain soaked in water, of which he gets three or four feeds a-day. This grain is a kind of pulse, or vetch, closely allied, we believe, to that miraculous prolonger of human life known in England as Revalenta Arabica, except that it grows in fields the same as wheat, and not on trees like cocoa-nuts, as represented in the pictorial advertisements of that miraculous panacea. Of its beneficial effects on the health and digestion of Arabian and country-bred horses there can be no manner of doubt; and the philanthropic Dr. Du Barry is perfectly at liberty to place this grateful acknowledgment of its merits by the side of the eloquent testimonials of Lord Stuart de Decies and Maria Jolly.

Walking is an exercise never dreamt of by a Qui hy; and the syee must hold himself in readiness at all hours of the day or night to put a saddle on a horse, or bring the buggy to the door at a moment's notice, if his excellency only wishes to go a hundred yards. He has then to run alongside, heedless of pace or distance, so as to be ready to hold the horse on his master's arriving at his destination. On long journeys, he is sometimes allowed, as a great treat, to

sit for a minute or two on the step of the buggy. Though deficient in the commodity called in an English stable "elbow-grease," the syee is an attentive groom, and becomes much attached to the animal intrusted to his charge.

The value of shade and flowers in India can be easily imagined, and it is the object of every one's ambition to possess a garden. For this purpose a "Molly," or gardener, is necessary, whose business is to provide a basketful of flowers, fruit, and vegetables every morning. This is called a "dolly," and is always sent into the house for the Sahib's or Mem Sahib's inspection, that they may feast their eyes upon something cool and pleasant. Some people who have no garden keep a gardener, which, owing to a kind of free-masonry in the craft, answers the purpose equally well, if not better, as, it is a remarkable fact, they always have better bouquets and more delicious vegetables than their neighbours. The plan, however, can hardly be recommended on the score of honesty.

The rest of the servants do not need particular description, and may be "knocked down" in one lot. On the march a Klassee is necessary, who pitches your tent and makes himself generally useful. During the hot season you must engage a gang of coolies, whose duty is to keep your punkah going day and night. Should you go to the hills, as of course you will whenever you can, you will want seven or eight Pharees, or hill-men, to cut wood for you and carry your wife, if you've got one, in a kind of arm-chair slung upon poles, called a "jompou."

The only domestic we have omitted to notice is the Ayah. Being unfortunately of the rougher sex, and single, we cannot speak from experience of her professional abilities; but she has the reputation of being a clever handmaid and affectionate nurse. In her latter capacity, she exercises no sort of authority over the children in her charge, and teaches them a number of bad habits that no amount of education in England will entirely eradicate. Her personal appearance is any thing but prepossessing. In complexion, it is needless to say, she is a brunette of the darkest description. Her hair is coarse and her teeth red. The latter attraction she owes to an unpleasant custom she indulges in of chewing betel-nut. She is fond of silver ornaments, and wears them in her ears, and on her fingers, thumbs, toes, wrists, ankles, in fact, every where except her nose. She is always dressed in white and flowing garments, which, from her habit of continually squatting on the ground, have usually a dirty draggle-tail appearance. Her caste is generally nothing to speak of, and taken altogether she is by no means an estimable character. With this slight sketch of the Indian lady's-maid we close our portfolio. J. H. L.



YOUNG LADIES' WORK.

Not potichomanie, nor wool-work, or bead-work, or *broderie Anglaise*, or any of the hundred-and-one devices popular among "young ladies," wherewith to suck up the priceless time as it flows by them, drop by drop, minute by minute,—of none of these do we profess to treat. Neither would we decry any of them. Appropriate and valuable in their way, to fill up the gaps, and ornament the corners, in the fair building of a woman's daily life, they become trivial and absurd only when used as the chief fabric in the construction of the edifice. Plaster and gilding are desirable constituent materials in architecture; but a house built entirely or principally thereof would be but a crazy and ruinous dwelling, equally hazardous to live in and uncomely to behold.

"The young ladies" of well-to-do families form a class by themselves among women. Like the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin; and we may carry the analogy further still as regards their external array. No household cares come within their province; they are exempt from most of those anxieties which beset ordinary lives; and even the common womanly duties of daughter or sister come to them easily, smoothly, and pleasantly. Their "education" finished, what have they to do? They rise in the morning; they dally gracefully with the two or three hours ensuing; play over a new waltz; try a song; write two or three notes till it is time to assist their mamma to receive or to pay calls; drive out till dressing-time, &c.; and after dinner, evening engagements fill up the round of daily "duties." Does the conviction never strike them that a God-given life was meant for better and higher things than all this; that it is but a poor apprenticeship they are serving to the great and sacred calling of woman—the refiner, the consoler, the helper? Verily it is a proof of how much innate goodness and strength exist in woman, when we see the many that issue from such a life as we have described, on to the duties of wifehood and motherhood, and seem to acquire intuitively the needed fortitude and patience, thoughtfulness and self-denial. But how much trouble and failure, how much trial and vexation of spirit, might have been spared, if the previous education and way of life had been what they should have been, as *all* differing degrees and stages of life should be,—no mere indulgence of the present, but a preparation for a higher future!

Moreover, viewing the question from another side, there is so much work waiting to be done, needing workers, and crying aloud for them, that if we could excuse the idlers among us their sin against themselves, we should still find it hard to palliate their sins of omission against their fellow-creatures. How many poor children might be led into the way of good, or at least rescued from the dark evil of ignorance, if all the unemployed "young ladies" in London, for example, devoted two hours daily from their lavish store of time to teaching "one of these little ones!" Many a mother who would not suffer her children to go to a ragged school would gladly accept an offer of "teaching" from such a source. And the manner of instruction, too, in many ways would be more individually valuable to each child so taught than the commoner method. National and parish schools, grateful though we may be for them, rather extend over large surfaces than plumb to great depths. "Education," in the true sense, is seldom perfectly efficacious in crowds. One person's care and thought will do most in proportion, when occasionally bestowed on a few, where there is time to *individualise*, to become acquainted with each separate temperament and character, and to call into action between teacher and pupil the best and divinest aid of sympathy. With love and patience we may do much among every class of God's creatures; but it is not too bold a thing to say, that with them we may do *all* among little children.

Now all young ladies love children. In simple right of their womanhood, indeed, they cannot do else. Let them, then, prove their love to be no mere empty and frivolous matter of words and gestures, but something real and earnest enough to make them willing to *try* at least to do good to any representative of beautiful and holy Childhood who may come in their way, or to whom their influence can reach. Many of us know instances, very good and pleasant to think of, where that which we are suggesting is doing and has been doing; where "the young ladies" have freely and gladly given a portion of their time to the task of teaching one or two poor children of their neighbourhood. They have battled bravely with the difficulties that met them at the outset of their undertaking—(There are always difficulties to overcome in commencing a good work: they are as bracing breezes to strengthen and invigorate. Meet them as such.)—and they have quietly resisted many temptations to relinquish or to neglect the work they began. In return they receive many an unspoken benison from lookers-

on; much simple affection,—shy and awkward perhaps in expression, but none the less real,—from the children, and, better than all, the unconscious contentment and serenity of heart that only comes to those who, in some way or other, labour *not* for themselves.

Other work of the same order, though differing as circumstances differ, will readily suggest itself to the seeker. To visit the sick, read to the aged, perform little services for the helpless,—such small benefits as these you need by no means confine to "poor people." Among your own acquaintance, surely you know more than one invalid, not very rich perhaps either in money or friends, to whom an occasional visit would give gratification or comfort. True, they may be "disagreeable," sharp-tongued, gloomy, or uninteresting; but it is possible your sympathy might console, your liveliness might cheer them into something better. At least, consider that you pay many visits for your own pleasure; will you not yield half-an-hour occasionally, hoping to give pleasure to some one else?

But this is only one example of what may be done. Look round you, willing to see, and you will find no lack of opportunities for rendering kindness or help. Sometimes the occasion may be close to you, even in your own household; sometimes you may have to go "out of your way" to meet it. In any case, and for any contingency, be alert and ready. You have the best wealth—plenty of time at your disposal; and it is but the will which is wanting to turn that wealth into treasures, often more precious than those of gold or silver, inasmuch as they can be purchased with neither.

A BATH IN EVERY HOUSE.

THE practice of bathing has existed from the earliest time, probably from the creation of man. It is one of those natural and healthy wants which barbarism and civilisation have both supplied, but in different ways. Before the influence of civilisation was felt, men were in the habit of plunging into rivers, streams, pools—any place, in fact, where water was to be found in sufficient quantity. No idea at this time existed as to the erection of an apparatus by which they might regulate the temperature to suit the health of the bather. There is every reason to believe that the discovery of hot springs led to heating water by artificial means, and to erecting suitable buildings for the accommodation of visitors. Warm baths were first known to the Asiatics. From Asia the custom was introduced by colonists into Greece and Italy.

Homer mentions the use of warm baths in his time, although the bath in the house was not general even in the time of Hippocrates. During the early period of the republic, the Romans, after a hard day's labour, threw themselves into the Tiber to refresh their weary limbs; the luxury of vapour or hot-water baths was not then known to them. A great change, however, took place towards the decline of the republic, when no gymnasium was considered complete without a bath being attached to it. For splendour, the baths of the Romans greatly surpassed the ancient Greeks; the grandeur to be observed in the ruins that remain, especially in those of Titus, Paulus Æmilius, and Diocletian, are the best and most positive proofs of the luxury and magnificence of the Roman people. It is said that in Rome there were 856 baths; but the use of baths was not confined to the metropolis, and they were to be found in all the towns of Italy.

To trace the history of bathing through the middle ages down to the present time would take more space than we can afford for the subject, especially as we wish this paper to be of such a practical nature, that by adopting the means pointed out, a bath might be erected in every dwelling at a very insignificant cost. Our continental neighbours are much before us in the use and appliances of the bath.

"In England," says Dr. Clarke, "baths are considered only as articles of luxury; yet throughout the vast empire of Russia, through all Finland, Lapland, Sweden, and Nor-

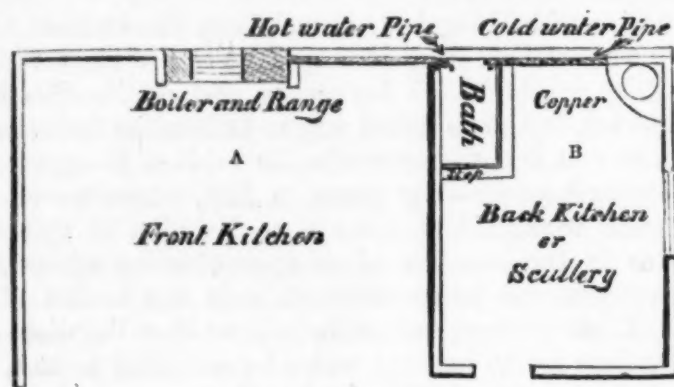
way, there is no cottage so poor, no hut so destitute, but it possesses its vapour-bath; in which all its inhabitants, every Saturday at least, and every day in cases of sickness, experience comfort and salubrity." After such testimony to the efficacy of the bath, we may use the words of Chaucer, and write—

"There is no more to say."

It should, then, we think, be a necessary consideration with every architect and builder to provide bathing accommodation in all new houses; this, it is true, is already done in the homes of the wealthy, where every facility for hot and cold bathing is always provided. Why may not this be done, at a less cost, for the middle and humbler classes?

A bath-room could easily be built, connected with the cistern for supplying water to the house, or at least it might have a pipe leading from it to supply cold-water. We would recommend the bath-room to be so arranged that a pipe from the ordinary boiler of the kitchen-range should provide it with hot-water when required. The copper, usually fixed in the back-kitchen, might be made to answer the same purpose.

In the dwellings of the poorer classes this could be done with ease, as shown in the accompanying plan. A is the



front-kitchen, showing fireplace, with boiler and range. B is the back-kitchen, showing the position of bath, which could be made of slate, and built of a sufficient height to enable its cover—a flap-lid—to serve as a table or dresser on ordinary occasions. In many houses a small bath-room could be constructed in the area, and supplied with water by the same means. If gas were more generally used, there would be even greater facility for practically carrying out the above suggestions.

The cost of fitting-up, in either of the ways suggested, is so very insignificant when compared to the benefit conferred, that a small addition to the annual rent would be ample compensation to the builder. We are not, therefore, without hope that as civilisation advances, no house will be considered complete without the bath finding in it a "local habitation."

THE "SPORTIVENESS" OF NATURE.

THOSE who love their home, and have, in addition, a nice garden wherein to make observations on the wonders of Nature, never need be subjected to ennui. Every day, every hour, brings with it unceasing novelty, and adds largely to the stores of useful and pleasing knowledge. It is not they who have travelled furthest that have learnt the most. Assuredly not.

It is in a private garden that the Sportiveness of Nature



HYBRID, BETWEEN THE GOLDFINCH AND GREENFINCH.

—the topic now before us—may be most readily perceived. Unchangeable in her fundamental laws which rule the universe, yet in her creations and particular fancies who more variable and whimsical than she? Look at the vast number of Insects that flit before us, and come under our eye at every turn. How humorously and exquisitely they are painted! On some, we observe an exact counterpart of the clouds of heaven; on others are represented flowing rivers, or the undulations of their waters. Numbers she has armed with coats of glittering mail, which reflect a lustre like that of burnished metals; in others, she playfully lights up the dazzling radiance of polished gems. Many are veined like beautiful marbles;

others have the semblance of a robe of the finest network thrown over them. The more minutely these "sports" are examined, the more numerous they are found to be,—the last ever handsomer than all that preceded. Nobody should be without a microscope.

Then how dearly Nature loves to sport among the Flowers! If she had her own sweet will, hardly any two of them would be alike. Stocks, peas, wallflowers, pansies,—and how many others?—can verify this. And she courts the bee, too, to aid her in these pretty vagaries. Her thighs covered with pollen, away she flies from flower to flower, fertilising in her progress no end of the oddest varieties. She is a fearful foe to all experimental gardening, and takes inexpressible delight in annoying the cross-breeder whenever she has a chance. It is only by placing a covering of gauze over the "married" plants that the bee can be excluded. Once admit her, and the progeny is no longer pure. Still, she is recognised as a very useful general fertilising agent.

Nor does Nature fail occasionally to present us with something very curiously "sportive" among the Birds that visit our gardens. It is not at all unusual, in summer, to see a bird near the window whose name we cannot pronounce, and whose plumage fairly puzzles us. His form is elegant, his carriage noble, and his beauty undeniable. All we can do is, to form a guess as to his paternity and maternity. This is not always difficult, as his voice generally resembles that of his sire. His wings, too, betray who was his father. The head and bill are indicative of the mother. These hybrids are usually very tame. In the course of the summer, I get many a visit from them. They are usually produced by crosses between the siskin, greenfinch, chaffinch, bullfinch, yellow-hammer, and others. The song of these hybrids is very charming.

A very fine living specimen of a mule or hybrid,—his father a goldfinch and his mother a greenfinch,—has just been shown to me by Hugh Hanly, Esq., of the "1st Life Guards," a great admirer of birds, and an ardent lover of nature. It is so bold a bird, and its characteristics are so fully developed, that I have asked permission to take a sketch of it, which is here annexed.

It is a curiosity in every sense of the word. It has a fine plumage, is strongly marked, remarkably tame, and a noble songster. There is an unusual richness in the voice, and it has a melodious whistle peculiar to itself alone. It was bred wild in the fields, and caught in a net.

Nature, in the animal world, *limits* her sportiveness. She has good reasons for this. Mules do *not* reproduce.

In the insect world, she is less particular. Nor is she rigid in the rules which sway the floral world. There is, however, a fixed limit; and certain creatures suddenly die out, and become extinct.

WILLIAM KIDD.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. III.

PAINTED BY CHARLES LOUIS MÜLLER.

MACBETH.

ACT V. SCENE I.

23 MR 57

CHARLES LOUIS MÜLLER.

HIS LADY MACBETH (ACT V. SCENE I.).

In the French school of pictorial art, the last traces of the grandiose but false school founded by Le Brun were swept away, along with the race of feeble painters by which it was represented, in the social hurricane of the great revolution at the close of the last century. In such times of mental convulsion, art has generally been represented by special organisations seemingly predestined to reanimate its principles, and, with the aid of marked and powerful genius, to give new direction to its course. At the epoch of the "Reformation," we find Holbein and Luther born in the same generation; and at the breaking-up of the ancient monarchy of France, Louis David was found embodying in a school of painting established by the force of his individual genius the pseudo-classic ideas and forms which marked, even to official nomenclature, the establishment of the "Consulate."

The school of art then developed, protected and fostered as it was by similar tendencies in those sections of the governmental influences to which it looked for support, absorbed every other during the imperial régime; or rather, perhaps, no other was tolerated; for the independent spirit of Prudhon took an almost opposite course; but his works, which exhibit a grace and beauty of execution almost Corregiesque, were decried as barbarous returns to effete formulae. They did not range with the taste set up as the imperial standard of excellence, with the requisite military precision of the epoch; they were, in short, not in uniform.

And so the school of David and his *élèves* endured through the whole imperial epoch, and part of that of the Restoration; its cold correctness, statuesque draperies, opaque and stony colouring, being, however, partially overcome by the power and poetic treatment of Guérin, the more picturesque elements infused into it by Gros, and the imagination and technical excellencies of Girodet.

But its powers of expansion had reached their limit; and the advent of a new school, termed "romantic," as opposed to the classic, was at hand. The first appearance, in succession, of the works of Ingres, Delacroix, and Delaroche, created a kind of stupefaction among the critical and academical powers then in the ascendant. They were astounded at the fearless adoption of medieval forms, the reckless audacity of new methods of manipulation, and the novel and utterly revolutionary treatment of colour and chiaroscuro. And then broke forth the war-cry of *Classicists* and *Romanticists*, and a fierce struggle for supremacy commenced. The new school was, however, doomed to triumph.

One critic, M. Thiers, then a writer in the *Constitutionnel*, had declared for it at once, on the appearance of Delacroix's scene from Dante,* the work of a youth of nineteen; and such works as the same artist's "Massacre of Scio," which soon followed, and Delaroche's "Death of Elizabeth," aided by the productions of others in the new school, such as the first battle-pieces of Horace Vernet, and the "Raft of the Medusa," of the long-neglected Gericault, did the rest.

We have now to consider the works of one of a younger race of artists, who, following in the main the steps of these great leaders, have recently achieved remarkable success in independent, and to a certain extent original, styles. Among these, Charles Louis Müller stands pre-eminent. He has succeeded in avoiding many of the crudities of colour and general treatment observable in the works of his immediate predecessors,—defects which are inseparable from the sudden creation of a new and daring style. His works exhibit much of the rich transparency and gorgeous magnificence of colouring so remarkable in the great schools of Rubens and Veronese; and those effects are reproduced with all the technical excellence, appropriate expression, vigour, complexity of effects, and rich profusion of detail, which distinguish the best examples of modern art. In 1847, his "La Ronde de Mai" attracted universal attention; its fresh beauty

* Engraved in No. IV. of the *National Magazine*.

of colour, and sunny play of chiaroscuro, and the fascinating elegance of conception and execution in the female figures, were elements that at once stamped the work as "a success." Müller, already favourably known, rose at once to a degree of eminence which was more than sustained by the appearance of his "Madness of Haidée" in 1848, and his "Lady Macbeth," the subject of the present brief essay, which was at once purchased for the national collection of living artists at the Luxembourg on its appearance in the annual exhibition of 1849.

Like more than one gifted artist of the modern French school, Müller has seized the true spirit of Shakspeare with greater force and precision than the translators. The brush has been more successful than the pen in conveying to our neighbours a just idea of some of the finest scenes of our great dramatic poet. The attitude of remorse,—that racking remorse which "murders sleep,"—was never more finely conceived than in the *pose* and expression of the chief figure. "You see her eyes are open," remarks the physician. "Ay, but the sense is shut," replies the female attendant. True, but the painter has given them an inner sight, that tortures their sense with a ghastly picture, that will not be blotted out any more than the fancied blood-stains on those pale hands. "What! will these hands never be clean?" she mutters, as the white and delicate fingers, attenuated with unrest, clench each other in the delirium of the walking dream; and the agony of that thought is depicted in the whole attitude and expression with a vigour and truthfulness absolutely appalling. The figure of the physician, too, is finely conceived; and is executed with a bold facility that recalls the touch of Vandyke, especially in the fine transparent colouring in the flesh tones. The action of the female attendant is, however, somewhat overstrained and theatrical; and the arbitrary, though effective, play of light is ill accounted for. The capricious illumination of the hands and faces alone of the two secondary figures cannot, in fact, proceed from the lamp placed on the balustrade, nor from the open casement—through which, as we remember, the night-sky is seen sparsely studded with stars—unless, indeed, we suppose the moon to be shining beyond the limit of the picture, and lighting it through the same opening, in which case the tone of the colouring would be altogether false.

We must also remark, as a grave defect in this age of archæological research, and of general accuracy in detail, that the costumes of the physician and the attendant are rather those of the age of Shakspeare than that of the Scottish usurper Macbeth.

We conclude with a few words on M. Müller's masterpiece, "The Summons of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror from the Prison St. Lazare." In this vast picture, the truly monumental dimensions of which far exceed any recent works of the English school, the individuality given to each of the dense crowd of figures, many of them accurate portraits, is truly extraordinary; and yet the general repose of effect, which should always pervade a truly great work of art, remains undisturbed.

OVER THE GRAVE.

POPLARS dim against the gray;
Silver lines that streak the west;
Stars that kiss the waning day;
Winds that hush it to its rest:
Stars that light me to thy tomb;
Winds that wail thy hapless doom:—

Stars and winds and poplars dim;
Silver gleams that bar the west,—
Fade before me as I dream
On the grass that braids thy breast:
Only thy sweet light I see,
In my spirit lighting me.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.

I.

"TAPP, sir?" said the waiter briskly; "no, sir."

"Tapp, Tapp?" said the landlord, shaking his head reflectingly; "no, sir; no."

"Sure?" said a grave-looking man in black, to whose inquiries these negatives had been addressed. "Somewhere about forty years of age?"

"Sure, sir," replied the landlord; "that is, not as I know."

"A short gentleman, rather stout; florid complexion," pursued the grave man; "generally wears blue with brass buttons and black stock; baldish."

"No, sir; haven't seen him, to my knowledge. In course, sir—"

This dialogue reached my ears whilst standing at the door of the hotel at Dover, at which I had passed the night. I was bound for Calais, and was waiting to see that my luggage was all brought down-stairs. Just as the landlord uttered the last words recorded, the porter, having completed the lading of his truck, began wheeling it away to the packet. I followed him, and so lost the conclusion of the sentence.

Of course, like other people, we had the roughest passage of the season. Nevertheless we arrived without accident, as travellers generally do; and starting by the evening train for Paris, I found myself, on the following day, comfortably established in my favourite hotel.

We had a very agreeable company at the *table-d'hôte*, where I was fortunate enough to recognise several of my acquaintance; and one day, when a new guest entered the *salle-à-manger*, and was greeted with a welcome recognition by some of the party, Mr. H—, my next neighbour, turned to me and observed, that his wife often said she was sure this planet of ours could not be so large as was asserted; for she had remarked that the same people were always turning up upon it.

I remember I had come home very hungry from my drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and I was at that moment discussing a delicious *riz de veau, sauce tomate*; so, not over-disposed for conversation, I only replied to the remark by a smile.

"Yes," said Mrs. H—, "I suspect it's but a shabby little world, not much bigger than a large orange. Henry, do you remember Tapp?"

"Tapp?" said I, raising my head.

"Yes," said Mrs. H—; "when we came to Paris, a fortnight ago, we did nothing but run against a man who was always inquiring for somebody of the name of Tapp."

"Why," said I, "I met the very man the other day; at least, I suppose it was the same—a tall solemn-looking man in black."

"Precisely," said Mrs. H—. "His sole object in life seems to be to discover Tapp. We met him in Paris, we met him at Versailles, we met him at St. Cloud, always asking anxiously at the hotels if they had got Tapp. Who can Tapp be, and what can he want with him? I have no doubt that at this moment he has got hold of some hotel-keeper, and is asking him for Tapp."

"I can answer for it, that is what he was doing last Tuesday morning," said I; "for I detected him in the fact at the door of the Ship, at Dover. It's odd enough; perhaps he's a monomaniac possessed with the idea of Tapp."

"Or an officer in pursuit of a criminal," suggested Mrs. H—.

"Or of a debtor," said Mr. H—. "He wants to tap Mr. Tapp on the shoulder."

"I wonder what sort of person Tapp is," said Mrs. H—, with characteristic female curiosity. "I can hardly fancy Tapp a black-looking villain."

"I should think Tapp was rather a genial sort of fellow," said Mr. H—.

"Tapp," replied I, gravely, "is about forty years of age;

short and stout, with a florid complexion and bald head. He usually wears a black stock, and a blue coat with brass buttons. I am disposed to think Tapp is in the military line."

"A regimental Tapp," said Mr. H—.

"Why, you have actually seen him, I do believe," said the lady, rather inclined to be jealous of my superior information.

"No," I replied; "but I heard his description from the man in black; and woe be to Tapp if I come across his path! I shall certainly put an advertisement into the *Times*, announcing that Tapp is discovered, and will be forthcoming on payment of a handsome reward to the advertiser. I shall stipulate for something considerable."

"How do you know that Tapp is not some innocent victim, pursued by that demon in a black coat? His *signalement*, as the French call it, rather prepossesses me in his favour; and if I meet him, I shall decidedly warn him of his danger."

The conversation now turned in some other direction; and although we often alluded jestingly to Tapp and his pursuer, I neither saw nor heard any thing of either of them during the month I was in Paris. At the end of that time, the heat becoming oppressive, I started for Belgium and the Rhine. I stayed a week in Brussels, ran over for a few days to beautiful old Antwerp, and then proceeded to Spa.

I took up my quarters at the Hôtel d'Orange; and after one of Monsieur Duchêne's excellent dinners, I went with all the rest of the world—the Spa world—to hear the band on the Place Royale. Meyerbeer was there; and they played some of his overtures so well, that I think the great *maestro* must have been pleased. He goes there every summer; and rides a black donkey, which has the honour to be called by his name, and on which he is said to seek inspiration from the beautiful scenery around.

As is the case with every body who goes to Spa, I met several acquaintance on the promenade; and when the band ceased playing, we walked up to the Redoute, where I looked over the newspapers, and then approached the roulette-table to see what was doing there. The player that seemed to be most attracting the attention of the lookers-on was a man with a long white beard, who had a heap of gold and notes before him; and I watched his varying fortunes with interest for some time, till, his store beginning visibly to decrease, he pushed back his chair in disgust, and left the table; his place being immediately taken by another eager aspirant for fortune's favours. This move of his caused a general one amongst the spectators; and I and a friend who was standing beside me went round to the other side of the table, and took up a position exactly behind the centre croupier; when, casting my eye along the row of faces that were now presented to me, who should I behold seated exactly opposite but—Tapp! I was as sure it was him as if I had known him all my life. There he was; about forty years of age; short, stout, baldish, with a (somewhat faded) florid complexion. There was the black stock, the blue coat, and the brass buttons. I have said somewhat faded, because it was not the florid complexion of full health; you could discern that the colour had been higher, but that it was in some degree paled by sickness or trouble. He was playing *très petit jeu*, only two-franc pieces; but he punted every time, and seemed quite absorbed in the game. I watched him for several minutes with a strange feeling of curiosity, during which he never raised his eyes from the green cloth. At length, putting my fan before my mouth, I whispered to my friend, "Do you know the name of that gentleman opposite, with the brass buttons?"

"No," said he, "I don't. He lodges at the Flandre, and sits opposite me at dinner; but I have not heard his name. He has only been here a few days."

We spoke so low that it is impossible the stranger could have heard us; but at this moment he looked up, and our eyes met. He saw that we were talking of him, and he coloured and evidently became nervous. I instinctively moved away, not wishing to increase his distress, whoever

he might be; but I was so convinced he was the man, that I could not help every now and then taking a distant view of him. He continued playing for some time, and then I missed him; he had left the room whilst I was in the adjoining one.

I could not get out of my head that this was Tapp; indeed, I felt sure it was, and I could think of nothing all the evening but the oddness of my meeting him; wondering too, if it proved to be as I suspected, whether I should speak to him, and tell him about the tall man in black and his inquiries.

"But if he is a criminal," thought I, "I should be defeating the ends of justice; and it is scarcely likely any body but a criminal would be so pursued. Perhaps he is a fraudulent banker, or an embezzling clerk, or something in that line. He does not look like an assassin, certainly; but those smooth bald-headed men are very deceptive sometimes. He evidently became uneasy when he saw we were observing him." These were my waking reflections; and when I went to bed, I dreamed that I was pursuing Tapp along Pall Mall till he reached the Army and Navy Club, into which he entered; whereupon I discovered him to be my own son, with whom I was walking arm-in-arm through the Place Vendôme.

A lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance was lodging at the Flandre; and the following morning I resolved to call upon her, urged, I confess, by a restless desire to learn something more about the blue coat and brass buttons. I rang the bell, and inquired if Madame la Baronne de B— was at home. The waiter said she had not yet left her chamber; and I was just thinking how I could put another question to him, when Colonel V—, my companion of the preceding evening, having just finished his breakfast in the *salle-à-manger*, came to the door with a cigar in his hand, which he was preparing to light.

"Good morning, colonel," I said; "I came to call on Madame de B—, but I find she has not left her room. A fine morning."

"Very," said he; "by the by, that man's name is Tarp; he's there at breakfast, and I have just asked the waiter. Perhaps he means Thorp or Tharpe—the man you were asking about last night, I mean, he of the brass buttons."

We were standing with our backs to the hotel; but as Colonel V— uttered the last words, I turned my head, and there was Tapp immediately behind us. He too had come to the door with his cigar, and must have heard the conclusion of our dialogue.

I bade Colonel V— good morning, and moved off with the greatest celerity. "I shall become the poor man's *bête-noire*," thought I. "He'll take me for a police-officer in petticoats."

However, my suspicions were now confirmed; but reflection decided me to communicate my discovery to nobody, except, indeed, to my son, who quite coincided with me as to the propriety of silence.

"They are probably pursuing him for some fraud or defalcation," he said; "but we have nothing to do with it, and it is best not to interfere. He can't escape long if he comes to such public places as this."

I met Tapp no more that day; on the next, wishing to get a little information without directly asking for it, I inquired of Colonel V— if there were many English at the Flandre.

"More than half the table is filled with English. Two or three went this morning. Mr. and Mrs. G— are gone; and your friend of the brass buttons too—he's gone."

"O, he's gone is he," said I, wishing to hear something more.

"I heard him last night asking for his bill; and as he has not appeared to-day, I conclude he's off."

I confess to feeling disappointed. I had promised myself some amusement in watching the proceedings of this mysterious individual, and had flattered myself I might perhaps witness the *dénouement* of the drama. The tall man in

black might overtake his game here; and after the catastrophe I should have the pleasure of relating what reasons I had had for grave suspicions, and how prudently I had kept these suspicions to myself. However he was gone, and probably I should never hear any more of the matter; though I could not help thinking that the uneasy feeling I had created had hastened his departure.

Twice more on my route Tapp crossed my path, or rather I crossed his; once at Aix-la-Chapelle. He was approaching a table where the newspapers lay; but on seeing me, he turned round and went into the adjoining room. I had taken him by surprise, and he was evidently too nervous to control his first emotion. The next time was at Cologne, where I saw him on the platform at the station. He had apparently arrived by the same train as myself. This time I do not think he saw me. I was wondering whether we should meet on board the Rhine boat the next day; and I examined the passengers with great curiosity; there was a crowd of all nations and languages, but he was not amongst them.

This was the last I heard of Tapp for some time; but when I left Paris, I had intrusted Mr. H— with a small commission, requesting him to direct his letter on the subject to the post-office at Frankfort. There I found it; and I was not a little struck by the following passage: "My wife is quite triumphant about her theory. Who should we meet when we got to Ostend, where we embarked, but the man in black, inquiring for Tapp. We laughed so heartily at the sight of him, that we must have quite shocked his gravity."

II.

"Don't sit there fretting over that letter; but do come to bed, Maria." I was on the summit of the Righi when I heard these words proceeding from a female voice in the room adjoining mine. Like every body else there assembled, we were to see the sun rise the following morning, *if we could*; and as I had gone to bed very early that I might be the better able to encounter the fatigue of the next day, I was annoyed to hear two people conversing so near me. Whilst I was undressing, the noise I made myself prevented my distinguishing what was the subject of their discourse; but when I had lain down, my bed being close to the thin partition, the voices sounded almost as if the speakers were in the room with me.

"He'll never allow himself to be found, never, I'm certain," said a second speaker, who by the tone I judged to be younger than the other.

"Nonsense," said the first; "how can he help it?"

"How has he helped it these three months, when no pains have been spared? It's my opinion he has left Europe altogether, and gone to America."

"No, no, Tapp will never go to America; he hates America and every thing belonging to it." I sat up in bed and listened attentively.

"Well, Australia then?"

"Not he; he hates Australia too."

"How absurd, mamma! How can he hate them, when he never saw either? Besides, when a man knows the police are after him, he'd go any where."

"The fact is, you are determined to keep me awake and make me ill, Maria. I am sure I have suffered enough, without your adding to my troubles. I know you'll say it was my own fault."

"No, I shan't," said Maria.

"I know it was my own fault, and I can never forgive myself for being so infatuated; but I've done all I can to repair it, and I shall never cease till he is discovered. You know, Tapp is not a common name; it's not like Smith or Johnson."

"How do you know he hasn't changed it?" answered Maria. "Indeed, I've no doubt he has."

"Now this is really cruel," said the elder lady, in a voice that showed she was not far from tears; "you continually reproach me, and now you won't let me sleep."

This appeal seemed to melt the obduracy of the younger lady; for I heard something like kisses, and they soon afterwards appeared to fall asleep.

For my part, I had at first thought of knocking against the partition, or rising and going to their room to tell them what I knew: but, in the first place, I should have lost my night's rest, and I was very tired; and in the next, I confess I hesitated about turning informer and giving up Tapp to his enemies. So I resolved to wait till the morning, when I should be sure to find my neighbours with the rest of the lodgers, looking at the sunrise. However, when we all assembled at five o'clock outside the inn for that purpose, there was such a grotesque group of strange figures, male and female, huddled in cloaks and blankets and shawls, generally thrown over their heads Bedouin fashion, that I could not even give a guess which amongst them was Maria or her mamma. Having really seen the sun rise over those majestic mountains, tinging their summits with that glorious purple hue, that I never saw equalled except when the sun at his setting clothed the mountains of Albania with the same royal robes, I retired to my room; and as the morning was very cold, and I knew my party were not disposed for an early breakfast, I went to bed again. For a few minutes I heard my neighbours discussing the beauty of the scene, and then I fell asleep. When I woke again, it was half-past eight; no sound reached me from the adjoining chamber; and on descending to breakfast, I learnt, on inquiry, that the ladies who had occupied it had departed. They had gone down the mountain on the Kreuznach side; we were going down the other; so that it was clear I had lost them for the present. I really was not sorry; for although curious to penetrate the mystery, I was not at all decided what I should do in the case. Now it seemed that fate had taken the affair in her own hands; and so she had, but not in the way I then believed.

It was not very long after the above event that I found myself at Vevay; we could not get rooms at the *Couronne*, so we went to the *Hôtel du Lac*, where, by the by, they give you very bad dinners; and where, when I was descending the stairs, after selecting bedrooms for myself and party, who should I meet but my tall friend, whom I had last seen at Dover, and whom Mr. and Mrs. H— had met at Ostend. He was not inquiring for Tapp this time, but carrying up a jug of warm-water; and it immediately occurred to me that he had come to Switzerland to meet the ladies, and that I should probably find them here; and so it proved. As there are two dinners, one early and one late, there are generally not a great many people at either; and I had no difficulty in fixing on the right parties, for the tall man stood behind their chairs. The elder, a nice ladylike-looking person; the other, a plain-looking young woman of doubtful age and a decidedly provincial air: but the expression of her countenance was pleasing, and I felt altogether a prepossession in their favour.

After dinner, we went into the garden, and I addressed some observations to them about the scenery; and as one of the steamboats came in view, I mentioned that I was going to Geneva the next day to call on a friend, and I hoped it would be fine.

"We want to go to Geneva too," said the elder lady. "We want to go to the banker's; besides, we ordered our letters to be addressed there. We expected to have come to Vevay by that route, but we came by Lausanne instead. Do you know of a good place to dine at Geneva? for we shall not be back here to dinner, I'm told."

"You'll dine much better at the Balance, there," I said. "It's an old-fashioned inn, but good and reasonable. I mean to dine there."

The next day we met on board the steamer, as I expected; and the elder lady and myself soon found ourselves in conversation about our travels. This was what I wanted; and I took occasion to mention that I thought we had been next neighbours on the Righi, and that from the thinness of the partition, I had been an involuntary hearer of their con-

versation. She seemed to have no recollection of what had been the subject of that conversation, and only remarked that the partition was very thin, and she hoped they had not disturbed me.

"We were very uncomfortable there," said Mrs. Middlemas (such I found was her name); "for Bunbury—that's my servant—had not joined us, and I'm never comfortable without him; he's such a faithful intelligent person, and has lived in Colonel Middlemas's family all his life. He came home from India with me, and I never should have thought of travelling without him, only I was obliged to send him away about most particular business" (here a sigh escaped her); "one feels so helpless when one has always been accustomed to have every thing done for one. We have a maid; but she is of no earthly use in travelling, for she can't speak a word of French."

"Does your man-servant speak French?" I asked.

"O yes," she said, "else he would not have been able to do the business we've employed him in. He's been to Paris and to several places in France to make some inquiries of the greatest importance to us, and he has now been all through Belgium and Germany on the same errand."

I should like to have said, "And has he succeeded in his researches?" but it would have been too impertinent; so I rejoined, "It's very odd, but I think I've met Mr. Bunbury before also. I saw him at Dover. I remember he was at that time making inquiries about a person named"—here I hesitated.

"Tapp," said Mrs. Middlemas.

"Yes, I remember it was Tapp," said I.

"He's been travelling these five months to find that man," she rejoined in a tone of vexation. "It is one of the most extraordinary and distressing things," she added, raising her hands.

"Really," I said, in an inquiring voice; for I saw she was half-inclined to tell me the story, and I believe I looked as if I should very much like to hear it.

"And what is worse, I have only myself to blame."

In this way we beat about the bush for some time; but before we reached Geneva I was in possession of the following facts, which I shall relate as faithfully as I can recall them.

Colonel Middlemas was a widower, with one daughter, when he met with this lady and married her. His regiment was at that time going to India; and Maria—for she was the daughter—was left behind with an aunt, a sister of her mother's, who greatly desired her company. This arrangement continued for some years; when Colonel Middlemas, finding himself unable to return to England, sent for his daughter to join him. But Maria objected, alleging that India would not agree with her, and that she did not like to leave her aunt. The colonel insisted; and communicated to the aunt, Miss Darnley, that besides wishing to see his daughter, there was another reason for his persistence: he had a project of marriage for her—he wished to unite her to a favourite *protégé* of his own; an amiable young man of good family but small fortune, whom he had brought forward, and whom he intended further to advance. "I shall be able to make them both comfortable by this means; and I feel assured I am taking the best step I can to promote my daughter's happiness."

But instead of complying with her father's wishes, Maria now wrote that her affections were irrevocably engaged and her word pledged. That it was therefore useless to put her father to the expense of her voyage to India, as she never should change her mind on this subject; nor could she with honour do it if even she wished it, which she never should, &c. The aunt wrote also to explain that the object of Maria's affections was Captain Tapp; he was on the half-pay list of the — regiment, and she was sorry to say that he had neither family nor fortune to recommend him; but she believed him to be a very amiable man, and well calculated to make Maria happy. At the same time, she owned that she never should have encouraged the attachment had

she suspected it in the beginning; but her eyes were not opened till too late. She added, that though it was not such a match as Colonel Middlemas's daughter ought to make, yet happiness was the first consideration; and that as she intended to leave Maria every shilling she possessed, she hoped he would not withhold his consent to their union.

This news was most exceedingly displeasing to Colonel and Mrs. Middlemas; and as he could not leave his post, and she required change of air, it was arranged that she should come to England and endeavour to break off this unpleasant connection, which nothing but the extreme simplicity and inexperience of Miss Darnley, who had passed her life in a country-town, could have countenanced or overlooked.

Accordingly Mrs. Middlemas came to England under the care of the grave Bunbury; and after a short sojourn in London, proceeded to the north, determined to use all her own and her husband's influence in opposition to the match. But she found that she had a spirit to deal with that was not to be overcome. Whether it was obstinacy, as Colonel M. called it, or strength of attachment, as Miss Darnley alleged, certain it was that Maria remained firm as a rock in her resolution to hear of no other suitor but Captain Tapp; which appeared the more extraordinary, as Mrs. Middlemas saw nothing in him to like. He certainly might be amiable,—she had no means of knowing whether he was or not, as he was so constrained in her presence that she could form no opinion on that subject; but he had no attractions of person or manner, and he was several years older than Maria; in short, she considered him altogether a very provincial common sort of person, and one that she was sure Colonel Middlemas would not be pleased to receive or introduce as his son-in-law.

However, Maria was resolved: but there was one chance left; Mrs. M. had some relations in Paris whom she wished to see; and she determined to take Maria with her there, and try the effect of absence. Besides, the young lady had been living in the country a long time, had become provincial herself, and was therefore blind to the defects of her lover. A little Paris polish, she thought, might render her more clear-sighted; and the object she and her husband sought be thus attained without further exertion of authority.

Unfortunately a year's residence in Paris proved the fallacy of these hopes. Maria was dressed and drilled, and taken to theatres, to *soirées musicales* and *thés dansants*; but with no effect whatever, except to produce a considerable degree of *ennui*, which manifested itself by very demonstrative yawns. She always insisted that these things afforded her no amusement; they were, on the contrary, an insufferable bore to her; she had no taste for such a life as she was leading now, and was much happier in the village home of her aunt, where she had passed so many happy years.

At length Colonel Middlemas's *protégé*, whom he intended for his daughter's husband, was discovered to have formed an attachment to a pretty penniless girl, who had been sent out on speculation; and that, together with Mrs. M.'s weariness of Maria's obstinacy, determined them to forego further opposition, and allow her to marry the man of her choice; though not without protest, and a hint that she need expect a very inferior provision to that she would have otherwise had.

This point being settled, Captain T. suddenly appeared in Paris. The truth was, he had been there some time, unknown to Mrs. Middlemas; but now he visited Maria without concealment, and Mrs. M. endeavoured to evince as little dislike to him as possible. However, she was willing enough to hasten the marriage and return to her husband; and as the ceremony was to be performed in Miss Darnley's parish-church, they began to make preparations for their departure from Paris.

When Mrs. Middlemas left India, she brought with her a little packet of diamonds, which the colonel directed her to get handsomely set, during her residence in England, as

he intended them for a present to his daughter on her marriage. The affair with Captain T. had prevented her taking any steps about them; and she had written to her husband to know what, under existing circumstances, was to be done with them. The day previous to her leaving Paris, it occurred to her that she might as well show them to some good jeweller there, and hear what he said of their value, and what style of setting he recommended, before she went; so, taking Maria with her, they started for Bassot's, in the Rue de la Paix. On their way they met Tapp; and Maria, who was not at all disposed to consider Mrs. M.'s feelings on the subject, asked him to join them, which he willingly did.

The respectable M. Bassot examined the diamonds, pronounced on their value, and recommended that they should be made into a brooch and earrings, after such a fashion as he described. The inspection over, as Mrs. M. said she was not prepared to decide on what she would do, he folded them in a bit of silver-paper, which he closed with a drop of green wax, after the manner of jewellers; he then put the little packet into a small box, which he enveloped in paper and sealed with another drop of wax. This done, he handed the packet across the counter to Mrs. Middlemas; she put it in her bag, and they left the shop. Tapp escorted them to the door of their hotel and then took his leave, saying he would return later to see if he could be of any use to them.

They had now no servant but Bunbury; for Mrs. Middlemas had dismissed her French maid, whom she did not intend taking to England; so they were engaged in packing all the remainder of the day. Towards evening Tapp came; and while they were taking a cup of coffee, Mrs. M. said to her daughter,

"Do you know, Maria, I am very sorry I did not buy that cap at Laure's to-day; after all, I don't think it was so dear, for the materials were beautiful, certainly."

"I dare say you may have it now," answered Maria; "I don't suppose the shops are shut. Send Bunbury."

"I don't know; Laure closes very early; and Bunbury is out paying the bills. Besides, I should like to go myself, to have another look at it before I decide."

"Well, Tapp can walk with us," said Maria. But just at this point of the discussion Bunbury returned.

"O, here's Bunbury. Then we'll go; and he shall walk with us, because he can carry home the cap, if I buy it."

"Then I had better stay here, to keep watch over all these treasures," said Tapp.

"Do, if you please," answered Mrs. M., "for there are so many things lying about the room; and, by the by, I'll leave these diamonds behind me; it's no use walking about the streets with them;" and so saying, she took the little packet out of her bag and laid it on the table.

Of course she bought the cap. The following morning they left Paris, and arrived in London on the ensuing day. There Maria's *trousseau* was to be prepared; after which they were to proceed to Yorkshire for the solemnisation of the wedding; and the ceremony over, Mrs. M. proposed re-joining her husband in India.

"I think, Maria," said Mrs. Middlemas, a day or two after their arrival in London, "that those diamonds would be useless to you in your position as Mrs. Tapp, living at a village in Yorkshire; and that it would be much better to sell them, and give you the money."

"A great deal better," said Maria. "I should never wear them; and being papa's present, I could not sell them."

Mrs. Middlemas arose from her chair, and proceeded to the adjoining room, which was her bed-chamber. There she unlocked a large trunk; and diving to the bottom of it, she drew forth her jewel-case, which she carried into the room where Maria was sitting.

"I think," said Mrs. M., "you might have a pretty set of fashionable ornaments more suitable for you, and a good bit of money over; for I know they're fine stones,—indeed, Bassot said so. We'll go to Hancock's this afternoon, and

consult him about it;" and so saying, she unlocked the jewel-case, took out the small packet, unfolded the outside paper, and lifted the cover of the little box, which, to her ineffable amazement, was—empty!

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

It seems in politics to be a notable fact that the very worst thing you can do to a constitution is to make it logical. Let the great machine be constructed on the supposition that two and two make nothing in particular, that waxwork is the sort of stuff for furnaces and gun-cotton for safety-valves; and then, after finishing the job to this extent, sand the wheels, cut the straps, and throw water on the fuel, and in all probability your engine will set to work like a Briton, do all sorts of ridiculously good things, help itself, mend itself, and wear till you are tired of it. But begin in wisdom; have a reason for every thing; discard absurdity; stick to figures and common sense; and all you get by your mathematics is the mathematical assurance that the whole thing will be found at Jericho immediately after the first turning of the wheels.

One may feel freely delivered from the fear of any such catastrophe when the British Parliament meets for the despatch of business. The holiday veil is removed, and the fine old Constitution sweeps up the stage again in a hundred unaccountable forms,—some gray as ashes, some tough as leather, and most of them without one logical leg to stand upon. Yet we have much doubt whether the said Constitution would thrive better if it were a more logical invention.

This may seem curious doctrine; and yet there is nothing in it to be wondered at. This beautiful living world is not made of squares and circles, but of men and women, most of whom thank the gods they are not mathematical. They are not made, and cannot act, by arithmetical rule. Laws there are which their nature perforce obeys; but, like the law of storms, the chief thing certain about them is their profound uncertainty, and the surest rule, that of perpetual exceptions. Fixing our eyes on solitary facts and the short and simple sequence of their immediate causes, we can reason mathematically, predict securely, and trust to theories without being nervous as to the consequence; but in those larger processes where facts become gregarious and the universe works out its grander ends, the lines of cause and effect are such as no field of mortal vision can contain at once, and to treat them as if we were sure about them is like steering by the compass among floating icebergs, or trusting to the rules of chess on a battle-field. How an apple falls to the ground we know well enough; can reckon how thick a skull would be cracked by it at a given distance below the bough, and say to twenty decimals the space of time measured by the last foot of its descent. But how the apple grows is another affair. Chemical affinity and capillary attraction; the laws of light and heat, of exhalation and absorption,—we may put all these together if we like, but they will not enable us to say which buds on the flowering stem will ripen, and which will be blighted. In these respects a nation is very much like an apple-blossom. It is entirely so in the complex nature of the laws which govern its development.

The weakest point in all abstract theories of government is this: they necessarily presuppose that some one or other will do his duty, and practically nobody does it. So the result is one thing, and the expectation quite another. You point straight at your enemy, and find you have hit your friend; you sow corn, and get a crop of cabbages. Electoral theories fail, because electors are neither saints nor sages; constitutions fail, because there is no sieve in the world

that will separate its honest men; despotism fails, because the first act of a despotic conscience is to put itself out of the way. Political systems want mending the moment they are made. The material is itself defective: if you let them lie quiet, they rot; if you use them, they go to holes and tatters. The reason why the most successful among them are to so great an extent the least consistent is, that in these the fabric has been repaired again and again, and their anomalies and contradictions are just the darns and patches by which it is held together.

We come here upon the true relation which political institutions bear to national progress. Whatever form of government a nation may adopt, the first inevitable thing about it is, that it will be continually out of repair; and the first condition of its utility is therefore that it should be well and regularly mended. If there is such capacity in the race itself, and such opportunity in the system of its political affairs as to insure this regular process of reparation; in other words, if the nation and its forms of government grow naturally together,—the result will be a successful one. It is not a perfect theory that we want. It is not exemption from political evils, which is impossible. It is not provision against all contingencies, which would be useless. It is a power of constant re-adaptation—a principle of life—a power of mending.

Looking with these thoughts at the old fabric of England's greatness, the fears or doubts which some parts of our system may at times occasion should fairly fade away. Our institutions are full of things odd and inconsistent, quaint and ludicrous; but their history is the history of steady growth, of continual development. Customs, shocking to our logic, are yet effectual for our wants; laws, untenable in theory, still hold us together in practice; and the experience of ages assures us that when the nation itself is fit to move onwards, its institutions make no obstinate resistance, but are soon ready to go along with it.

This is perhaps all that can be expected from human government. At best it is but a remedy for the shortcomings of individuals. If all men did their duty, its functions would be at an end. In the mean time reflection should make us tolerant of each other, and allay our impatience of political strife. The war of opinions in England means chiefly that many are zealous in the same good cause. We live in the struggle; we grow torpid in the truce; the grumbling, which is an Englishman's privilege, is also his very life. A man who is just content, is just good for nothing; a nation of grumblers is a nation that may rule the world. Society, however, is made of single souls, and can improve only by individual improvement. A statesman who mends a law, removes an obstacle to progress; but a father who brings up a noble child, has already made his country nobler.



HUGH MILLER.

THERE is no one who has heard of the name of Hugh Miller but will look with the deepest interest upon the characteristic portrait here presented. To those who had the higher privilege of enjoying his personal friendship it will be especially dear. How forcibly does it recal the plain and homely attire, the earnest and manly features, of the great geologist! All that is wanting is the coarse plaid, which was so often thrown over his shoulders; but it has been dispensed with for a little, the better to examine the geological specimen.

The sudden death of this remarkable man, and the tragic circumstances connected with it, are events which we hardly yet feel able fully to realise. Struck down in the midst of us without note or warning, the blow came with all the more stunning, stupefying effect. While the world of science and literature mourns over the loss of one of its brightest



Hugh Miller.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. G. TUNNY.

ornaments, we in Scotland feel the sad calamity with all the poignancy of a domestic affliction.

With the name of Hugh Miller is associated all that is honest, independent, and manly; simple and earnest nature, indomitable energy, and untiring perseverance. In his autobiography, published a year or two ago, we have a most notable instance of the truth that

"We can make our lives sublime."

It is the story of a career favoured at the outset with no accidental advantages of birth, wealth, or education; subjected to the common lot of working-men, and continued throughout amidst scenes of most surpassing interest. He was born, as he tells us in the fascinating narrative of his life already alluded to, at Cromarty, on the 10th of October 1802. He lost his father, who perished at sea, when very young, and the care of him and two younger sisters devolved upon his widowed mother,—a truly excellent and industrious woman,—who was left to support her family by her own exertions. At the three different schools at which Hugh was successively placed, he seems to have derived little or no advantage from the education there imparted; nor does he acknowledge mental growth to have been the result of attendance at any one of them. His real education began with many delightful walks along the unfrequented shore with one of his uncles, who used to point out to him the

effect of certain winds upon the tide, the habits of the crustacea, and the water-worn fragments of rocks scattered along the beach. In these walks we see the future geologist receiving his first lessons from the great book of nature spread out before him; and to them may be ascribed the bent of his mind towards his favourite science thus so early directed, though at first it lay rather in the direction of mineralogy than geology. Another of his uncles was a stonemason, and to him Hugh was apprenticed for three years. This occupation, though far from being congenial to his feelings, introduced him more fully to the study of geology, which he soon began to prosecute with much ardour, and lost no opportunity of enjoying his rambles by the shore, or of exploring quarries, hammer in hand, and picking up specimens even then. At the close of his apprenticeship, he quitted Cromarty and went to Edinburgh, where he procured employment as a stonecutter. After working there for about two years, his health, never very robust, began to give way; and in order to recruit it, he returned to his native place, where he was kindly welcomed by all his old friends.

During this early period of Mr. Miller's life, he occasionally amused himself with attempts at verse-making; but though some of these effusions show considerable merit and feeling, it is by his prose alone that he will be remembered. One of these, however, became so popular in his native place,

that it was handed about in manuscript, and read at tea-parties by the *élite* of the village. It was even dressed up by a worthy old lady, the mistress of the boarding-school, and recited by some of her young ladies amidst the most rapturous applause. He was thenceforth styled "the Cromarty Poet." Having, in the summer of 1828, gone to Inverness, he sent to the editor of the *Inverness Courier* some of his poetical efforts; and it was then that he formed his first connection with the press, and became acquainted with Mr. Robert Carruthers, editor of that journal. By him Mr. Miller was induced to publish, in one volume, some fifteen or twenty pieces which had been written during the preceding six years. This unpretending volume (notwithstanding much adverse criticism), and some letters on Herring-Fishing, which subsequently appeared in the columns of the *Courier*, obtained for their author the notice and attention of many good friends, among whom were the late Dr. James Brown, of Edinburgh, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and Principal Baird. The last-mentioned gentleman very strongly urged Mr. Miller to quit Inverness for Edinburgh, where he might obtain literary employment. But the invitation was prudently declined. "I did think it possible," says Mr. Miller, "that in some subordinate capacity,—as a concocter of paragraphs, or an abridger of parliamentary debates, or even as a writer of occasional articles,—I might find more remunerative employment than as a stonemason; but though I might acquaint myself in a large town, when occupied in this way, with the world of books, I questioned whether I could enjoy equal opportunities of acquainting myself with the occult and the new in natural science as when plying my labours in the provinces as a mechanic."

About this time Mr. Miller began to collect the legendary stories of his native district, which were afterwards published in Edinburgh, under the title of *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*. This was his first great success in literature; it revealed the poetic imagination and the fine descriptive power of the writer. "A remarkable book," said Leigh Hunt, "written by a remarkable man, who will infallibly be well known." We also find him beginning to give more attention to political matters; and so interested in local affairs did he become, that on one occasion he even went the length of standing for a councillor at one of the municipal elections. Very much to his surprise, he was successful; but the honour soon lost its relish for him. "In duly attending the first meeting of council," he says, "I heard an eloquent speech from a gentleman in the opposition, directed against the individuals who, as he finely expressed it, 'were wielding the destinies of his native town;' and saw, as the only serious piece of business before the meeting, the councillors clubbing pennies a-piece in order to defray, in the utter lack of town-funds, the expense of a ninepenny postage. And then, with, I fear, a very inadequate sense of the responsibilities of my new office, I staid away from the council-board, and did nothing whatever in its behalf, with astonishing perseverance and success, for three years together."

Having accepted the accountantship of a branch agency of the Commercial Bank of Scotland about to be established in Cromarty, Mr. Miller went to Edinburgh to receive instructions; and after a few days was sent to Linlithgow to be practically initiated into the art and mystery of banking. On his return to Cromarty, he soon afterwards married the amiable and accomplished lady who now mourns over the great and irreparable loss she has so recently sustained.

During all these changes and promotions, the favourite study of geology was never neglected. He was diligently employing his leisure time among the fossil fishes of the old red sandstone, and the ammonites and belemnites of the lias, which abound in the vicinity of Cromarty. The discoveries and restorations in which these investigations resulted entitled Mr. Miller to take his place amongst the most distinguished geologists of the day. But a more exciting subject engaged his attention at this time—the ecclesiastical controversy, and the critical situation of the Church

of Scotland. "Could I do nothing for my church in her hour of peril?" he asked himself. "I tossed wakefully throughout a whole night, in which I formed my plan of taking the purely popular side of the question; and in the morning I sat down to state my views to the people in the form of a letter to Lord Brougham. I devoted to my new employment every moment not imperatively demanded by my duties in the bank-office, and in about a week after, was able to despatch the manuscript of my pamphlet to the respected manager of the Commercial Bank." This pamphlet at once attracted the attention of those ministers who afterwards founded the Free Church of Scotland. In 1840, it was proposed by the party of ministers already referred to, that a newspaper should be established to promote the popular views; and the author of the pamphlet was invited to become its editor. Thus *The Witness* was established, with Hugh Miller for its editor.

In 1841, the results of Mr. Miller's investigations were given to the world in his *Old Red Sandstone*; a work which not only placed its author among the foremost rank of scientific men, but even charmed ordinary readers by the novelty and beauty of its style. A few years later, he published his *Footprints of the Creator*. This work, undoubtedly his *chef-d'œuvre*, has been introduced as a text-book into the universities by the most eminent teachers of natural science. He opposes in it the views promulgated in the well-known book, *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*.

Some eight or nine years ago, Mr. Miller published an interesting book,—*First Impressions of England and its People*; but his published works are only a very small portion of the labours of his lifetime. For many years past he has been one of the most industrious and indefatigable members of the Royal Physical Society, at whose meetings he from time to time communicated the results of his observations and discoveries. The papers read there have never been published, with the exception of one or two which appeared in the columns of *The Witness*. It was his long-cherished intention that each of these should form a part of the great work to which for many years his leisure time has been devoted. His design was to combine all his labours among the different formations of Scotland into one grand picture of the geological history of the country.

But the work upon which he was more immediately engaged at the time of his death—only too laboriously—was a new work on geology, entitled, *The Testimony of the Rocks*. It is said to include the two lectures on "The Mosaic periods" delivered in London two years ago; the paper read before the British Association at Glasgow in 1855; and those lectures in course of delivery in Edinburgh on "The Noachian Deluge."

"That volume," says *The Witness*, "will, in a few weeks, be in the hands of many of our readers; and while they peruse it with the saddened impression that his intellect and genius poured out their latest treasures in its composition, they will search through it in vain for the slightest evidence of feebleness or decaying power. Rather let us anticipate the general verdict that will be pronounced upon it, and speak of it as one of the ablest of all his writings. But he wrought at it too eagerly. Hours after midnight the light was seen to glimmer through the window of that room which within the same eventful week was to witness the close of the volume and the close of the writer's life."

We do not attempt to give here any analysis of the character and genius of Hugh Miller. We have given what we considered might probably prove more interesting at the present time—a simple narrative of his eventful life. Of his conduct as a public journalist it is unnecessary to say much here. His brethren of the press have already testified how sincere was their admiration for him, who was such a zealous co-operator with themselves in endeavouring to elevate the tone and style of our newspaper literature. Perhaps of all the tributes to his worth and excellence which have been rendered since his lamented death, the following, with which we conclude our short notice, is the most generous, coming, as it

does, from the representative of other views and opinions than those advocated in *The Witness*:

"In Hugh Miller," says the *Scotsman*, "the newspaper-press of Scotland has to mourn the loss of one who was felt to give it dignity and character. Although scarcely aiming at the performance of some of the most arduous duties of a journalist, the vigour and completeness of many of the articles he supplied to his journal were the admiration alike of his own party and of the public, and of friends and opponents among his contemporaries. The purity and vigour of his English, his wealth of literary allusion, his trenchant sarcasm, his jets of true humour—never altogether wanting even in the least happy of his productions—gave to some of them a celebrity and length of life very rarely attained by any writings that make their way to the world through a newspaper. Having often had occasion to differ from him in matters of taste, and still oftener in matters of opinion, we are, at this painful moment, thankful that we did not, even when controversy was hottest, neglect any clear calls or fair opportunities to make acknowledgment, however imperfectly, of his genius and his moral worth."

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

VII.

THAT Herbert Disney left Mrs. Latrobe's with politeness, and then gave way to his wrath with ferocity, needs hardly be said. As he paced round Soho Square, he launched the fierce shafts of his scornful rage at every member of the circle to which we have had the honour of introducing the reader. Georgiana was a cold-hearted scheming flirt, with a vulgar feminine admiration of soldiery (mere livery-servants, after all); and she was really not worth another thought. The captain of Fusiliers was a most frivolous mischievous coxcomb, and a worthy sample of the officer-class, which Herbert believed to be composed of every thing that was profligate and audacious. As for Mrs. Parker, if Georgiana had not deceived her (and the girl was artful enough for any thing), that matron had been playing tricks with him,—perhaps set on to do so by that military cousin himself. And even poor Mrs. Latrobe came in for a share of vituperation. Why had she not taught her daughter to behave better, and prevented such barefaced flirtations and inconsistencies? Having slightly relieved his mind by apportioning to each of his enemies his or her place in the system of creation, Mr. Disney proceeded to consider his next move.

His evident and rational course was to do nothing; and it is highly superfluous, therefore, to observe that a young gentleman of two-and-twenty, who imagined himself in love, dismissed all idea of this course without a moment's hesitation. He conceived himself entitled to revenge of some kind, and this he determined to have.

But revenge is not an easy matter in England. In France, now, if a virtuous and injured young man desires to right himself, he can pick a slight quarrel with his foe, and be shot with much comfort and expedition. But that kind of thing has been stopped here, with no particular ill consequences. Although it was certainly predicted that the extirpation of duelling would turn all our gentlemen into savages; and that we should use bad names and slap faces in the presence of ladies, as soon as it became impossible to call us to account, I have not noticed much of that species of conduct in drawing-rooms. Herbert Disney thought that he should like to defy the captain to mortal combat, but owned to himself that it would not do. He felt satisfied that the Fusilier would summon the aid of a brother-officer in blue, and with a bracelet on his left wrist: and there is nothing chivalrous, or even satisfactory, in being taken in charge. So he abandoned all designs upon the captain's life.

Physical revenge upon the women was not exactly a

thing to plot; and, indeed, what could he do even to Mrs. Parker, who had chiefly caused the injury to his vanity? Unless, like the clown in a pantomime, he went and lay on his face across her doorway, and trusted to her tumbling over him when she came out, it was hard to say what he could do to hurt this aggravating old woman.

Now about this time it came to pass that the greatest poet of the day, aggrieved at certain satire by the most varied genius of the day, had penned some retaliatory verses in the wittiest publication of the day. They were then upon the lips of every body, and upon Mr. Herbert Disney's among the rest of mankind. And one line was this—

"An artist, sir, should rest in art."

And this wise counsel darted through the memory of Mr. Disney as he paced rapidly around Soho Square.

Two months have elapsed, and in the studio on the second-floor may be beheld a young artist toiling exceedingly hard at a picture. He is working with earnestness and gravity. He has discarded his elegant robe and golden bell-pull, and in an old cotton-velvet jacket is labouring away as one who thinks of his work, not of himself. Indignation makes verses. It also makes pictures. It sent our young Herbert to his easel; but, in the first place, it sent him to his bookshelf. He required a theme, in dealing with which he might at once avenge himself on his enemies and vindicate his own genius; and he speedily discovered one, for a stick is easily found when—what is that familiar saying? In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* our painter detected a subject which precisely fulfilled his requirements; and that subject he has been busily treating for eight weeks, during which time he has never approached the houses where he sustained the injuries we have recorded.

He has painted a scene from the *Dream*. It is at the moment when Oberon, having awakened Titania, directs Puck to remove the ass's head from the shoulders of Bottom. You discover at a glance that in the charming features of the fairy queen may be discerned the best likeness which Mr. Disney could produce of Miss Georgiana Latrobe; and that the removal of the ass's head from the weaver discloses a malicious reproduction of the handsome lineaments of Charles Llewellyn. Oberon's back, as you see, is towards you; but you can quite perceive that the artist has thought of his own figure; and the portion of the face in view has a sarcastic expression, much cultivated by himself upon occasion. Even Puck is made a little like poor Mrs. Parker in features; and, in fact, the Painter's Revenge embraces every body who has wronged him,—for among some pretty fairies peeping through the branches are two or three ugly ones, and one of these is Mrs. Latrobe, with her mouth open in astonishment at what is going on. Dante himself did not carry out his revenge more completely.

The best, or the worst, of it is, that the young fellow has made a good picture. He has gone to work with so much heart and determination, that the goddess Art, who will be wooed as we are told to woo widows, namely, with vehemence, has listened. He has brought all his knowledge, and all his patience, and all his industry, to bear upon that canvas; and the result is, that he is rewarded by a real success. Drawing and colour and breadth and force and truth, and all the rest of the words which have a meaning, though incapable and immodest critics do sometimes sprinkle them, as from a flour-dredger, over their art-notice, are required if we want to describe Herbert's picture. He has done the thing this time, and feels that he has done it.

And now, O thou of little mind! thou art thinking that the painter's revenge is incomplete. Thou wouldst have him take such order that his satire should come under the eyes of those whom he has depicted; that Georgiana should colour with anger as she beholds herself owning that she has been enamoured of an ass; and that the captain's moustache should curl with ire as he notes how faithfully he is limned for posterity as the garrulous swaggering clown.

Thou wouldst even like the two old women to see their faces in the picture. We write no art-*tales* (with a purpose) to such as thou art, O friend; but truly, friend, wert thou now at the head of a flight of stairs, and I behind thee, I would gladly expedite thy descent by a leverage whereof thou must surely wot.

Not so; the artist rests in art. The impulse of wrath and revenge drove him to his easel, and aided him in his toil; but as he advanced, and found that he was succeeding, a better influence came upon him, and he worked away like an earnest man, and not like a passionate boy. His plan was laid, his likenesses were taken, before the change took place; but long ago he has forgotten his wrath, and is acting under a worthier inspiration. Look at him, and tell us whether that is the face of an enraged and vain young fellow, furiously caricaturing his rival; or is it the countenance of the art-student, following Art through all her thousand coqueties, assured of tracking his way at last to her inmost meaning?

It was late in the summer, and the Academy was about to close. One morning an acquaintance of Herbert Disney's called upon him, and apprised him that, having purchased one of the crack pictures of the year, with intention to engrave it, he much needed a brief pamphlet which should introduce the work in the provinces, whither it was to be taken. The more charming the description of the picture, the stronger the reasons assigned why the owner of an engraving from it should be the proudest man in the kingdom, the better. Herbert had a pleasant pen—guineas were no object to the picture-owner—would Mr. Disney write the pamphlet?

What a clever good little book he wrote! Utterly unlike any thing of the kind which he had done previously. He studied the great master's picture, and sought in earnestness and reverence to comprehend his treatment. A few weeks of sincere work of his own had marvellously opened his eyes to the work of others. Consequently, instead of a smart shower of sparkling words, which read most sweetly to the ignorant, and make the artist smile with not very cheerful contempt, Herbert prepared a genial but discriminating tribute to the masterpiece before him, in which some of its surpassing merits (not all, for no miracle had been worked upon the young man) were eloquently pointed out in a manner which carried to the mind of the educated reader the conviction felt by the writer. Let me add that, though the purchaser of the manuscript paid honourably for it, he did not like it half so well as earlier productions of Herbert's; he did not consider that it would "tell" half so well upon a subscribing world; and he gave the next job of the sort to a very smart and ready young writer, who "did" critiques upon every thing, and who would have cut up the Newtonian system without the faintest hesitation, and at the shortest notice, if it had been the Copernican that he was requested to puff. But the painter of whom Herbert Disney had written read his pamphlet, and made the young man's acquaintance; and in an hour's conversation before an easel, told him things in art that were worth a good many times the guineas he had lost by his earnestness.

Herbert Disney was in a fair way to be a distinguished painter. Let us say at once that he has become one, and that on the first Monday in May every body asks, "What has Disney done this year?" And now, perhaps, some readers may desire an end to this story. Well, what sort of an ending would any body like? I said that the thing was not a novel, but something with a purpose; and that you have had. There is no reason, however, for defrauding any body of the sequel to our history. Once more, what sort of an end would you like?

I see a very good "situation;" will you have it? Herbert Disney's "Dream" is sent into the country for exhibition. It is shown, among other places, in the town near the residence of the rich baronet who intends to make Mrs. Charles Llewellyn his heiress. Sir Plutus Goldsworthy buys pictures sometimes; and upon the present occasion he drives in from

Aurifer Hall, with his niece, whom he supposes to be Miss Goldsworthy, to see the new work. Mrs. Charles advances to behold it, recognises the features of her beloved Fusilier, and rapidly drawing from the accessories the deduction that her soldier has been affectionately inclined towards some beautiful girl, represented as Titania, cannot repress her excitable nature, screams, sobs out her story at the feet of Sir Plutus, and is disinherited. There is revenge for the painter.

If you do not like this ending,—and I do not much like it myself,—I will give you another, which I think is the right one. I think that Llewellyn soon left off flirting with Georgiana, and went out of town to shoot; and that Sir Plutus, suddenly departing from this sublunary vale, left him next year at liberty to acknowledge his rich wife. I think that Georgiana speedily recovered from her folly, and that it taught her a lesson; and that at some of the parties in the spring she and Herbert met again, and friendly relations were resumed. Whether two or three years later, when he had a good income, and fancied that he knew his own mind, he was silly enough to go again to Charlotte Street on the same errand as before, and unlucky enough not to depart under similar circumstances of discomfiture, I really do not feel myself obliged to say. The moral of a story does not lie in its marriages. But I think it exceedingly probable that Herbert did marry Georgiana, and also that Mrs. Disney does justice to her sex, and to its logic, by maintaining to this day that all her husband's brilliant success in life is due to herself; for that if she had not driven him to earnest work, by what she tells him, and he tries to believe, was pretended coldness, he would never have achieved the Painter's Revenge.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

To take a comprehensive glance of invisible things, learning to appreciate them justly, and attribute to each its properties and value—presupposes no small advance in chemical philosophy. When the quantities of invisible gases floating around us are reduced to weight and measure, we rise startled from contemplating the figures these weighings and measurings disclose. When the invisible salts, and invisible organic fluids, which contaminate our wells and potable streams, are extracted, and brought by the force of chemistry before us—we gain some new and unpleasant ideas of purity and impurity.

Amongst scientific applications having popular interest at the present time, the economic purification of sewage-water, rendering it limpid and furnishing manure, is receiving much public attention. An elaborate paper on the subject has been read before the Society of Arts by Mr. Fothergill Cooke; the object of this gentleman being to demonstrate that the system of purifying water by means of cream of lime, introduced at Leicester by Mr. Wicksteed in 1845, might with advantage be applied to the metropolis; either exclusively or conjointly with irrigation.

The points seem to be on all hands conceded that cream of lime, when mingled with sewage-fluid in due proportion, can, and does, immediately effect deodorisation; that, moreover, it precipitates all colouring and bodily-suspended matter which may happen to exist in the sewage. Hence it seems to follow that the cream-of-lime process is partially effective; but to assert that it is *wholly* effective, that it can precipitate *all* the extraneous bodies, by the presence of which sewage-water differs from ordinary water, is no less at variance with the teachings of chemistry than the preponderating testimony elicited by the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Cooke's paper. The inhabitants of London, according to Mr. Cooke's estimate, consume no less than the enormous quantity of 12,000 tons of nitrogen annually. This nitrogen ultimately goes to form ammonia, with 15,000 tons of which it corresponds. Now when it is considered that the value of this ammonia may be estimated at 600,000*l.*, and that it would suffice to manure 320,000

acres, or 500 square miles of land, some notion may be formed of the shortcomings of any sewage-purification scheme, economically considered, which does not involve the capture and utilisation of ammonia. It is a fallacy moreover to regard the translucency of water as identical with purity; nearly all the soluble salts originally held by sewage-water will remain there, the agency of lime notwithstanding. Those who most strongly advocate the Leicester system of purification, admit that it is incompetent to deal with the case of highly putrescent sewage; in other words, sewage highly charged with ammonia. The practical question, then, arises, in relation to the metropolis, whether the putrefaction of enormous masses of sewage-liquid can be occasionally prevented under certain meteorologic conditions?

The public, and especially the artistic public, will be glad to learn that a novel, and apparently a good, process of conferring siccative properties on oils has been made known by Mr. Christopher Binks. It consists in heating the oil, previously incorporated with hydrated protoxide of manganese, in the proportion of from five to fourteen pounds of hydrated oxide to every ton of oil. The usual processes of rendering linseed-oil siccative have consisted either in boiling it alone, or boiling it with litharge, red lead, peroxide of manganese, acetate of lead, and sometimes sulphate of zinc. The theory of the effect of drying agents has hitherto been attributed to their oxidating property; yet it would be difficult to show that acetate of lead is endowed with this quality. Then sulphate of zinc can surely impart no oxygen; and as to hydrated protoxide of manganese, now employed by Mr. Christopher Binks, its chemical power is the very reverse of oxidising; it takes oxygen away. Is not the siccative agency of certain metallic salts and metallic oxides referable to the double agency of their precipitating mucilage and generating oleates, the latter being more siccative than uncombined oleic acid? One prospective advantage from the employment of hydrated protoxide of manganese should seem to be its unchangeable colour under the influence of sulphuretted hydrogen-gas. All drying oils rendered siccative by means of lead-compounds, and retaining a portion of lead, blacken by long exposure to atmospheric influences. This is a very serious consideration to the artist. Occasionally, Mr. Binks informs us, artists' colourmen effect a separation of the excess of lead by the addition of sulphuric acid. This, in our estimation, is calculated to make matters worse for the artist. The interests of fine art demand that more attention than heretofore should be devoted to the conditions on which the permanence of artistic colouring-agents depend.

The recent prominence which has been given to questions of poisoning has stimulated the investigation of toxicologists, both here and abroad. Among the most useful deductions arrived at in relation to strychnia, and the alkaloids generally, are those of Professor Otto, of Brunswick; who has recently published a record of his experiments in one of the German philosophical journals. The processes of analysis are, however, too technical, and too elaborate, for detailed cognisance to be taken of them here. That philosopher has, however, stated a fact in relation to the widely-extended existence of arsenic which is highly curious, and demonstrative of the fact that the objects of justice may be defeated by the very delicacy of chemical tests. Chemists have long drawn attention to the fact that ferruginous depositions from water contain arsenic. No one example of deposition of this kind, totally devoid of arsenic, has hitherto, we believe, been shown to exist. Cognisant of this fact, Professor Otto was impelled by curiosity to examine the crust which had deposited on the interior of his tea-kettle. Having collected a portion, and subjected it to the scrutiny of Marsh's test, he proved it to be arseniferous.

Whilst our knowledge of the properties of mineral poisons, and cognisance of the means of separating them, have arrived at a degree of excellence which leaves almost nothing to be desired—our knowledge, chemical and physiological, of organic poisons remains painfully incomplete. Even

the alkaloids, strychnia, conia, atropina, and others of that family, are a stumbling-block to toxicologists; and as for the animal poisons, all connected with them is no less inscrutable than ever. In the beginning of December, some interesting but unsuccessful experiments were performed by Dr. Chambers, at the solicitation of Mr. Temple, chief-justice of Honduras, for testing the antidotal efficacy of a Honduras plant, in relation to the poison of serpents. It appears that the woodcutters of Honduras are in the habit of relying upon the vegetable in question, when bitten (an accident of frequent occurrence) by the poisonous serpents so prevalent in Central American forests. Some of this vegetable Mr. Temple brought with him to Europe. It was thought to be the veritable Guaco; but on this point the chief-justice of Honduras was not positive. Two puff-adders and two rabbits were made the subjects of experiment. One of the rabbits, having been bitten, died in thirty-five minutes, notwithstanding the administration of a copious dose of Guaco infusion. Theoretical exceptions may of course be taken to the conditions of the experiment; and the fact sought to be elicited may, in strictness of language, be considered rather in the sense of remaining unsettled, than of being positively disproved. The result was nevertheless unfavourable; and leaves the whole question of snake-poison in the same mystery as heretofore. What successful physiologist will be fortunate enough to discover the connection which probably subsists between poison and the salivary gland? The fatal secretive organ, which belongs to many serpents, is only a *kind* of salivary gland, and the poison a *kind* of saliva. In these creatures, the secretion is poisonous normally. The poison of hydrophobia is also secreted by the salivary gland; but, then, only as a condition of specific disease, and abnormally. Contemplating the mysterious nature of animal poisons, one is led into the curious train of reflection—that amongst all the toxic agents of this class, whether naturally occurring or artificially generated, one, and perhaps only one,—cantharidine, the active principle of cantharides,—has hitherto been isolated and rendered amenable to the discrimination of chemical tests!

Dr. Royle, whose long experience of Indian vegetable resources gives weight to all his remarks upon them, bids English paper-manufacturers to be of good hope. Notwithstanding the enormously increased demand for paper, consequent on the abolition of postal restrictions and the spread of cheap literature,—notwithstanding the interdict which continental nations have laid on the exportation of paper-making materials—we have only, it appears, to utilise the fibrous vegetable substances which tropical forests so abundantly produce, and we shall obtain paper of better average quality than heretofore; and in quantities equal to the most exacting demands of our giant printing establishments. Amongst the fibre-yielding vegetables specified by Dr. Royle are—the Plantain tribe; the Marrooi, which latter yields large quantities of fibrous material of exquisite whiteness; the Palm tribe, so universal in its productions; the Leguminaceæ, Malvaceæ, Asclepiads, and Nettles. It appears that, owing to the predilection of English people for cotton consequent on the cheapness of this material, our writing and printing paper is of worse average quality than that employed by most of the European nations and the United States of America. What appears still more extraordinary, having regard to the freedom of the English press, and its enormous activity, the consumption of paper per head in England is less than in France, Belgium, Holland, or the United States of America. Every "Statesman," it appears, consumes 13lbs of paper per annum, on an average of the whole population; each inhabitant of France, 9lbs; of Belgium and Holland, 8lbs; while 6½lbs, or at most 7lbs, are available to every Englishman. The price of the raw material entering into paper is, it appears, in France, Belgium, and Holland, from ten to fifteen per cent below its price in England, and is at the same time much better.

M. Maumené, whose labours in the field of vegetable chemistry have been so conspicuous, has recently published his

suggestions for preventing the enormous destruction of sugar which is known to occur in the process of sugar-extraction from beet-root. One great objection to the economy of that process has been in the supposed necessity of digging out the beet-root, and storing it until the period of mashing and pressing had arrived. If the juice were expressed at once, and set aside in cisterns, the sugar underwent complete decomposition. Complete destruction of the sugar is avoided by allowing the beets to remain in store; but nevertheless the destruction which even then takes place amounts, according to M. Maumené, to no less than fifty per cent. He expresses the juice at once, and adds lime, by which treatment saccharate of lime—a body not readily subject to decomposition—is generated; and he separates the lime, when desired, either by carbonic-acid gas injected, or sulphuric acid cautiously added. Certain phosphates may also be employed to accomplish the same end.

Kopp publishes the details of his process—at this time extensively employed in England and elsewhere—for an improved manufacture of carbonate of soda; collaterally, too, he generates arsenic and sulphuric acids, the latter being turned to account in the generation of carbonate of soda. In prosecuting the manufacture of carbonate of soda by the process ordinarily followed,—the process of Leblanc,—nearly all the sulphur originally held by the sulphate of soda is wasted; and the enormous quantity of oxysulphuret of calcium obtained becomes seriously embarrassing. Moreover the process demands great individual skill on the part of the workmen, otherwise the calcination does not satisfactorily proceed. Kopp's process permits the employment of existing apparatus used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid and carbonate of soda; it dispenses with lime and chalk, whence the formation of the oxysulphuret of lime is impossible, and all the alkaline matter is turned to account. These are, as will be seen, great advantages. We would give details of the process were they not too purely technical for our pages.

Kuhlman—if his statements be confirmed by further experience—has succeeded in abating that pest and nuisance of applied chemistry, the evolution of muriatic gas attendant on the soda-manufacture. He absorbs that destructive gas by carbonate of baryta, and thus cheaply generates chloride of barium. Some time ago, and without reference to the present invention, the same chemist made known that chloride of barium acted more effectually than any other substance of which he was cognisant in preventing depositions on the interior of steam-boilers. At that period, chloride of barium was too expensive for employment in such manner; but it will henceforth be a cheap substance, if the process of Kuhlman be extensively carried out. Nevertheless the quantities of chloride of barium thus used would be, after all, inconsiderable. It is proposed, therefore, to effect its decomposition by sulphuric acid, thus liberating hydrochloric acid chemically pure; and generating sulphate of baryta for employment in the manufacture of paper. Kuhlman also employs carbonate of baryta as a condensing agent for the nitrous fumes which escape during the manufacture of sulphuric acid. He also liberates muriatic-acid gas into the flues of ordinary fireplaces, and of the furnaces employed for burning animal-charcoal: in this manner he obtains economically, large quantities of sal-ammoniac; and at the same time diminishes the evolution of smoke.

Aluminium does not quite maintain its character for nobility. Not only is its whiteness cold, and disagreeable—very much like the tint of zinc, but it tarnishes by exposure to air and moisture, just as much as copper, lead, and bronze tarnish when similarly exposed. To expect, then, that aluminium can ever occupy the position of silver, as a metal of domestic elegance, and as was once imagined, is futile; but it seems likely to come into use for another purpose. It is remarkably sonorous; more so than any known bronze or bell-metal compound. It has been proposed, therefore, to make bells of it; and we are assured that this, even whilst we write, is being done. A further proposition is, to wire-

draw aluminium, and employ such wire as a substitute for steel-wire in the manufacture of pianofortes; or to substitute for wire graduated bars of aluminium. If aluminium be sufficiently ductile, there seems no reason why the former scheme may not be advantageously carried out; but the mere sonorous quality of aluminium will assuredly not enable pianoforte-makers to substitute plectral bars for plectral wires. Whatever the metal of these bars, an insuperable objection lies against their use. No adequate method has ever been devised for regulating them, and keeping them, like wires, in tune. This defect of plectral bars was long since demonstrated by Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, inventor of the Bude-light. Apropos of aluminium, it is scarcely news to say it is now made from cryolite, a Greenland mineral, instead of the chloride of aluminium, which constituted its original source of supply. Wöhler, however, has considerably improved the process of manufacture of late; and Brunner substitutes for cryolite, fluoride of aluminium, prepared by transmitting hydrofluoric-acid gas through hydrate of alumina. Chemically considered, this is an interesting modification of the original process; but looking to the large deposits of cryolite, the latter will remain the better practical source.

Poor Alexis St. Martin, the Canadian, has once more been made the victim of physiological inquiry. When a youth, he had the misfortune to be perforated with a charge of duck-shot, by which means a hole through his side and into his stomach was effected. This aperture never healed; and its existence gave facilities to certain experiments on digestion, which Dr. Beaumont long since availed himself of, and with which all physiologists are conversant. Dr. Francis G. Smith, of Pennsylvania, has subjected St. Martin to experiment once more, and has arrived at the following conclusions: (1.) The stomach, when digesting, secretes an acid liquid. (2.) The acid is not phosphoric acid. (3.) Hydrochloric acid, if present at all, is there in very small quantities. (4.) But the chief, if not the only, agent to which the gastric juice owes its solvent powers, is the lactic acid.

We must not fail to record amongst recent scientific memorabilia the Photographic Soirée at King's College on the 17th of December. It would be invidious to draw distinctions where all was excellent; but perhaps the photographic moon-pictures, and the engravings wrought on copper by voltaic action from pictures made by photographic means, were the most novel, and extraordinary. By the by, why do not photographers try what formic acid will do for them? Its strong reducing powers suggest hopes of promise; and the plan newly discovered by Brunner, of making formic acid by distilling a mixture of oxalic acid and glycerine, removes the difficulty which has attended its production hitherto.



THE HOME FOR THE OUTDOOR DRESSMAKER.

By MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

It is now nearly a twelvemonth since *Household Words* called the attention of its readers to "The Day-worker's Home." The institution then described in its infancy is now, to the honour of its two noble patronesses, thoroughly established; and "The Day-worker's Home" has been transferred from No. 2 Manchester Street to larger premises at No. 44 Great Ormond Street, Queen Square.

Lady Hobart and Lady Goderich are the sole originators of this benevolent scheme. Young and energetic, endowed

with superior gifts of the mind, including a sound practical judgment, they ignored all those Utopian ideas which have so often upset the plans of philanthropists. These ladies understood the repugnance that the poorest, if worthy, must have to becoming the recipients of mere charity; so, in a simple and straightforward appeal to the outdoor workers of milliners and dressmakers, they invited them to become inmates of a Home specially organised for them. The tenants were to pay the same price which was charged for a miserable half-furnished room, mostly situated in a dingy court or narrow street impervious to light and air.

The originators felt sure that as soon as such a society was known, it would become *self-supporting*; and so, taking upon themselves the responsibilities of furnishing, &c., they secured the services of an intelligent person, of prepossessing appearance and address, as lady-resident of the establishment.

The lady-resident (Mrs. Lomas) sought out many sempstresses in their lonely attics, and drew vivid pictures of the manifold comforts this "HOME" offered in contrast with the cheerless abodes to which, on an inclement winter's night, they often returned drenched to the skin, with no fire to dry their wet clothes, no warm food to restore their exhausted frames, no kind voice to bid the weary ones welcome, or to protect them from the temptations which assail the young and the unwary in every corner of the metropolis.

At first Mrs. Lomas made but little impression; the girls looked with suspicion at any interference with their liberties and independence; they could not believe that they, so unknown, should be objects of solicitude to ladies of station. The generous sympathy applied to their case was utterly above their comprehension; and they refused to avail themselves of the liberal offer of such a Home, until they were assured that no restraints were intended, except such as would be carried out in every well-regulated household. In the beginning a few only ventured upon the trial; but these few soon learned to appreciate the cleanliness and domestic comforts to which they were introduced. By degrees they won their fellow-workers to become partakers of advantages so cheaply procured.

The removal from Manchester Street to No. 44 Great Ormond Street was not only necessary, on account of the greater demand for beds, but also for the accommodation this locality afforded to the inmates of the "Home," as being more central,—nearer both to Regent Street and the City. This was important; for as soon as the summer season is over at the West-end, the autumn fashions commence with the milliners and dressmakers towards St. Paul's; and the increase of business in the latter quarter requires additional hands.

The inspection of the "Home," a commodious mansion, would well repay a visit. There could not, in all London, be found a better situation for the purpose. There are spacious rooms on the ground-floor, leading to a fine terrace, with a broad flight of stone-steps descending into the garden. The garden itself extends the whole length of the back of Queen's Square—a depth of about 230 feet.

One cannot imagine a more gratifying sight than that of these young people enjoying themselves on the terrace on a summer's evening, inhaling the fresh air and the perfume of flowers. How grateful a contrast to the hot and crowded workroom wherein they have been confined all day!

A grand staircase leads to a suite of drawing-rooms, large and lofty. Above them are the sleeping-rooms, capable of containing a hundred beds; some wide enough for two occupants,—sisters or friends, who may sleep together if they choose, and so diminish the expense, which, however, is very little; *a single bed, with the use of fire and candles and sitting-room, with library, only costing two-and-sixpence per week.*

A large fire is always burning in the kitchen till eleven o'clock at night, so that the girls may cook their own suppers at whatever time their labours are over; and the passer by, on a cold winter's night, may have his olfactory

sense regaled by the steam arising from sundry savoury messes, and his ears, if they be kindly ones, gratified by the peals of laughter heard during the process of cooking.

On Sundays the girls subscribe for their dinner, and buy good joints of meat, two sorts of vegetables, and puddings; the whole meal costing from sixpence to sevenpence a head. The cook, moreover, will often give inmates permission to prepare little dishes to take to the workroom on Mondays for the noonday meal.

On Sunday morning Lady Hobart gives Bible readings from ten till eleven o'clock, at which most of the girls attend; and all join in singing sacred music in the afternoon, and are expected to go to some place of divine worship in the evening.

There are French classes, conducted by these ladies, twice a-week; and a singing class once a-week, when one of the lady patronesses presides, and takes great pains in teaching her willing pupils.

An annual concert is also given; and a grand pianoforte is sent in for the evening gratis by some well-known maker. Musical professors are kind enough to assist gratuitously.

During the year there are lectures given upon interesting and popular subjects.

Usually on week-day nights, from supper till bed-time, one of the girls reads aloud, whilst others ply their industrious needles in earning a little money by making caps or trimming bonnets for their acquaintance, or by preparing little gifts to friends in return for civilities received; and so in peace and harmony all retire to rest in their well-ventilated dormitories.

The library at present contains but few volumes; but how easily the shelves might be filled, if kind-hearted people, who desire to promote the pleasures of their poorer fellow-creatures, would present to this Society a few books, stray prints, or periodicals!

It is pleasant to say, that the originators of this excellent institution are appreciated as they deserve by the objects of it. It would be well if the noble example here set were followed by other ladies of influence, as more HOMES are now required.

There are still hundreds of these hard-working dressmakers' girls, who pass their few leisure hours in solitude and in unhealthy localities; many of them, weary of their isolated position, become a prey to the worst dangers of the capital, and sink into a degradation from which they find it impossible to emerge. It is no small happiness for parents in the country to know, that when they now send up their daughters to town, they can, by bringing a proper certificate of respectability, be at once received into a safe asylum, and procure comforts only to be found in a private family. It will be an additional satisfaction for such parents to hear that dressmakers and milliners send to this institution for young people who want employment.

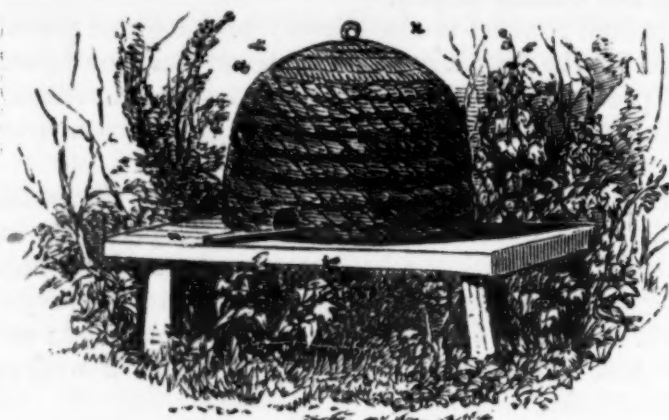
One of the great evils which young dressmakers have to endure is, the length of time they are compelled to work; those out of doors go to their establishments at nine in the morning and leave at nine in the evening; for which they receive from seven to nine shillings a-week, including their tea. But the indoor workers are much worse off; they get no exercise, and are usually expected to be in the workroom from seven in the morning till ten o'clock at night, being scarcely allowed the relaxation of talking; and in the busy season it is often daylight before they retire to bed, too weary to gain even the few hours' sleep which is allowed them.

We all know how difficult it is to obtain a legislative enactment; but it is in the power of the ladies themselves to effect much good for their poorer sisters. It is suggested, as a means of carrying out the present object, that the noble Patronesses of this Institution should use their influence to form a league amongst the ladies of England; and that the members of this should bind themselves not to employ any dressmakers but those who would guarantee that the workwomen in their establishment should under no cir-

cumstances be employed more than *ten hours out of the twenty-four*.

In cases of emergency, the head dressmakers should undertake to procure a relay of fresh hands to accomplish any necessary extra work; which would not be difficult, as there are generally numbers of girls disengaged, who would be but too willing under such circumstances to be employed. For this end, application might be made to the "Home," or similar institutions; which might always be furnished with accessible lists of young persons of efficiency ready to be hired upon a press of business requiring prompt attention.

Milliners and dressmakers would find it greatly to their advantage to aid in furthering the objects of such an institution, as by their more humane treatment of young needlewomen they would command the greater amount of patronage and consequent remuneration.



BEE-FEEDER.

PRESERVATION OF BEES.

THE winter is a season of trial to bees, even under the best of circumstances. Their numbers decrease, and their stores decrease, and many a fine stock perishes from causes that cannot be ascertained. Where bees are kept, the greatest circumspection is necessary at this time of year, in order to tide them over safely to the spring; and the worst season is yet to come, February and early in March being the periods most frequently fatal to them.

The bee-keeper should now look over his stocks, and form an estimate of the general state of things. Stocks which have been fed up to the present time must be fed very assiduously until the honey-season has fairly commenced; and many of those that have not yet been fed will be found so light as to require it. When feeding has once been commenced, it should not be discontinued till the currant-trees are in bloom.

Bee-food is the most important matter the apiarian has to consider in winter; for where the stocks are numerous, feeding is rather an expensive affair. The best food is honey, and the best feeder is a piece of clean comb. But honey is dear, and syrups of some kind or other usually take their place. If the apiary is provided with feeding-pans, and liquid food be preferred, that recommended by Mr. Taylor is unquestionably the best. To make it, use good sound ale and loaf-sugar, in the proportion of a pint of ale to every pound of sugar; boil for five minutes, and then add for every pound of sugar a tablespoonful of rum.

Liquid foods are, however, fast going out of use; for experience has satisfactorily proved the superiority of *solid food*, when properly prepared. Take loaf-sugar, and to every pound add a gill of water and a tablespoonful of good vinegar. Boil for about thirty minutes, or until a little of the boiling liquid dropped into cold water becomes instantly solid. Then pour out the preparation on a marble slab or dish, previously smeared with oil or butter; and as soon as it is sufficiently hard, cut it into strips of a convenient size for insertion in the mouth of the hive. If the liquid does not quickly solidify, or if it shows the least tendency to crys-

tallise, return it to the pan and boil it up again. It should be quite solid, so as to bear handling, and be free from any tendency to candy. It is barley-sugar in a pure form; and though you may purchase barley-sugar ready made, it is usually flavoured with lemon, or some other objectionable matter obnoxious to the bees. I made my first trial of this food last spring, and this winter have used no other food. The saving of time and trouble is immense; feeding-pans are quite unnecessary; there is no occasion for shifting or altering the hive-cover; and robber-bees are never attracted by it, as is always the case when honey or sugared mixtures are used.

But many bee-keepers will adhere to old-established rules; and for the benefit of those who have experienced the difficulties and dangers to the stock arising from the use of liquid food, I will suggest a mode of feeding which I used to practise years ago, when barley-sugar had not been thought of. I used to procure a few rods of elder-wood, of about an inch in thickness. These were cut up into lengths of four or five inches; then split, and the pith removed, and each end stopped with a piece of cork, cut to fit, so as to form a shallow trough, that could be inserted in the entrance, and filled every evening from a can with a very thin spout. For occasional feeding, as after hiving a swarm, or during sudden trials of weather in spring, such a simple feeder would often prove the saving of a stock.

Sunshine is a frequent cause of injury to bees at this time of year; and the hives should be shaded by means of squares of wood fixed to posts sunk before the hives, sufficiently high to leave the causeway open to the south. The shades should incline a little towards the west; for in winter the afternoon sun is the most powerful. Snow is another cause of death to bees. The glare of light, and the bright weather that frequently follows snow, tempt the bees out, and many perish of cold: hence, as long as the snow lies, keep them prisoners, with only sufficient room for admission of air; but as soon as the snow disappears, let the bees have their liberty again. To imprison bees for any length of time is ruin to them.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

MINIATURE FERNERIES.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

I DESIRE to offer my mite towards the recreations of Home, having derived so much enjoyment from the perusal of your high-class Magazine. What I have to offer is, a new and pretty mode of cultivating small ferns, Lycopodiums, and, indeed, delicate and pretty plants of any kind, provided they are small in size. We use in our family a goodly quantity of Florence oil for salads, dressing fish, &c.; and as the flasks get empty, I remove the binding, cleanse them with potash, and then make of each flask a miniature fernery. A little soft peat is dropped into the bottom of the flask, and the fern or other plant is then neatly planted in it by thrusting into the flask a slender stick with which to bury the roots in the soil. A cork is then fitted, and a string attached to the cork to suspend the flask; and a number of such flasks have a very pretty effect in a student's window.

The great value of this plan is, that it enables any one, without the aid of expensive appliances, to cultivate some of the rarest and most beautiful of our smaller native ferns and flowering plants—such as the Tunbridge fibry fern in its young state, the lovely spleen-worts, and the wall-rue, as well as the wood oxalis, *Lycopodium denticulatum*, and others; and lastly, it is just the very perfection of a plan for raising ferns from seed.

I have ventured to call your attention to this plan of mine, feeling assured that if you approve of it you will gladly make such suggestions as may enable me to extend my own operations, and induce many others to follow my example.

H. H. COWLEY, Birmingham.

[A pretty suggestion, on which we shall have something to say hereafter.—Eds. N. M.]



MAPPIN'S
SOLID LEATHER
DRESSING-CASE,
Fitted complete,
£2 2s.

MAPPIN'S
GENTLEMEN'S
DRESSING-CASE,
Fitted complete,
£1 1s.

MAPPIN'S SHILLING RAZOR.

SOLD EVERY WHERE.

Warranted good by the Makers, JOSEPH MAPPIN and BROTHERS.

	s.	d.
Table Spoons and Forks, per dozen	36	0
Dessert do. do.	27	0
Tea Spoons, full size	16	0
Do. middle size	13	0
Salt Spoons { Gilt Bowls		
Mustard do. { 6s. per doz.	14	0
Egg do. { extra		

MAPPIN'S ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.

MESSRS. MAPPIN'S

CELEBRATED MANUFACTURES IN ELECTRO-PLATE,
COMPRISING TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES,
SIDE-DISHES,
DISH-COVERS, SPOONS, AND FORKS,
And all Articles usually made in Silver, can now be obtained from their London
Warehouse,

No. 67 King William Street, City,

Where the largest Stock in London may be seen.

Manufactory: Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.



MAPPIN'S PRUNING-KNIVES IN EVERY
VARIETY.

Warranted good by the Makers.

MAPPIN'S SUPERIOR TABLE-

KNIVES maintain their unrivalled superiority. Handles cannot possibly become loose; the blades are all of the very first quality, being their own Sheffield manufacture. Buyers supplied at their London Warehouse, 67 and 68 King William Street, City; and Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, QUEEN'S CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD;

AND 67 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON,

Where the Stock is sent direct from the Manufactory.

•• CATALOGUE WITH PRICES FORWARDED FREE ON APPLICATION.



LADIES' TRAVELLING
TOILETTE AND
DRESSING-BAG,
With Wide Opening,
Fitted complete, £4 15s.

GENTLEMEN'S
TRAVELLING
DRESSING-BAG,
Fitted complete with
Mappin's best Cutlery, £4 8s.



CHEAP STEREOSCOPES

From 6d. each.

Views, &c. from 4s. 6d. per doz.

A STEREOSCOPE AND TWELVE SLIDES FOR 5s.

An immense Selection of New Views just out, including Private Views of
the Grounds of Windsor Castle.

100,000

LOVELY AND SUBLIME SCENES FROM DOVEDALE
TO MONT BLANC.

Just out, 2s. each, coloured 2s. 6d.; free by post.

Stereoscopes from 2s. 6d. each.

WEDDING PRESENTS MADE UP.

Exquisitely made case, with Velvet Stereoscope, and all the most charming
objects complete, from 10s. 10s. to 21s.

Stereoscopic Cameras, &c. all complete, from 5l. 5s.

"Wonderful instrument."—*Times*.

"Effects almost miraculous."—*Morning Herald*.

"The finest we ever saw."—*Art Journal*.

LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY,
54 CHEAPSIDE; AND 313 OXFORD STREET.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

CARTER'S PATENT RAILWAY SAFETY POCKETS,

1s. and 1s. 6d.

The Royal Winsey Petticoats for Winter, 10s. 6d. to 15s.
Crenoline Winter Petticoats (lined flannel), 12s. 6d. and 15s. 6d.
Quilted Australian Wool Petticoats (appearance Satin), 17s. 6d. and 21s.
Parisian Eugénie Hooped Skeleton Petticoats, 6s. 6d. to 25s.
WILLIAM CARTER, 22 Ludgate Street, St. Paul's, London.

LADIES, AVOID TIGHT LACING WHILE YOUR CHILDREN ARE AT SCHOOL.

Elastic Coutil Bodices, with Patent Front Fastenings, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.

WILLIAM CARTER, 22 Ludgate Street, St. Paul's, London.

LADIES' DOUBLE COUTIL ELASTIC WINTER STAY BODICE,

Patent Front Fastenings, 5s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.

Ladies' Self-adjusting Corsets, to fasten in Front, 9s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.

Family or Nursing Stays, Belts, &c., 8s. 6d. to 21s.

WILLIAM CARTER, 22 Ludgate Street, St. Paul's, London.

N.B. Engravings or Wholesale Lists of the above free.

BRITISH PROTECTOR LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

27 NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON.

CAPITAL £100,000.

(Fully subscribed.)

During the year 1856 this flourishing Company has issued 1212 Policies, producing, in Annual Premiums, 5576l. 2s. 7d.

Active Agents required, to whom liberal Terms will be allowed. Apply to the Secretary, JOHN PHILLIPS.

PLUMBE'S GENUINE ARROWROOT, 1s. 6d. per lb.,

Is patronised by the most eminent medical men in London, being the most nutritious imported. It is extensively used in the families of the Nobility and Gentry. It bears the signature of A. S. PLUMBE, 3 Allie Place, Great Allie Street. Ask for Plumbe's Arrowroot.

Sold also by Snow, Paternoster Row; Williams, Moorgate Street; Ford and Son, Islington; Morgan, Sloane Street; Medes, Camberwell; Poulton, Hackney; Bromfield, Conduit Street; Ellis and Lloyd, 72 Newgate Street; and others.

QUILTED EIDER-DOWN PETTICOATS

Are strongly recommended to those who wish to combine elegance with comfort. To be had only of W. H. BATSON & Co., 39 Maddox Street, Regent Street. Dépôt for the Eider-Down Quilts and Patent Spring Pillows.



DEANE, DRAY, & CO.

ESTABLISHED ON THE OLD LONDON BRIDGE,

ANNO DOMINI, 1700.

I.

DEANE, DRAY, & CO.'s Warehouse and Show-Rooms for every description of Hardware, Ironmongery, Cutlery, Lamps, Tin, Brass, Japanned and other Goods, Plate, Baths, Wire-work, Horticultural Tools, Stoves, Fenders, Fire-Irons, &c. &c., is at 46 King William Street, London Bridge.

II.

DEANE, DRAY, & CO.'s Manufactory for Gig, Tandem, Carriage, Cart, and Mule Harness, Harness for Brewers, Distillers, Coal-Merchants, Wholesale Grocers, Farmers, Millers, &c., is at 2 and 3 Arthur Street East, London Bridge. As workmen are constantly employed on the premises, Repairs are promptly executed.

III.

DEANE, DRAY, & CO.'s Gas-Fitting and Chandelier Manufactory is at No. 1 Arthur Street East, London Bridge, where they have always on sale a large assortment of Chandeliers in Ormolu, Artistic and other Bronzes, Crystal-Glass, &c., of modern and elegant Designs; Cooking Apparatus, of improved construction, for large Establishments and Private Residences; Gas-Stoves for heating and ventilating Churches, Public Buildings, Halls, Shops, &c. Estimates carefully prepared for all Fittings required in the scientific arrangement and economical consumption of Gas.

IV.

DEANE & SON are Gun-Makers by appointment to His Royal Highness Prince Albert; their Gun Warehouse and Manufactory is on the West Side, No. 30 King William Street, where Shooting-Tackle, adapted for all purposes, whether for Home use or for Exportation, can always be obtained or made to order on the shortest notice. All DEANE and SON's Guns and Pistols are London-proved, and warranted to shoot well, they being determined that their Establishments shall be excelled by none in the Kingdom.

V.

TO MERCHANTS.

DEANE, DRAY, & CO.'s Wholesale Export Warehouse is at No. 3 Arthur Street West, London Bridge. A Stock of Goods is kept here suitable for Colonial and Foreign Markets, and priced throughout at the lowest rates.

DEANE, DRAY, & CO.

ESTABLISHED ON THE OLD LONDON BRIDGE,

ANNO DOMINI, 1700.